WARD-BELMONT

CHIMES

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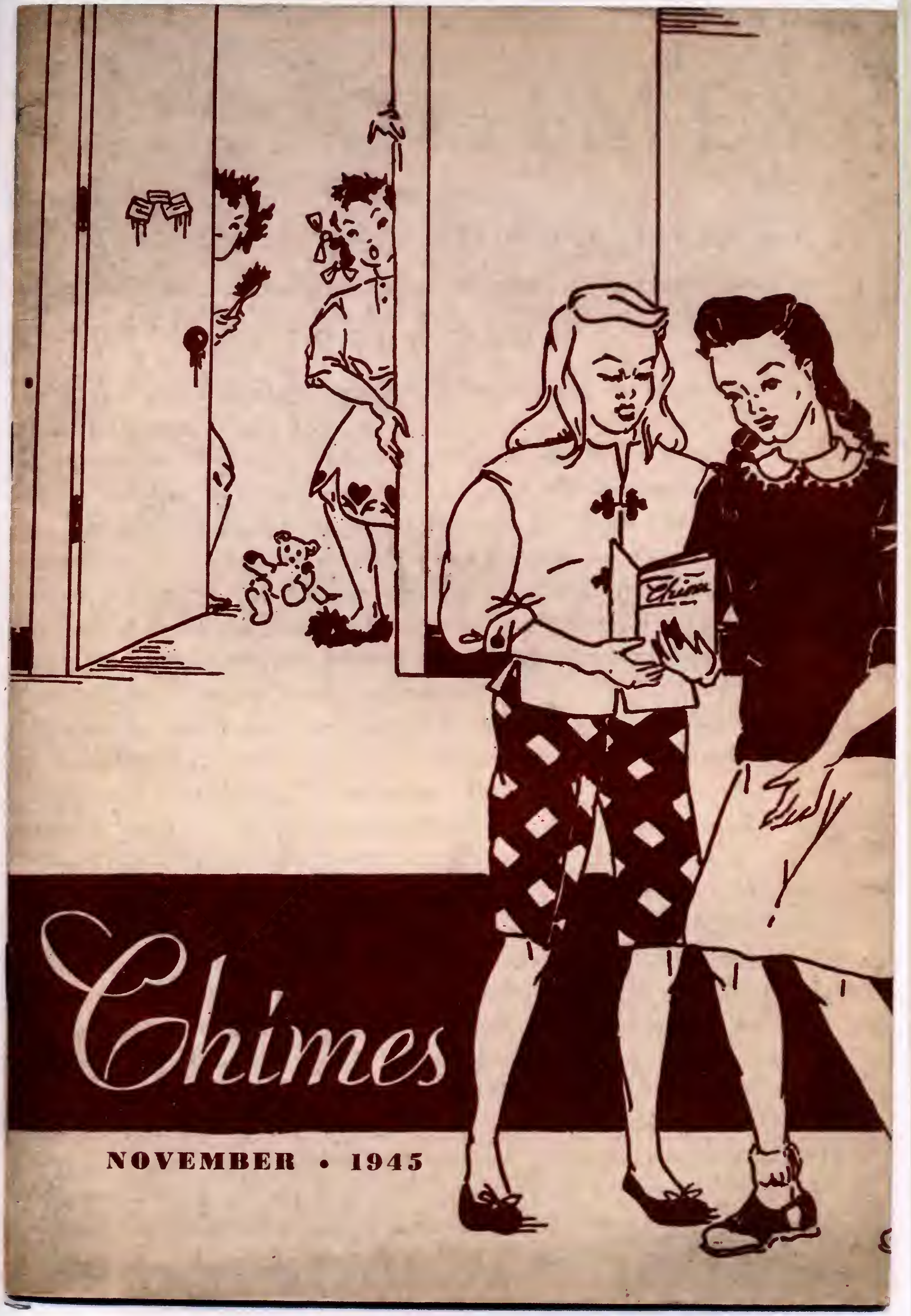

Chimes

NOVEMBER • 1945

THE CHIMES

Vol. 9 NOVEMBER, 1945 No. 1

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

After many discussions and consultations about the size, shape, and color that would make CHIMES demand to be read, we mentally crossed our fingers for luck and put the book into the hands of the printer. We hope you like our decisions. The staff has two hopes for the first issue of our magazine. We want you to read it eagerly from page to page, finishing with, "I just can't wait for the next issue!" We hope it makes you search for all the essays, poems, and short stories you've written in moments of inspiration and have been forgetting to send to CHIMES. We love to read your work, and you'll find it amazing how literary and professional a rough bit of writing can become with a little polishing. Don't hide your work under a bushel or a stack of books . . . at least not until we have read it!

This year the staff departed from tradition to introduce a new assistant editor from the Senior-Middle Class with each issue. This time the editors chose Joanne Jeans, whose work is well-represented by her sonnet, "To A Rose" . . . "Sea," dashing salt water and foam . . . "Simple and Black, Please," which should make everyone ask, "Where is that wonderful place?"

Inspired by Sally Flowers' clever "Rhyme and Time," we have started a separate poetry section. "Clair de Lune," by Camille Hancock, translates Debussy's magic from the language of lines and spaces to that of nouns and verbs. . . . "How Temporary," by Ann Marshall, retells a very well-known experience.

Although poetry seems to be highlighted, humorous and intellectual prose was also submitted. Betty Cleveland wrote a lucid sketch of a fascinating character, "Juju." . . . "Wishful Thinking," by Priscilla Bailey, shows a different view of a feeling you've probably had many times. . . . Dot Hailey wrote an unusual explanation of "Why Chairs Have Legs." . . . "Transition," by Jane Erwin, is timely and thought-provoking to girls away at school.

I wish I could mention all the good essays, poems, and reviews, but you will have to explore those for yourself! We hope you like our new CHIMES and will help us make it better with each issue.

PIERCE

CHIMES STAFF

Bette Pierce .... *Editor*
Joanne Jeans .... *Associate Editor*
Priscilla Bailey .... *Review Editor*
Ann Marshall .... *Poetry Editor*
Iris Turner .... *Exchange Editor*
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Kay Keggin .... *Editor*
Beverly Williams
Pat McGauly
June Brown

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Ruth Evans
Peggy Loving

Senior-Middles

Sally Flowers
Camille Hancock
Bettye Jane Erwin

High School Representatives

Dot Hailey
Clare Ann Drowota

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Dear! Dear!

Author Unknown

July 20

Dear Diary,

I thought that tonight, at last, I'd gotten that old feeling and could really put on paper some copy to go in the *Chimes*; but I tried my best and it was bad, so I'll sit back and wait a little while longer. You know how it's been? For two months now every time I thought I had it, it slipped away before I could find the tools for its capture. Tonight my trouble seemed to be the lack of prose to write in . . . . it always turned out poetry, little for one to delight in. I'll try again, but one never knows what results I'll glean from my work. So just hold tight and patient be, my job I refuse to purposely shirk.

August 1

Dear Diary,

This evening my trouble seems, as apparent as I was able to discover after lengthy and long-considered deliberation, thinking hard all the time, sitting calmly at my desk where the light is so poor I'm dreadfully ruining my eyes, which by the way are blue instead of green as I thought, that I, for some reason or other completely and undeniably unknown to me, am, by dint of my broad yet not so beautiful vocabulary, which I cultivate by spending an hour a day with the dictionary, writing sentences that are stringy and full of absolutely unnecessary, irrelevant, and irrevelent words, all of which I have no idea what they mean . . . .

August 19

Dear Diary,

I really feel good, good, good tonight, so I don't care if it takes even until the end of time for me to get something written especially for you—the *Chimes*. I should care if I don't get to bed till three o'clock in the morning, but it's gotta be this or that and I prefer for it to be this so that when I get to Nashville, completing my sentimental journey on the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe next Saturday night (the loneliest night in the week) I'll get by without any trouble or stuff like that there from Pierce.

However, as twilight time draws near I hear some good radio programs coming on. If I loved you, *Chimes*, I'd concentrate and write something like I said, but I think instead I'll just give the typewriter a kiss goodnight and listen to the Hit Parade.

August 30

Dear Diary,

We girls lead a hard, hard life. Today I have washed windows, cleaned the house, done the laundry, polished the silver and the brass, cleaned out the pantry, canned twenty quarts of tomatoes, cooked three super meals, made a darling dress, answered the phone, mended fifteen socks (lost the sixteenth one somewhere), scrubbed the kitchen floor and been ex-

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The Transition

By Bettye Jane Erwin

• Bettye Jane Erwin, versatile Senior-Middle from Little Rock, Arkansas, has but one ambition . . . . to write a book and illustrate it herself. In addition to writing she likes to draw and eat chocolate eclairs. Her one great dislike is coffee cups without saucers!

An hour ago at the station I left yesterday behind me; I have nine hours until I arrive at my tomorrow. Nine hours between yesterday and tomorrow . . . . this is my transition.

I must think of so many things. I must plan and find a purpose for tomorrow so that, when I arrive, my feet will be planted firmly and safely on the ground. It is I who must do this planning with no thought of help from those I left at the station. Now I must think. The wheels are chanting, "Seven more hours, seven more hours."

An unfamiliar girl across the aisle offered me some candy. I smiled, thanked her, and we were no longer strangers. This caused me to look around at the other girls for the first time. I can tell by their appearance that we are going to the same place.

One girl is sitting nervously on the edge of her seat with her eyes sparkling. There is such a radiant look of expectancy in her eyes that I find myself praying she will find everything she wants in her tomorrow

Across the aisle sits a girl with her eyes closed though I know she is not asleep. Clutched tightly in her hand is a damp handkerchief. Her chin has a pathetic set of determination. She is trying so hard to be brave, but it is painful to tear away from yesterday. I am sure she has left a large part of herself at the station. The wheels are saying, "Five more hours, five more hours."

It is strange. I am experiencing all these emotions and many more, and yet I feel that I have no expression on my face.

I got up to get some water and passed an old lady sitting across from one of the girls. She had such a frank expression that I could read her thoughts at a glance. As I passed she looked at me with eyes that said, "And this one too . . . . so young, so healthy, with the world and life before her. I am old and life is behind me, but I am not envious. God bless you, my dear." I felt very unworthy. The wheels are repeating, "Three more hours, three more hours."

I see a little girl watching us with big, worshipful eyes. She must be thinking, "I wish I were a big girl. Then I could do anything I wanted to do. I would be smart and wear pretty clothes like they do." I can remember how many times I have thought that. If she only knew what little difference there is between a "big girl" and a "little girl." The wheels are saying, "One more hour, one more hour."

Tomorrow will be a time of learning, learning what life is all about. Part of it will come from books which will open to me the minds of men and women who have learned what I must know. Most of it will come through living with people. The most valuable lessons of all will be those I gain through experience. I must learn to be patient, tolerant, reserved, and so many other things. Above all I must learn to make the best of my opportunities, this one in particular.

The chant of the wheels is slowing down. The harsh scream of the brakes sends my heart to my stomach with the sudden realization. I walk to the back of the car and open the door . . . . the door of opportunity.

Preface to Poetry

By Iris Turner

• Idy Turner, Exchange Editor of *Chimes* and a member of the Senior class, resides in a condensed area of our country called Philadelphia, Mississippi. Her main purpose in life is to do as little as possible, and her pet passions are riding, modern music, and orange wool blouses.

Poetry is the literi's concession to man's emotional nature. Plans for world peace, history, short stories . . . anything which appeals to man's intellect . . . . may successfully be set down in prose, but when a person has experienced a great tragedy, love, or inspiration, it is in poetry that he seeks expression. A writer may put his experience into a story, or a novel, but he tells the story in the third person; it is only in poetry that he loses all inhibitions and bares his own soul for high school pupils to memorize.

Poetry is primitive. It is significant that the literature of the ancient Egyptians, the Sumerians, and the Persians was chiefly poetry, that only as life became more complex did essays and other prose forms appear. As long as a child is chiefly concerned with passive living, with exploring the new world in which he finds himself, his literary inclination is satisfied, or even delighted with nursery rhymes. When he is indoctrinated to the plans, the wisdom of other men, and his interest is centered on arithmetic and spelling, as his life becomes more complex, he loses interest in rhymes and concentrates on comic books. It is only fair to say that this metamorphosis is incomplete . . . after a few years he returns to elementary things such as love and spring and finds himself once more expressing himself in meter such as "How do I love thee."

At any period in history in which freedom, patriotism, emotionalism, and stress on the individual have been prevailing sentiments . . . in the Classical, Romantic, and Modern periods . . . . poetry has been the mirror of the age. Homer, Petrarch, and Benet . . . all writers of periods of which these feelings were characteristic . . . . have chosen poetry as their medium of expression.

Only recently poetry has lost its timidity about its subject matter and has ventured from the classic theme of eulogy, adventure, nature, and death to subjects more typical of our own time. Under the expert hand of such poets as Walt Whitman and Carl Sandburg, the sights, smells, and sounds made by a locomotive and the beauty of a blast furnace have been translated into powerful poetry.

Even though it degenerates, or progresses, according to the critic, to prose broken up into printed form, poetry, because it is natural, primitive, and intimate, will continue to be the instrument with which men express their views on subjects which are vital.

The Intangible

By Ann Marshall

Smoke floats by magnolia leaves;
"You are lonely," sighs the breeze . . . .
Rain falls in transparent spots,
Hits the roof and changes shape.
So must my day dreams fall,
Evaporate, change, and
Vanish like the smoke and rain.

Simple and Black, Please

By Joanne Jeans

• Joanne Jeans, Senior-Middle from Kansas City, Missouri, is the Associate Editor of this issue of *Chimes*. She has a special fondness for minute blown-glass animals and hopes to go wild in the field of dramatic writing one of these days. Pineapple and "Night and Day" utterly send her.

Have you ever walked unsuspectingly into one of New York's fashionable dress salons where a gown marked seventy-nine ninety-five is shoved into the corner to make room for the "better dresses?" Well, I am entering such a shop right now. Won't you come along?

Stepping through the glass doors, held open by a doorman dressed in red with elaborate gold braid, I am greeted by a staunch French mademoiselle, attired in black silk, peering at me through a lorgnette, with a pile of very blue curls dripping from atop a towering pompadour. I have only a fleeting glance at this buxom, smiling creature, for my attention is immediately caught by her dazzling backdrop. On one wall chartreuse satin is draped from the powder blue ceiling to the thick mat of rose beneath; on another a mirror of enormous dimensions reflects the shocking-pink couches which surround several multi-colored tile pools, where goldfish swim among tiny china castles. After a quick survey of this setting, I once again rivet my attention on "Frenchy," who is eagerly motioning for me to be seated on a billowy cloud of pink satin. Looking about anxiously, I realize that polite escape is impossible.

"Frenchy" inquires as to what I would like to see, and I request an evening dress, fairly simple and black. Disappearing behind a curtain, she presently returns, arms laden. Apologetically, she explains that black is not so popular this season; that I should accentuate my youth with gay colors, which she proceeds to flash before my eyes.

She first holds up a dazzling little number of pea green crepe sprinkled with dark green sequins, quite lovely, I decide, for the Beaux Arts Ball, but hardly suitable for an evening of dancing with Hubby. Next she displays a gown of pink feathers, in which I can imagine myself looking quite like an ostrich in full plume.

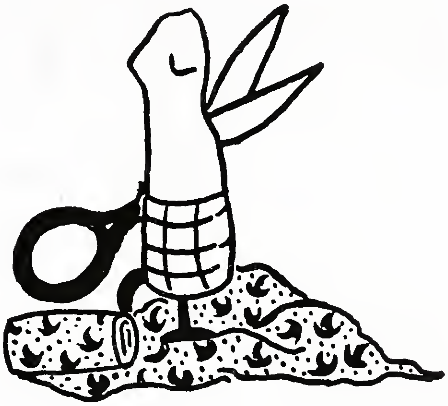
A model, tall and slender, strolls by and is hailed by my attendant. Hands on hips, she parades up and down before me, looking very much like a young tigress in her costly yellow and black striped silk creation. Inwardly, I shudder, but smile pleasantly so as not to offend her feline feelings.

Then Frenchy displays a rose and beige jersey ensemble with great gold buttons, quite Chinese in style; a rustling, blue taffeta formal covered with wide silver scrolls; and a yellow lace costume with enormous black bows . . . . all the essence of style, according to Mam'selle, who points out their exact duplicates in the recent copies of *Rogue* and *Barper's*. Anxious to fit me into this lush merchandise, she rushes me down a spacious hall, walled in turquoise velvet, and sends me wide-eyed into a tiny, mirrored cubicle, where she soon pulls me in and out of at least half a dozen equally ridiculous frocks.

Peering into the mirror, I see yards and yards of filmy, blue chiffon, decked with screaming red taffeta streamers. When "Frenchy" sticks a red flower in my auburn hair, a flower which exactly matches the red roses encircling my shoulders, the picture is complete. Is that atrocity in the looking glass really I? Quickly I slip into another gown, this one of rose crepe. It fits well enough; a few inches off the bottom and a slight waist adjustment are all it needs. Stepping back, I survey this creation. At the waist is a small bunch of white lilies, the sleeves are short and capped, and the neckline is round. The longer I look at this one, the better I like it, that is, until I glance at the price tag. Oh, Oh! I might have known! The store *has* to make a good-sized profit to buy food for all *those* goldfish!

As I smile in vague approval, Mam'selle, deeming it necessary to have a fitter, rushes out and returns, breathless, a few moments later, dragging behind her an equally French and equally corpulent seamstress. Not too anxiously, of course, Mam'selle draws out her sales book, and her accomplice begins ripping and pinning and tucking the rose crepe until I despair for the life of the gown. At last I see my reflection. Here I am, practically sewn into the sleek crepe, neither simple nor black, but charming and gay.

Mam'selle walks to the street door with me, chattering gaily about "how lovely ze gown she looks on, and how ze husband he will be so proud of his charmink wife." But I am wondering all the while "how ze husband he will like it when he zees ze price tag" "I bid au revoir to Mam'selle, who, happy at the extent of her recent sale, implores me to return soon and, no doubt, wonders why I ever bothered to ask for a simple, black dress.



Doubt

By Pat Shillings

That night I walked beneath a bloody moon
Half-hid with sullen storm clouds.
Walked alone
And felt beneath my feet
The great earth tremble in a silent agony.
And then I heard a scream
That tore the whole throat of creation with its pain.
For faith was gone, and certainty,
And in the emptiness was doubt.
And in my loneliness and fear,
I cried once more to God.
And the stillness was more terrible than death.

The Finale

By Kicki Moss

● "Just lazy" is Vivian Moss' description of herself, but this Senior, who has often written for *Chimes,* plans to major in journalism and to work toward her master's degree. "Kicki" loves to read, and her selection ranges from history to funny books. "All sorts of lady-like sports," meaning football, basketball, and baseball, receive this girl's nod of approval.

Here I commence an account of my last days on earth. Continue reading, if you will, for this is the last that shall ever be written. It is here on this day that the last part of the living world shall see death; the birds, beasts, and all creatures have been exterminated, their bodies cast aside carelessly as one would discard bits of paper and other lifeless objects. They are all gone save one lowly animal . . . . and that animal, I. The others fell where they were when this plague struck, quickly, mercilessly, and it took but a second to transport them from the world of the living to that of the dead. I look about and stand transfixed with horror at the scene before me. I have circled the earth in a frantic endeavor to escape this wild-eyed, maniacal Death (for that is how I think of "It"), and now I am back at the place from where I started. The road of life which once stood firm and straight in front of me is there no longer, for I have trod its weary path and stand now at the point where Death is the climax. Though all be dead and rotting about me, yet I am not alone; wherever I am, there "It" will be also, hovering in the dead bushes and sitting at my feet, laughing into my terrorized face, taunting me for my fear of the unseen and the unknown. Two days have elapsed since the last living thing, besides myself, died; he was a small ground squirrel, and as the last two with all-seeing eyes remaining on this planet, he and I had become boon companions. And now nothing stirs; the breathless stillness is ringing in my ears, and I hear my heart pounding, pounding. Oh, for some mortal being to see, to talk to, merely to watch. Anything but this! This can't be happening, yet it is. There is proof of it in any direction I look; they are there . . . those decaying corpses and staring eyes, grotesque and unbelievable. This is one of those times when one is distrustful of his own senses. I tell myself I am mad, yet my mind countermands this statement and insists I am sane. I have reached down for large sticks with which to beat myself. Why, I don't know, perhaps to strike my head in an effort to shock my mind back to normalcy; however, the sticks were rotten and crumbled at my touch. There is no way out of this world save with the will of "It." For four days I have had nothing to eat, but I am not hungry. It is as if I, alone, have been selected to stand by and watch, tormented by my thoughts, while my human companions and all other living creatures were being locked behind barred doors of death. I searched for something to divert my mind. I can do nothing active; if I run, I stumble over the long-dead bodies; I cannot swim, for the multitude of lifeless fishes would hinder my progress . . . so I sit, and my thoughts are driving me out of my mind. I have searched my pockets and have found this dirty sheet of paper and a stubby pencil. While I am waiting for Death to strike me, I shall seek to create on this paper the diversion I need. Perhaps this paper will be found by someone; more likely it will remain obscure. I do not care.

I can see the effect of this paper on my mind, for it is obvious to me that I am thinking more rationally. I feel a lingering terror of Death rather than madness, even though there be none to see the decadence of my brain. I still feel "Its" breath on my neck as it looks over my shoulder to read what I am writing, and I hear its infuriating laughter. You think I am mad? I shall not challenge the authenticity of your belief. All I know is that my mind is dulled with what is happening, and I can seldom think of more than the one hammering fact of the truth of the events that have taken place. It dominates and possesses me. Were it not for this paper I would have no outlet for my emotions and thoughts. I can hardly see to write. My watch says 6:20, but I know not if that is afternoon or morning. For many hours there has been no light in the world except a reddish glow that radiates from the heavens. It is probable that only when I, the last living mortal on this earth, die, that light will vanish, and the planet will be enveloped in a heavy darkness, as is a stage when a curtain is drawn across it so that it can be made ready for the coming scene. I wonder how long it will be before I am taken up away from my lifeless earthly companions.

The writing of this has been over a period of days. I must write slowly and small, for there is not much paper and no eraser on this pencil. I still have had nothing to eat; there isn't anything alive . . . no grass, spiders, or flies . . . nothing. "It" no longer laughs but glides around with impatience and fills the air with tenseness and expectation. The end will soon come and the last of the human race shall perish, but it will be born again. It shall live and reproduce until the Almighty destroys it. Even now as I am writing, the sky grows darker, the red glow becomes dimmer. The wind, which died long ago with the stricken beasts, comes alive and brings cool comfort to my body like an angelic creature from another world. There is a distant sound of thunder, like the grand finale of a symphony. I can no longer see to write. I sit here in the midst of a body-strewn no-man's land with the eerie light fading, and I can imagine I hear voices . . . . heavenly voices . . . . humming together. I look about me and see no moving thing, yet the music seems nearer. Suddenly I can see, and I look up to a ray of light penetrating two clouds. I understand. I must leave my writing and go, for they are waiting for me at the top. The world, the universe, is black, but this one beam is a hope and a promise, and, like the rainbow, it will bring faith, peace, and eternal life.

Dear! Dear!

(Continued from Page 3)

tremely domestic. Too tired to write bird.

(But YOU know the way to a man's heart, and after all the post-war ratio is seven to one!)

Hospital
September 11

Dear *Pierce,*

That last entry in the diary just goes to show you that having a *Chimes* assignment hang over you all summer isn't healthy. The doctors say it's complete loss of mentality, but I don't believe them. Do you? You know how many long, luscious articles our school mates produce for the *Chimes,* don't you? Publish these excerpts from a diary and then they'll let you join me in my new draped straight jacket.

Love,
Reporter number 0500

Wishful Thinking

By Priscilla Bailey

• Priscilla Bailey, who hails from Omaha, Nebraska, has lived there all of her eighteen years. Our Senior *Chimes* Review Editor has special interests in journalism, her major, bridge, and dancing. Pris, always the wit, admits her weakness for golf but says she does a better job of mowing the lawn!

The dolls sat in stiff rows, their painted faces shining, their jointed arms outstretched, waiting in vain for their mistress. If dolls could talk, perhaps mine asked over and over again where I was, and probably they wished that they belonged to another little girl who would play with them lovingly.

While my dolls waited forlornly for me, I played cop-and-robbers, dug caves, built tree houses, and played football. I had always wanted to be a boy; therefore, early in life I decided that I would try to do everything the neighborhood boys did and do it just as well without saying meekly, "I'm just a girl."

I wonder now how many factors influenced that decision. Was it environment or heredity that made me such a tomboy? Truthfully, it must have been a combination of both that caused me to ignore the happy faces of my dolls and hurry outdoors.

We lived in a rapidly growing residential district. When I first played in my yard and ran up and down the block, there were only a few houses. As years went by a fascinating change took place . . . . mechanical shovels scooped the earth from the ground, foundations were laid, workmen pounded and sawed, and a new house was built. Oh, the excitement of climbing down a rickety ladder into a damp new basement, of running the slippery sawdust shavings between my fingers, and of smelling the clean odor of newly-cut wood. I would talk to the men by the hour, and from them I learned some of my first lessons. They told me where the wood came from and how it was prepared in the mill; I learned that thick, heavy lumber could be transformed into huge sheets of paper, and even then I knew something of the chemical process involved in making cement. Day after day I sat watching and listening, and the saddest days of my life then were the ones on which I had to say goodby to those rough, kindly men.

However, soon a new family moved into the house and there were new playmates. But when I went to the door to introduce myself, I found that boys lived in the house. During the thirteen years of my life that we lived in that neighborhood, I had no girls to play with me. An active child cannot play by herself, and so I turned to the boys' gang and tried valiantly to prove myself worthy of membership.

Friends would often say to my parents, "Do you think it best that Priscilla play

with those rough boys?" To these inquiries they would reply that it was the best thing in the world for me. How could they have said otherwise? Mother received her university degree in architecture, and Daddy his in physical education. I have never known a time when my mother could not fix any mechanical device in the house; she was far happier in drawing plans for houses and supervising their building than in running a house. No, Mother knew that those traits had been inherited by her daughter, and she also knew that they were intermingled with many traits of my father.

When other little girls would tell me about the new fairy stories their fathers had told them, I was bursting to tell them about the Nebraska-Pittsburgh football game. I would tease my father for stories of exciting sports events. I knew about lateral passes and the Notre Dame backfield before I had heard of the Bobbsey Twins. Dad would draw diagrams of different plays, and how proud I was when I could teach the gang a trick play!

It was hard to grow up. I didn't understand why I couldn't play tackle with the older boys. I didn't mind the bumps; it was far worse to have to sit on the sidelines. But I had to be content with carrying water and oranges to the team and cheering them on. A lady once said to me, "Aren't you glad you aren't being thrown around on that muddy field?" She didn't know that I still wish with all my heart that I too could slip and slide in the mud, for I still wish I were a boy.

Why Chairs Have Legs

By Dot Hailey

There are many things in this world that we take for granted, never realizing that there is a story of interest connected with each of them. For instance, why do chairs have legs, why don't people still sit on fat cushions on the floor, as was the custom long ago? Here is an instance that may or may not have happened.

Once upon a time, in the distant land that is today called Afghanistan, there lived a very jolly little king. He was just and kind to all his subjects; consequently everyone loved him. The wealth of this king was incalculable. His palace was splendidly built and gorgeous to behold; its carpets were especially woven in Persia to fit each room.

One room in particular was acclaimed the most beautiful in all the kingdom. The rug was of all-colored fruit design woven on a deep gold background. Rich purple drapes were hung at the windows; great gold candelabra were placed at intervals along the four walls; incense of a very delicate spiced scent burned in the incense burners at all times. The dining table was a long wooden box three feet tall, and always it was covered with a white linen cloth and laden with all things good to eat. The chairs were merely cushions which were covered with wine velvet.

In the midst of all these luxuries the king lived happily for many years; but eventually he began to gain weight. The fatter he became, the merrier he was; and the merrier he was, the more he ate. Soon he became known as the fattest little man in all the kingdom.

This did not bother the king; every month he gave a banquet for all his noblemen. At the end of one of these feasts a most embarrassing situation arose. The king started to rise to address his

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Rhyme and Tim

To A Rose

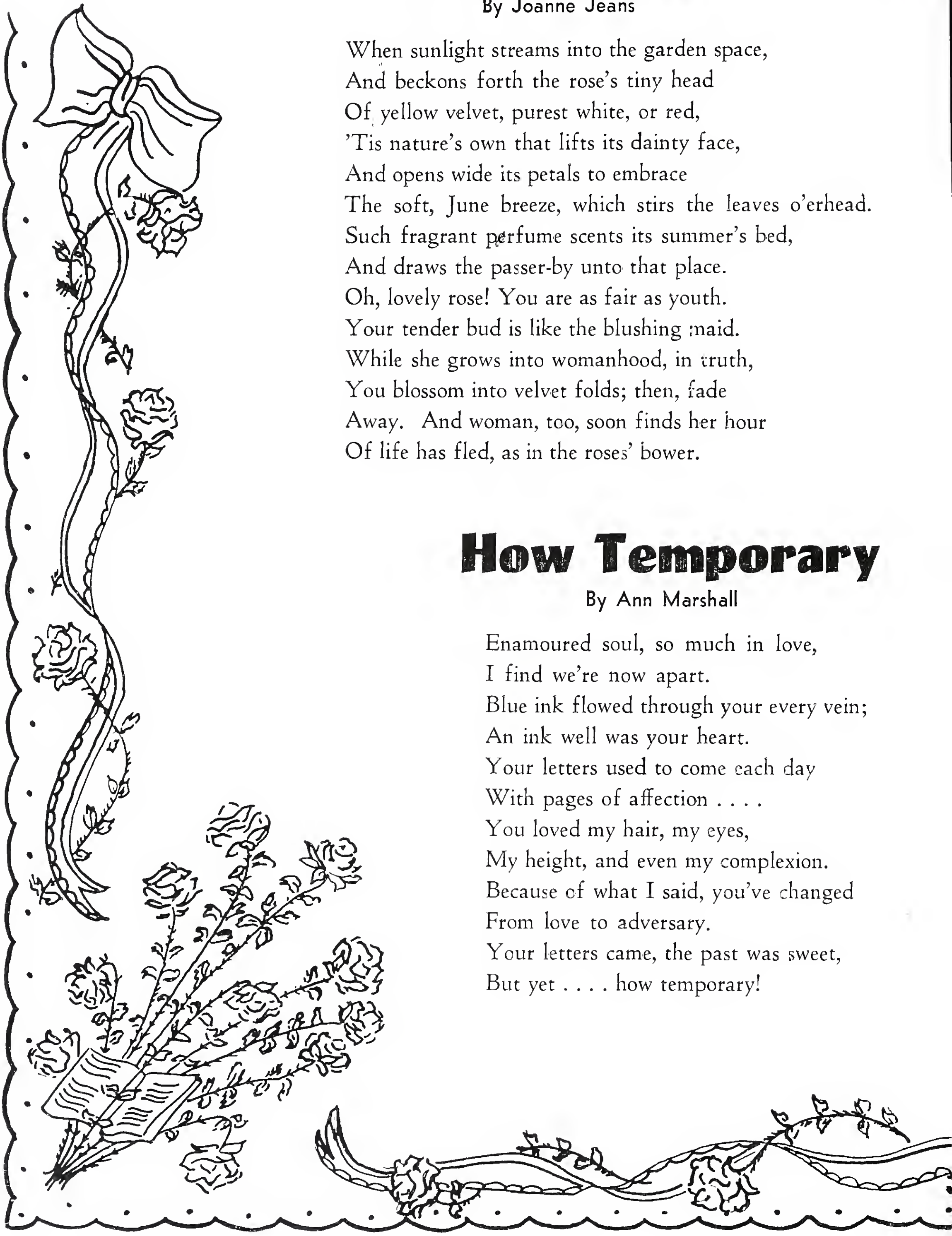
By Joanne Jeans

When sunlight streams into the garden space,
And beckons forth the rose's tiny head
Of yellow velvet, purest white, or red,
'Tis nature's own that lifts its dainty face,
And opens wide its petals to embrace
The soft, June breeze, which stirs the leaves o'erhead.
Such fragrant perfume scents its summer's bed,
And draws the passer-by unto that place.
Oh, lovely rose! You are as fair as youth.
Your tender bud is like the blushing maid.
While she grows into womanhood, in truth,
You blossom into velvet folds; then, fade
Away. And woman, too, soon finds her hour
Of life has fled, as in the roses' bower.

How Temporary

By Ann Marshall

Enamoured soul, so much in love,
I find we're now apart.
Blue ink flowed through your every vein;
An ink well was your heart.
Your letters used to come each day
With pages of affection . . . .
You loved my hair, my eyes,
My height, and even my complexion.
Because of what I said, you've changed
From love to adversary.
Your letters came, the past was sweet,
But yet . . . . how temporary!



Clair de Lune

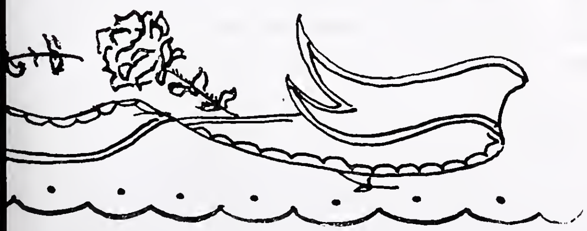
By Camille Hancock

What place is this?
Some Eden far from earthly spheres?
A lonely stretch of emerald grass,
Hillocks.
Moonlight like a silver stream
Silent, unmoving, utterly lonely.
A pan's pipe's echo hanging breathless
On the air . . . and yet, unheard.
Gentle stars . . . . serenely caught
In the infinite velvet of the night sky.
Something profound and lonely stirs
Deep within me . . . .
Memory's fancy perhaps
Shall cause me to forget this silent grandeur.
Oh, God . . . . let me keep it . . . .
Let me forever keep it . . . .
I shall return in my thoughts a hundred times
And here my bitterness, my sorrow,
Innumerable worldly hurts
Shall find succour.

Rhyme and Time

By Sally Flowers

When I want a little verse,
N'er a word will seem to rhyme.
I sit and fume and cuss and curse,
The meter's most uneven time.
I feel it in my heart and soul,
Emotion sweeps me from above,
I strive in vain to reach the goal,
There're so few words that rhyme with love.



"Juju"

By Betty Cleveland

• Betty Cleveland, *Chimes* Business Manager, is definitely the most Senior member of the staff because she worked as a Penstaff girl for three years before graduating to *Chimes*. Betty lives in Wartrace, Tennessee, and just "can't keep from collecting stamps and studying political science."

Unlike the traditional antebellum "mammy," "Juju" neither wears a bandanna nor possesses excessive avoirdupois. One would think that her smallness were a sign of fragility. On the contrary, there is no job around the house of which "Juju" is not capable, no matter whether it is "totin' " heavy lard stands or balancing a tray of empty fruit jars.

But "Juju" is more than a cook. As a member of the family she has been major-domo, housekeeper, nurse, and even more important, "father-confessor" to the family's tribulations.

There has never been any service too large for "Juju" to do for "her" family. Though she eats little herself and seldom acquires new recipes and menus, there is no end to her recipe repertoire. If some member of the family is ill, it is never too troublesome for "Juju" to prepare extra dishes which she herself often brings into the sickroom. In the same spirit, she loves for us to have guests as she says she had rather be at home with us, than at her house with nothing to do.

Some day the old-fashioned darky may be extinct. My sister and I will remember Julia when telling our grandchildren of the joys of being spoiled by a Negro "mammy." We will tell them of the little things she did, her love of plants and her abhorrence of feeling small kittens and baby chicks, and of how she pulled down all the shades at night and always locked the front door lest some stranger come in without her hearing. We will remember then her stately moving about the kitchen on a winter's morning preparing breakfast for us to eat there on the stove. We will remember her comforting words after we had received some well-deserved spanking and her asking us to read her mail aloud.

Some day the last of the old coloured retainers will be in another world, and we will know "Juju" is happy in a heaven of flowers, watermelons, and small children for whom to make muffin cakes. Her loyalty will not go unrewarded. Having never missed a day of work or even been late, she is known in the Wartrace community as a truly great lady.

Why Chairs Have Legs

(Continued from Page 11)

guests; but to the dismay of everyone present, he was unable to get up from his pillow. Such a calamity! It took three of his servants to boost him up, and by that time the king was too flustered to speak. All the noblemen went home sorrowfully. Their king was unhappy; he could not rise unless he lost weight; and he could not diet because eating was the essence of his life. He lost his dignity and refused to see anyone. Something had to be done!

Finally one day a young man came to the gates saying he must see the king because he had a solution to the problem. He was instantly shown into the throne room where the king stood waiting. Everyone held his breath as the lad unveiled the object he carried. There stood a chair with four sturdy legs! The king sat down and then stood up all by himself. Everyone cheered. Here indeed was the solution, and everywhere in the kingdom people were soon sitting in chairs with legs.

Yankee Faith

By Clare Anne Drowota

Aunt Julie's faith in God was really amazing. Despite her advanced age, a Sunday never passed, rain or shine, that did not find her seated at the front of the church in the red plush armchair kept especially for her.

We smaller children were not repelled as our elders often were by Aunt Julie's tapping cane and fierce glances as she hobbled leisurely down the church aisle . . . . we knew that hidden beneath the billowing folds of her five petticoats and two skirts Auntie had hidden a plentiful supply of chewing gum and peppermint sticks which were most tempting to our greedy eyes, though usually quite gummy from long exposure to air.

The only word that can fittingly describe that dear, old lady is that of *character*. One would have to look far and wide to find another like her. Aunt Julie had the distinction of being the only woman to hold a pension from the United States government, and she was extremely proud of her war record, her sightless eye, and maimed left hand that gave evidence of that struggle many years ago when Julie, then a girl of sixteen, fought and killed a Confederate soldier. It was not an easy task, but Aunt Julie treated the whole affair nonchalantly until one day I asked her about it.

"Aunt Julie, haven't you ever been afraid God would punish you for that act?" I inquired timidly for I knew the old lady's temper had not decreased with age.

But she replied with a relish that made me forget any former misgiving.

"Child," she said, "the United States is still paying me for that deed and if it's all right with them, I guess maybe God will understand too."

And with that the conversation ended and I dared not broach the subject further.

A few days later we heard that Aunt Julie had gone to meet the God she trusted so implicitly. After ninety-eight years she was quite ready to die. Some of us, looking down on that pitiful, wan figure, pathetically thin without her five petticoats and skirts, had to smile a little as we saw her lying there in death. For the first time she looked utterly at peace, and we knew her faith had upheld her.

Twelve years have passed since then. Twelve years in which many forget the stooped figure that sat in the plush armchair every Sabbath morn; but to those of us who remember it seems as though we can still see her tapping down the aisle, glaring at the congregation . . . . with her pockets filled with peppermint.

* * *

No Genius

By Bette Pierce

• Bette Pierce, Editor of *Chimes,* is from Texas . . . . Corsicana to be exact . . . and quite proud of the fact. A Senior, she loves and adores good music, sleep, and books, and she thinks people who don't are absolute *dodos!* Bette is majoring in English and German and plans to make a career of executive journalism.

It's discouraging, infuriating, and positively maddening. If it isn't chemistry, it's English; if it isn't that, it's music; or swimming; or keeping out of trouble. Perhaps you know how it is when you stay up all night studying for a quiz only to make a grade that isn't mentionable in print, while the carefree character sitting on your right, who has taken in a movie and played bridge the night before, comes up with an A with no effort at all. You can call it fate, luck, or Wyrd if you like, but I call it genius.

Somehow or other I was behind the door when they passed out this quality, and I've been suffering ever since. I can still hear my determined mother telling her friends that while I might not be as mentally alert as other children, I *could* sing a little. Then my voice changed. When I was old enough to pick out "Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum" on the family piano, I was told that I was very musical. When I wrote my first high school theme and made a passing grade on it, I could write. Only when I reached college did I discover that I was the victim of foul circumstance and opinion. I am no genius . . . . *dodo* might be a better word for me.

When I entered this institution of higher learning, I was still misguided enough to believe that my future . . . . bright and shining . . . . lay in the field of journalism. In a frenzy of endeavor, I tried out for the newspaper staff. My only answer was the disgusted look on the editor's face when she had read my first offering to the gods of "heads and types." Undaunted, I spent many hours working on a potential write-up for the annual. The editor was very kind and let me do odd jobs around the office. (Have you ever tried to type the activities of five hundred seniors?) There was one more faint glimmer of hope . . . . *Chimes.* In a last desperate attempt I drug out my trusty Webster's Abridged and spent my final bits of creative energy putting its words together. When the editor told me that my essay had been accepted . . . . with the usual few revisions that I was expected to make . . . . I collapsed completely and spent my infirmary days eliminating participles and adding gerunds. I was hysterical with joy! But this joy has died slowly, for I have not written one bit of acceptable poetry or prose since. English teachers always tell me, "There's nothing grammatically wrong with this, dear, but it just lacks the Vital Spark." No genius.

Sadly I turned from the world of Shakespeare and Saroyan to that of Rachmaninoff and Iturbi. Perhaps here lay that glittering future of which I dreamed. I practiced scales and arpeggios, Bach and Ravel, minuets and gigues, sonatas and tangos. My life was devoted to the fifty-two ivory keys of the Kurtzmann in practice room 23, and my innermost soul reached out to grasp the intangibility of musical art. Then one sunny day (ah, cruel nature, you mock me even now) the blow came. I had played as I had never played before; I had swayed with the rhythm, torn my hair in passionate tribute to Apollo, and broken three fingernails besides. When I had finished, my teacher looked at me pityingly and said, "There's really nothing wrong with your playing . . . . it just lacks the Vital Spark." No genius.

My future was bleak, utterly desolate. My dreams were in shambles, my typewriter was worn out, and my hands bulged with muscles from practicing. The only thing I could possibly become was a good citizen, so to this star I hitched my beaten and battered wagon. My lights were out at nine, I had social hours to spare, I was fifteen minutes early to all classes, my cuts mounted up, I was a GOOD girl. But, as always, misfortune caught up with me. The only time I left my room after the light bell to get a drink of water, I fell over the monitor as she was making her check. I playfully pinched the girl in front of me in the Tea Room line only to find that it was an important member of the personnel staff instead. The cab in which I was riding was caught in a traffic jam, and I reached campus thirty minutes too late. This sort of thing happened once too often, and now I find myself with a three-week campus sentence just for trying to be good. I don't even possess the genius that some lucky girls have for Not Getting Caught.

It's infuriating, maddening, and positively discouraging. I'm a failure and a bad citizen as well; my life is lying about me in shreds and tatters. There is only one course of action left. Therefore I shall draw the remains of my shattered future about me and start again. Journalism? NO! Music? NO! My studious days are behind me. My future is clear. I'm going to have FUN!

My Man

By Margaret Anne Funk

• From Henderson, Kentucky, comes our Circulation Manager, Margaret Anne Funk, who yearns to teach English eventually. She has a passion for green peas, sirloin steak, and dancing. To get on the bad side of Margaret Anne, just refer to her as "Blondie."

Let me tell you about this most amazing incident! You, I know, have heard of all the things known as embarrassing incidents or impossible situations. Well, I have one here I should like to relate which was thrilling and embarrassing at the same time, and it really did happen.

I was riding (or should I say standing?) on the bus one calm Sunday morning when the vehicle gave a lurch as it rounded a corner, and I was thrown bodily against a tall young man dressed in khaki. After picking up my hat and bag and putting myself together again, I looked up at the young man for the first time . . . . and it was love at first sight.

I didn't say a word. He was speechless. After all we had never been introduced, and both being shy we couldn't bring ourselves to ask the other his name. We just looked at one another . . . that was enough. As he was pushed farther into the back of the bus, he still looked adoringly at me, but no word was spoken. My heart stood still . . . he was getting off at the next stop. What should I do?

Pleadingly his eyes searched mine, but I was rooted to the spot. He started off the bus; in fact he backed out the side door still looking at me. I could see his haunting eyes as the bus driver, no longer being able to see him, closed the door and started on. There was my lovely man in the street running along side the bus trying to keep up with his head. Yes, believe it or not his head was caught in the door; his eyes were still looking into mine. What should I do? I screamed and the door was flung open immediately. My friend fell back into the street and we drove on. I never saw him again. I was crushed!

Coronado Was A Sissy

By Priscilla Bailey

Who said Coronado discovered the Grand Canyon?

Oh, we do beg the history books' pardon, but all he did was stand safely on the edge and triumphantly exclaim, "Men, we have discovered the grandest canyon in the world."

We found the Grand Canyon too . . . . in fact we were so anxious to find it that we almost found ourselves in the muddy Colorado river with no chance to contradict Mr. Coronado's statement. The books don't know it, but we discovered this phenomenon of nature in the year of our Lord 1935, and had a far more exciting time than all the bands of Spanish explorers whose names are recorded in the pages of time.

The great explorer must have dreaded our intrusion and bribed the gods to help him keep us away. That summer night he shook with anger and the heavens roared with his wrath. The damp, cold rain was falling in torrents as the dim headlights of our car penetrated the obscure roads. In the back seat three frightened little children pleaded, "Don't go boom, Daddy." Daddy, at this point, was ready "to go boom" on three little pairs of pants.

On either side of us were dark chasms plunging straight down ten miles or more. The road wound over the very tops of mountains, straight up and then barreling swiftly down, down, down. Then we were chugging up the last stretch toward the lights of the resort.

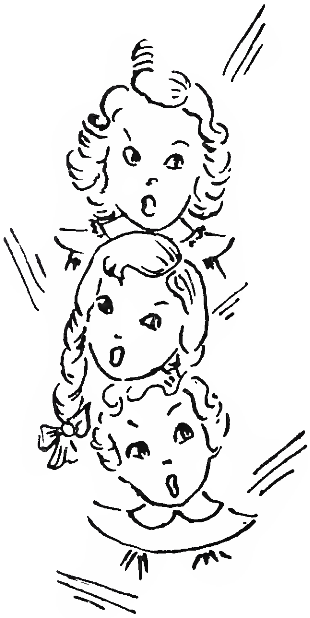
With a faltering cough, we sputtered to a stop before the office and inquired about reservations. With a lurch we were off again just as a little Indian boy jumped on the fender and shouted, "Direct you, mister? Straight ahead."

Coronado must have befriended that lad's ancestors because we took a ride that was worse than any on a run-away horse. We bumped over rocks and boulders, swung perilously on bridges that swayed miles above the yawning canyons, and finally stopped just as a huge pine rose threateningly in front of us.

"Quarter, mister, quarter," called the boy and disappeared into the night. We stretched our travel-weary limbs, carried our bags in, and sank gratefully into soft, clean beds.

Morning awoke in all her splendor . . . . the sun rising over the mountains touched their peaks with halos. At last we had arrived at the Grand Canyon. Mother was up first and stepped out on the porch. Her loud scream brought the family running to the doorway.

Did Coronado discover the Grand Canyon? Oh, no! The wheels of our car were over the edge of the cliff. We didn't discover it . . . . we were in it!



Sea

By Joanne Jeans

Peaceful, calm, the water faintly quivers,
Now and then, as gentle breezes lift
The glassy surface, slightly rolling, never
Fully breaking into white-capped waves,
Just stirring lightly, oh, so lightly rolling!
Endless, on and on and on. And then
The sun pulls o'er its golden, radiant self
A curtain, grey and thick. And presently
A rumbling, low, reverberates throughout
The heavens. A jagged streak of lightning cuts
Its way across the darkening sky, and
Then the raindrops fall, tiny drops
At first, but soon the clouds pour forth
Their content, fast and hard. Once-gentle breezes now
Begin to twist and whip across the surface,
Lifting high the foaming, churning swells,
Dashing frothy waters forward, onward,
Roaring, deafening echoes of a thousand
Thundering drums; racing, wildly screeching
Blasts of wind stir up the whirling froth and
Carry up the ocean's crest to mingle
Water from the earth with those from heaven,
Letting both descend together.
On it rages, 'till one tiny
Beam of light, one small reminder
Of the sun, breaks through the dark, low-hanging
Clouds o'er head. The surging waters slowly
Quiet, less they swirl, and less becomes
The wind. Much less it tosses, swerves, and dodges,
In and out, among the frothy, white-capped
Waves, until, at last, the rain begins
To fall more lightly, softly, dying down,
'Til nothing comes but flick'ring rays of hazy
Light. The stage is set. The curtain, rain,
Has risen. The floor, once swept by rushing gales,
Is steady, smooth. The stage is ready now.
The sun appears to cast its glowing warmth
Upon the quiet stillness of the sea.

Barefoot Boy With Cheek

By Max Shulman

Reviewed by Pat Shillings

Barefoot Boy With Cheek is a hilarious satire on the American university system and its adherents. Written by a former University of Minnesota student, it recounts the misadventures of Asa Hearthrug during his first year there.

Nothing escapes Mr. Shulman's vitriol-filled pen. He particularly delights in ridiculing the fraternity system. Roger Hailfellow, the president, traps the unwitting and naive Asa with a cunningly concealed sidewalk pit; proudly displays their B. M. O. C., a chained and illiterate athlete; recounts the virtues of the brotherhood with misty eyes; and finally invites Asa to become one of them. Almost overcome with the honor entailed, he chokes out his acceptance while the brothers chant their mystic rites, ending with "rimba, rimba, richard himba." After Asa becomes a member, he is run for a campus office against Petey Loadsafun, one of the campus glad boys. After the results have been tabulated, the independent votes being matter of factly discarded, Asa loses. Crushed by this blow, he loses further face among his fraternity brothers by failing to live up to their standards of campus behavior. He consistently rides in a convertible with the top up, and insists upon calling a homely girl homely, instead of the prescribed "grand kid, loads of personality, lots of fun when you get to know her."

Asa also finds romance. He is torn between Noblesse Oblige, a lovely co-ed with fraternity pins her main objective, and Yetta Samovar. Yetta is one of the campus Communists, who feels that she can yet save Asa from being a tool of the fraternities and become one of the workers for the Movement.

The incidents and characters are ridiculously funny, and as pure entertainment the book is excellent. The purpose, however, goes deeper than that. The trivialities and petty politics of campus life are bared completely, and your laughter is often a little uncomfortable.

Rickshaw Boy

By Lau Shaw

Reviewed by Peggy Loving

Rickshaw Boy is the poignant story of Happy Boy, a young Chinese who moved to Peking, and his efforts to gain security and happiness in that city. The age-old problems of social injustice and economic disorganization are the forces which he has to combat to obtain this contentment.

Lau Shaw, the author, has written of China as the Chinese see it, and yet it is a story which could have happened in any land at any time. Not only are misery and suffering portrayed but also the picturesque character, humor, customs, and thoughts of this strong and unwavering race.

Typical of most Chinese farmers, Happy Boy is big, handsome, muscular, and slow-witted. Though illiterate he lived his life by the code of the Chinese philosophers, believing in right actions and the good results of good. From this way of living he received his name, Happy Boy.

His one ambition is to own a rickshaw instead of having to rent it from Fourth Master Lin at the shed called Human Harmony. Here he works to earn the money, but he is constantly annoyed and pursued by Tiger Woman, Lin's unattractive daughter. Happy Boy manages to evade her, however, and after several years saves a hundred dollars with which to buy his rickshaw. He is now a member of a noble profession and becomes one of the best rickshaw men in Peking.

But his luck is not good. Poverty and Tiger Woman are too much for him. She schemes so that he will have to marry her, but their life together is far from happy. Tiger Woman soon dies due to the terrible living conditions, and Happy Boy rescues his love, the weak and diseased Little Lucky One from enslavement. The strong spirit of Happy Boy wins over evil and misery.

The simplicity and lucidity with which this book is written, and the character and personality of Happy Boy are so magnetic that it is more like listening to a story than reading a novel. As Henry Seidel Canby said, "In short, this seems to be not only a very interesting, but a fine and memorable novel, significant of a new literature for China."

Up Front

By Bill Mauldin

Reviewed by Ruth Evans

Willie and Joe have been the subject of much discussion among varied circles of present-day readers. These dirty, bewhiskered dogfaces, U. S. Infantry, are the product of writer-cartoonist Bill Mauldin, and they personify the American G. I. in the new book *Up Front.*

At first inspection the sardonic cartoons, accompanied by running text, seem crude and dirty and unreal; but if you read a few lines of Mauldin's simple narrative you will see in these pen-and-ink heroes the boy across the street or the fellow you met last year at the U. S. O.

Admittedly these drawings in black and white were not created to entertain local civilians. They were a way of talking to the common foot-soldier of things well-known to him.

Sgt. Mauldin, himself an overseas veteran of several years' standing, did not expect us non-combatant home-folks to approve or appreciate his tragically down-to-earth humor. However, his work has made a hit with all of us. It has won him a Pulitzer Prize and made him famous as a writer as well as the "G. I.'s favorite cartoonist."

Ernie Pyle in his last book, *Brave Men,* early recognized Mauldin as the war's outstanding combat artist. He saw the war as it really was, and he drew it that way.

The reason this book is so effective might be a combination of many things. First is its direct and sometimes brutal and extremely bitter reality. This hits hard at the reader, but it is the truth and it is well-done. Mauldin does not shun poking fun, or even ridicule at some of the "old Army" customs so repulsive to the buck private. He does not spare the details of the mud and grime or the danger of war. He does not ignore the fear or the devil-may-care attitude likely to fill the hearts of the American fighting man. He does not cover up their hatred for the shysters of war, the draft dodgers the unfaithful women, the peace-time patriots.

Much of the book's humor does not provoke gay laughter from an unknowing civilian, but it was funny to the G. I.'s because they had to laugh at themselves or go mad. By reading his literature we can see the trend of a soldier's sense of humor.

Although criticizing the actual art work is really immaterial, I might say that his characters are very real and he achieves superb facial expressions. To me the most fascinating part of the book was the text. In it the author re-created the situation in a manner comparable to the style of Ernie Pyle; but his viewpoint was different. Pyle wrote as a war correspondent going along with the doughboys. Mauldin wrote as a doughboy.

Up Front succeeds startlingly in taking you up front, humorously and grimly. It is short and easy to read. It is real. I recommend it to any person who is even somewhat conscious or interested in the fact that we Americans did fight a war . . . . and that our greatest representatives over there were the doughboys up front.

Guerrilla Wife

By Louise Reid Spencer

Reviewed by Priscilla Bailey

Little did "Spence," a young engineer from IXL Mine on Masbate, realize the dangers that lay ahead for him and his young bride-to-be as he stood on the dock at Manila waiting for the ship which would bring Louise from Canada. It was four years before Pearl Harbor . . . . war seemed far away from the Philippines that day, but all too soon those remote islands found themselves drawn into the tightening net. How this happened is told in the exciting narrative of a modern young woman living in the jungles of the Philippines who suddenly found herself a *guerrilla wife*.

Louise Spencer found her life on Masbate an interesting one . . . . she and Spence rapidly made friends with the other Americans and English gathered there, and it was almost like life in Canada had been. But the chatter of the monkeys in the treetops and the brilliant flash of color as the parrots flew over the trees reminded her that the teeming gold mill kept the jungle only a step away. Then the world was at war . . . . December 8. It was a complete surprise and meant that miles away across the ocean people were fighting. They stayed on Masbate . . . . help would certainly be on the way; there was no reason to worry. Two days after New Year's they were in the hills, and for months they dodged and hid, keeping only a few breaths ahead of the Japs.

The number of refugees increased; as the group pushed farther inland, they were joined by teachers and missionaries. Women, as well as men, tramped miles at a time . . . . no one grumbled or complained; no one ever gave up. Life goes on even in the midst of a war, for scarcely had Louise helped to deliver her friend's baby during one of the hurried stops before she found that she was going to become a mother. Always they pushed on . . . . through the dense undergrowth, over cliffs, and across rivers. The men were guerrillas; they kept in touch with the women and came whenever they could.

For two incredible years they had been hiding but finally a submarine took them off. They had lost many of the original group in their race for freedom. Louise's baby was the first to be born in an army hospital in the Southwest Pacific theater of war a few weeks after his parents had reached safety.

The publisher has said that Mrs. Spencer is a born writer. She is, but she is more than that. She is a woman who has put down exactly what happened and has had the sense to let the story build itself at its own exciting speed. *Guerrilla Wife* is a thrilling story . . . . its stark truthfulness is the highest recommendation for exciting reading.

* * *

CHIMES

FEBRUARY • NINETEEN FORTY-SIX

THE CHIMES

Vol. 9 FEBRUARY, 1946 No. 2

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

Another year has come and with it we bring to you the second issue of CHIMES. The compliments we have received on our first magazine more than compensated for the mistakes which glared so brightly in impartial black and white. Our favorite people are those who placed something besides class cuts in CHIMES box and all who entered essays in our contest. Without you we would never have been able to publish what we hope is a better magazine than the last.

Again after those "many discussions and consultations," the staff decided to make a definite change of policy. So much interest has been taken on the part of the students and so many good writings have been received that the former policy of adding to the staff each girl who has contributed to one issue of the magazine had to be abolished. From now on the staff, which will be announced in the spring issue, will consist of last year's members and five girls chosen on the basis of the quantity and quality of work they contribute and the recommendations of their English teachers.

Before I run out of space, the red roses of congratulation are extended to Jane Erwin, associate editor for this issue, and to all the contest winners, both of the Book Week and CHIMES essay contests.

If I were to begin recommending articles for special reading, I would probably never stop. However, if you've never been on a moonlight excursion down the Mississippi or attended a Mardi Gras or done any of the fascinating things peculiar to different sections of the country, the "local color" section is especially for you.

Thanks again to everyone who contributed, worked, and typed for this issue, and many words of encouragement to all of you who haven't yet found time to write that essay, poem, or review that will make the next issue the best yet.

PIERCE

CHIMES STAFF

Bette Pierce	*Editor*
Jane Irwin	*Associate Editor*
Priscilla Bailey	*Review Editor*
Ann Marshall	*Poetry Editor*
Iris Turner	*Exchange Editor*
Bomar Cleveland	*Business Manager*
Margaret Anne Funk	*Circulation Manager*
Miss Martha Ordway	*Faculty Advisor*

ARTISTS

Kay Keggin . . . . . *Editor*

Beverly Williams   Pat McGauly   June Brown

STAFF MEMBERS

Ruth Evans   Joanne Jeans   Kicki Moss

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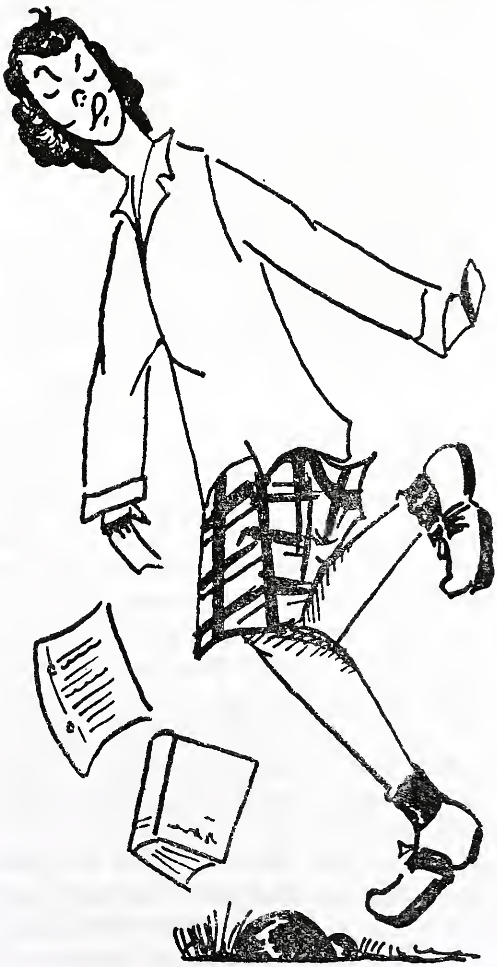
Grace

By Shelia Kennard

In consulting my Webster's Collegiate dictionary . . . Fifth Edition . . . as to the meaning of the word "grace," I was astonished to find almost a half of a column devoted to its definitions. For example, I found that grace, meaning invocation, is said before meal. Now *please,* do not misunderstand! Since coming to Ward-Belmont, I have been well aware of the fact that, following the tap of the bell, *something* was said previous to each meal, but precisely what, I was at a loss to say. It was impossible to either see or hear on the steps leading to the dining room, and even when I made an effort to be in the hall early, there was so much confusion that, try as I might, I could never for the life of me hear. After numerous attempts, I gave up and simply bowed my head following each tap of the bell. This system was far from fool-proof. I know I sat for a full ten minutes once with my head reverently inclined following the fifteen minute breakfast bell, until the hostess, when leaving, kindly touched me on the shoulder and asked if there were anything she could do for my terrible headache.

Grace also means any characteristic endowment, either natural or acquired. I suppose this means that Mr. Henkel is graceful in playing the organ so well; in fact, I seem to recall someone's saying that he could play grace notes particularly well. Then too, I imagine that every mother who named her daughter "Grace" was hopeful of great beauty, since its meaning here is "to adorn or embellish." Yes, I was really astonished to find so many meanings for "grace," since I had always pictured only one.

To me, the only requirement for being graceful is the ability of a person to keep his two feet on the ground, come what may; in other words, the graceful person, in my estimation, is one who never falls down. My admiration of such a person often assumes the proportions of hero worship, since such a quality is completely out of my reach. As you may have guessed, I am not of the elect; I am far from being graceful. Try as I may to reduce the quota, I still somehow manage to keep my average of one fall per day. Only yesterday, while playing basketball, I stepped on the ball as it rolled down the gymnasium floor. The damage to the ball has not yet been estimated, but it is quite evident to any interested and sym-



pathetic person who happens to steal a glance at my knees.

My mother says that as a baby I fell quite a bit, as babies do. At the age of fifteen months, however, when most babies begin to walk, *I* still fell. Two months after my seventh birthday, I tripped over the threshold of Irving Grammar School and greeted my nervous-looking teacher. It seemed she was extremely sensitive to loud noises, particularly those made by falling objects. Consequently, when I fell off the stage tightly clutching my grade school diploma, she quietly succumbed after seven years of fortitude and was taken carefully to a waiting ambulance. All through my high school career, I astounded my classmates by seeming to be made of India rubber; no sooner would I fall than I would bounce up again, seemingly unhurt, only to fall again not five minutes later.

Try as I may, I can never destroy the illusions people seem to entertain regarding my sense of balance. With each new surrounding, each new group of people, I receive a new lease on life. Everything runs along extremely well for the first few days; I am exceptionally careful and my new associates look at me as though I were actually a normal human being. Then suddenly something happens. Perhaps I am excited and forget to walk on one foot at a time; at any rate, I fall. Once more, and immediately the barrier is up. I am an outcast; no one trusts me for fear I shall pull him with me into the dismal depths which I visit following each stumble.

I can vaguely remember in the far distant past one particular visit which our minister made with the Kennard family. It was a very ordinary pastoral call, but on leaving he said something which has lingered with me 'til this day. Putting his hand on my head, he turned to Mother and remarked:

"A beautiful child, Mrs. Kennard. She reminds me so much of a little nymph tripping through the forest. I can just picture her tripping through life in the very same way."

How little he knew!

Forgetting

By Camille Hancock

They said "You must forget him."
Simple words. . . . They could not understand
How raptures shared . . . a summer dawn, a sun-lit space
Can hold a heart in silent, stern command
In longing for a near, familiar face.

Forget you? Sooner could I lose my soul
And all my life unto eternity;
Forget your smile . . . your eyes . . . your quiet strength?
Your laughter like a bird set free?

Ah, no, beloved, I should much prefer
A heart in bondage 'til my days be through
To the emptiness of lonely days
Without my memories of you.

What Price This Land?

By Priscilla Bailey

He received the news of the accident on a mine destroyer in the South Pacific. This is what he wrote:

"I know you'll pull through, Dad. It's a tough break; you remember how we worried about that old combine steaming up? You always said that some day it was going to get too hot and then there would be trouble. We were going through a lot in those days. Sometimes I wonder how you kept going . . . you didn't ever show discouragement or defeat. Your face always looked the same . . . a little tanner each year, the lines a little deeper, but lips always firm and head held high.

The sea is the color of your eyes, Dad; it's your eyes that I remember now. One night I watched you walking up the road, dirty and tired and dejected. That was the summer we had such hopes for the corn, and then . . . Why, that very morning the fields were green and the corn was knee-high. Then, out of nowhere, a cloud appeared on the horizon; there was that buzzing, droning sound; and a million grasshoppers were swarming on our corn. We couldn't do anything; you can't fight nature. By sundown they were gone, and with them our hopes of buying Mom that new stove and Sis that dress she saw in Portwood's. When I saw you trudging in from the fields, I wanted to say something, Dad, but your eyes stopped me. They were looking past me at the house. I now know how it hurt you to see Grandpa's house in need of paint; it was always a matter of pride that you kept it up just as neat and clean as he had left it to you. All winter long we had said, "The corn will paint the house," and now there wouldn't even be enough money for next year's seed. Oh, Dad, there were tears on your cheeks. I'd never seen a man cry; maybe others cried, but not you. I hurt you when I spit out bitterly, "Let's leave the farm; I hate it!"

Thank God for a dad like you. You put your strong, sunburned arm on my shoulder and said, "Billy, this is our land. We can't leave it anymore than we can leave God. We can work and sweat and cry over the land because it is ours, but we can't leave it. Your heart and mine are here . . . we've got to stick with the land and it will come through for us."

We stuck, Dad, and you were right. The good years just about balanced the bad years. Lots of people moved away, and I still wanted to go. But something held me there. We froze in the winter and almost suffocated in the summer, but we stuck. I've finally seen the world, but whenever I close my eyes, I always see our fields . . . yes, even stripped and parched by the broiling sun . . . but I know something of me is there and always will be.

No matter what anyone else says, I say that farmers have more guts than anyone else in this world. Don't worry, Dad. I know it doesn't do any good to tell you that because you will be thinking about harvesting and caring for the stock. But something you told me long ago keeps running through my mind. You said working so close to God brought a farmer closer to people; it made him kinder and more sympathetic. And a farmer always is the first one to help another. Floyd and George will be looking out for things at home, and I can just see old Green dragging his rusty plow over to help out.

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Discovery

By Jane Erwin

It was one of those days when the air outside seemed to be asking to be breathed. The sky was a smooth, mysterious grey; and the coldness sent a thrill up my spine that was more than coldness. I headed straight for the woods where I could be free to take in every bit of the beauty. The wind playfully pushed me back as I ran down the path, and I laughed at the idea of having the wind for a playmate. A low-hanging branch joined in our game and held my hair as if to make me stay with him awhile. Even the inanimate things seemed to be as happy as I about the beauty of the day.

Everything around me was beautiful. The bare trees wove a delicate black lace pattern on the grey that changed with every push of the wind. There was green velvet on the rocks, and rainbows where the sun found the ice. There was the smell of coldness mixed with pine, and the same pine telling secrets over head. It was more than my senses could absorb at one time.

I must have walked and run for hours, because I was tired when I sat down on a rock to rest. Suddenly I laughed at myself. Why did I think this bleak December day was beautiful? I usually hated cold dreary days like this. Could it be that all these days have been beautiful, and I have never known it?

I sat and meditated for a while on a subject I had never touched before. It was rich with possibilities, and soon I discovered a wonderful fact. Beauty is not limited to June, but goes on every day of the year. Beauty, in fact, is nothing more than God's presence on earth, and He does not forsake us, and if we

(Continued on page 9)

The Gentleman

By Nancy Simpson

What makes a gentleman? Not clothes, of course. And not any outward thing, even manners and smooth words. A monkey might also be trained to sip soup from the side of a spoon, not to eat with his knife, and to enter a room properly. And a man may have breeding and culture and wisdom and still miss being a Gentleman. What, then, constitutes a Gentleman?

There are two essential elements. First, there must be a man; and second, he must be gentle.

First, then, he must be brave, not with physical lack of nerves, but unafraid in his heart; seeing the laws or truth and goodness and committing himself to them with utter indifference to consequences.

Second, he must be gentle; that is, he must have learned to use his courage kindly.

Bravery is the masculine characteristic; gentleness the feminine. The man comes first, we say, the woman after. True enough, but the woman is the finishing, perfecting element. What we call civilization is nothing but the womanization of a race.

When you have a brave man who is not gentle, you have a barbarian; noble, possibly, great and strong, but still a savage. When you have a gentle soul that is not brave, you have no man at all. When you have a man who is profoundly fearless, and who has also learned to be gentle, then you have that finest product of God's handiwork of which we have any definite knowledge . . . a Gentleman.

Fable—1946

By Bette Pierce

Once upon a time there were three mice named, appropriately enough, Percivel, Abner, and Hector. These three rodents dwelled in the walls of a large brick dormitory on the campus of a girls' school. When the school year began, they were very much alike . . . the same curly whiskers, flashing black eyes, and silky tails. But as the year went on, sad changes took place. Percivel remained the gay gallant, Abner came laughing to breakfast every day, but poor Hector! His curly whiskers began to droop; heavy lids covered his once-glittering eyes; his tail dragged the floor behind him.

Percivel and Abner noticed the changes in their friend; the girls noticed the changes; finally the news spread over the entire school. Plans were made for a mass meeting to discuss Hector's case. On the night of the great occasion Percivel and Abner, faces wrapped in gloom, took their places on the platform with the other members of the panel. The president of the school rapped sharply upon the table with his gavel, and an expectant hush came over the great crowd.

"We are gathered here tonight to discuss the unhappy predicament of Hector, the mouse. Since his arrival at school misfortune has claimed him. He has lost all interest in his personal appearance. His spirit and vitality have waned."

(A general murmur of sympathy)

"Does anyone have a suggestion as to the cause of this calamity?"

A student ventured, "Perhaps a severe vitamin deficiency?"

But no, the rooms well-stocked with such vitamin-rich foods as crackers, peanut butter, and grape jelly.

"A lack of sleep?" This from the professor of psychology.

Percivel and Abner squeaked excitedly, "That's it!" "I live . . ." "He lives . . ." ". . . our lights out . . . " "they never . . ."

"Order! Which of you will explain this to the audience?"

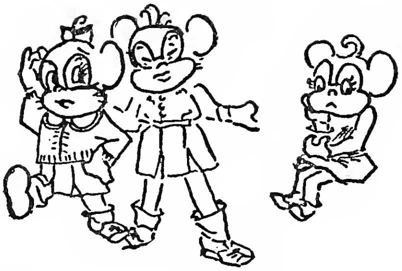
Percivel rose and began. "We three live in rooms directly above each other . . . Hector on third floor, Abner on second, and I on first . . . so that we can visit between the walls more easily. On first floor our lights are out at eleven o'clock each night; although the girls in Abner's room have occasional light cuts, he usually gets in eight hours of sleep, which is all that growing mice require. But Hector! The poor boy staggers to breakfast every day, sleeps through classes, and has even been known to sleep through a concert!"

A voice from the audience: "But why?"

The crowd took up the question. "Why? Why? Why? We want Hector! Hector! Hector!"

But where was Hector? He was not on the stage; he was not in the audience; he was not in the smoker; he was not in the Tea Room drinking a coke. Frantic messages were sent out. The wires hummed with telegrams and long distance telephone calls. The watchmen were questioned. The school's military organization began a complete search of all the rooms in the dormitory. Hours passed, and still no Hector. Finally, just as the people were about to hold services for their dearly-beloved mouse, a breathless girl dashed onto the stage and whispered something into the president's ear. He turned pale. The message was retold to everyone on the stage, and they all turned pale. The sad news was announced to the audience which, as a body, turned pale. Hector had been found lying in a stupor beneath the coke machine and had been carried to the infirmary, where he now lay on the brink of death.

Hector passed away that night, and those who were near on that sad occasion reported that as he breathed his last, he was heard to mutter wildly, "Those girls, sleep, lights on, sleep, eleven o'clock, Chaucer, twelve o'clock, binomial theorem, one o'clock, oxidation and reduction, two o'clock, Espanol, das Deutsch, parlez vous Francais, three o'clock, one diamond, four o'clock, Winslow, five o'clock, sleep, lights, sleep, sleep . . ."



Moral: Be kind to the dumb animals that may inhabit the walls of your room. Slip them sleeping tablets in the cracker crumbs you leave on the floor so they won't experience Hector's sad end just because *your* light got in their eyes.

Is Communism the Coming Order?

By Clare Ann Drowota

We, as American youth, should look frankly at the question of Communism. I present the following ideas to you as a basis of thought in contrast with those of our own Democracy. The decision and subsequent future security of the world is in our hands.

For the last decade the Red threat has hung over the Democratic nations of the world. We realized its menace in 1939, but when Germany broke her treaty with Russia a year later; we immediately cast aside all our former fears and misgivings and plunged into whole-hearted cooperation with this nation. It is not my purpose to drag down an ally and present a highly dramatized picture of Communism in our present world, for Communism has succeeded in Russia today. I simply give to you these facts. They are of interest to us because here is another totalitarian system which seeks to shape not only state and industry but the thought and life of a people which include one-tenth of the human race. It is a social experiment that is profoundly affecting the thought and life of other lands.

The Communists, as we know them, are extremely materialistic. Their government dominates the minds as well as the bodies of their people. The main idea of the Russian peasant today is to produce, to suffer, and to die if necessary for the State. In Russia there are no conflicting political parties. They have no church, capital, or labor problems with which to deal. The control is autocratic. Here we find a frank acceptance of the method of force, not only in the initial revolution but in the continued suppression of individual groups and classes that stand in the way of the movement or the leader momentarily in control.

For those who would delve a little further into this method of government, we would bring in the religious outlook, for Communism has a certain religious quality. Quite frankly their leaders state that religion is a drug to dull the minds of the people, and as an antidote they are furthering ideas and actions as a substitute for Christianity. Here is a call for sacrifice and absolute devotion that will appeal to many individuals who are seeking a feeling of self-importance.

Since Stalin and his government came into power, we cannot deny that Russia has shown her ability to achieve much in forward progress. If then, this revolutionary idea has succeeded for these people, will it not be tempting to other nations who are struggling to their feet from the throes of war? Quite obviously the answer is "yes" unless we can think of a better solution. There are countless starving millions in Europe today who would willingly give up their freedom for a sense of security.

What then, can we offer in the face of this problem? America was founded by men who believed in a few fundamental ideals . . . that human personality is sacred, and that we may have confidence in man and in the power of truth and right to be ultimately decisive. Democracy involves the idea of social solidarity and the principles of obligation, but we are told that Democracy has failed because people are ignorant, incompetent, and indifferent. Here the fault lies in the wrong conception of what Democracy is and what it demands.

The road to true Democracy is a long and hard one, but whatever the present situation, a humanity that has once envisioned these ideals and tasted these goods will not permanently surrender them. What were those words of Abraham Lincoln? "That a government by the people, for the people, and of the people shall not perish from the earth." Can we take these ideals and find the right solution? Perhaps if Capital and Labor would cooperate with one another, if men would strive for a common goal . . . but we find ourselves blocked by a series of contradictory statements. No one can foresee the future clearly. The facts are before us; the question is dominant and challenging. Is Communism the coming world order?

What Price This Land?

(Continued from page 5)

I'm not much for saying things; we don't have to talk much when we're working with the soil, just a prayer now and then, but I get kind of choked up inside when I think of those fields and the house and the people at home. When I got Mom's cable about your accident, I began working on my leave papers. The war will be over in a few weeks. We haven't seen a Jap ship since the fifteenth of July, and I belong at home. I want to be there to work with the land and make it mine as you have. My job out here is done; it's time for me to go back to our prairie farm. Don't you let down, Dad. I'm coming home."

Item dated September 16, 1945:

"Lt. Junior Grade William Leitsch, Carleton, Nebraska, killed at sea in a typhoon September 14, on a transfer ship sailing for San Francisco."

Discovery

(Continued from page 6)

do not see them, it is because we are blind. Whenever we open our minds and hearts to them, they come flowing in with eagerness and bounty, whether it be June or December. I was happy in my discovery, but I could not help but regret the days like this that I had wasted when I was blind.

It was a beautiful day. I walked home with happiness in my heart, and I think God, too, was pleased with the day he had created.

Boogie-Woogie

By Laurel Cuff

Once there was a man named Pinetop Smith, who started something. Although he wasn't aware of it, when he began to pick out a fast base that sounded like tom-toms, he was playing Boogie-Woogie. In those days a Boogie was simply a party. In Harlemese, Boogie-Woogie was party music, played by such men as Romeo Smith, Cow-Cow Davenport, Pinetop, Speckled Red, Cripple Clarence Lapton and scores of others, mostly "cullud" folks.

About twenty-five years ago, before prohibition, the house-rent party flourished on Chicago's South Side. When rent day came around and funds were low, the only way to pay the land-lord was to throw a party where everybody brought a sack of sandwiches or a jug of gin and paid fifty-cents to get in. This was known as "pitchin' boogie" and meant open-house for the entire neighborhood. One person who never had to bring either sandwiches, fifty cents, or a jug was Jimmy Yancey. Jimmy is an old vaudeville trouper, the life of the party, and a Boogie-Woogie pianist second to none. Jimmy's powerful left and amazingly swift right hand made him one of the most distinctive boogie pianists of all times.

But Boogie-Woogie stayed in the background, circulating through the dives of Harlem and South Chicago, for a decade . . . until Pete Johnson, Albert Ammond, and Meade "Lux" Lewis came along. These men with their solid base and sophisticated breaks took New York, then the rest of the country and set them to beating time in Boogie-Woogie.

None of these men I have mentioned were the originators of the style, though. No, in all probability no one person can be called the "Father of Boogie-Woogie." It is a style that just grew and developed with time. It contains all the basic primitive rhythms and harmonies of the Negro, which he brought from Africa. Boogie-Woogie must have been one of his first attempts to express himself with a musical instrument.

A great many changes have come about in American music since the rough "honky-tonk" days of the nineties and house-rent parties of the middle twenties, but Boogie-Woogie has changed but little, and doesn't show much promise of changing any in the future.

It's Worth Repeating

Several times this year editorials and feature articles written by members of the HYPHEN staff and printed in the paper have been of such real literary value that the members of CHIMES staff concluded that they should be reprinted in the magazine. Even as the writers of these articles were previously anonymous so must these same writers be unnamed here. Included in this section are the timely, "And This, Too, Shall Pass Away" as well as excerpts from the newspaper supplement "Wherein Lie All Our Hopes."

And This, Too, Shall Pass Away

There is an old legend of a king who wanted an answer to all of life's problems and questions, and the wise man who told him that that phrase would be "And this, too, shall pass away." Sorrow will pass away, but so will joy, all of the things that we hold so dear today will be nothing but a memory tomorrow, so we must realize how precious they are, and not let them slip past without ever knowing how much they mean to us. For having the opportunity for happiness, and experiencing it without realizing it fully, is one of the greatest tragedies that can befall us.

So, now before too many tomorrows have become yesterdays, find what it is to love your school. Listen to Ward-Belmont. Hear it in the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" on the Chimes at sunset, and in the shouts from the athletic field. See it when you sit in the swing at twilight, and see the buildings blur and the stars come out; in battered books on the steps of Academic; and white pillars shining in the rain. Find it in a thousand little ways: around the fire at a slumber party, songs in the smoker, and a burst of laughter from the tearoom.

Find that love in your friends. Girls that friends of your mind and of your soul, with whom you can laugh, and work, and sing, and talk, and who can also understand those silences that words would shatter. Dream together, and find in a familiar smile the fulfillment of all those dreams.

Find peace and fullness from these things, and also a goal; a desire and a hope to be worthy of it all. Remember always that what we have here is more than a group of buildings on a campus. Into Ward-Belmont has gone the work and spirit of generations of girls, each striving for perfection, and each falling short of that goal. But in that failure there is triumph; for the greatest failures in the world are those who stop, thinking that they are successful, rather than those who stop because they can go no further.

Wherein Lie All Our Hopes

THINKING

Today the world is saying, "Look to the youth." I believe that youth is, and should be, the natural reservoir in which the hopes and faith of older people are walled up. I'd like to know that older people believe that too; that they gave us credit for being the rightful recipients of the worthy heritage they offer us. I am asking that they expand their words of trust to attitudes and actions. Many of us, despite the pride which prevents our saying it, feel the condescension and "talking down" that often springs from our superiors in age and experience. We would like to be treated with a reasonable amount of respect as individuals, and as near-adults.

When I say we want to be given a chance to think and try our ideas, I do not deny or lessen the importance of guidance. We sincerely recognize the value of adult advice, and we do not want it to discontinue.

We cannot fly all the way on our first excursion from the nest, but we want to use our own wings to cushion the fall. We need the mother bird to show us our mistakes and to warn against unsound calculations of the dangers and dimensions of the flight. We might easily fail to see a tree for looking at a single branch; or miss the forest in our vision of the tree. It is a common fallacy of young thought.

People have to think something. Scarlett O'Hara thought "tomorrow." Matthew Arnold thought "never." Most of us will not produce immortal thoughts, but we must decide the fundamental things for ourselves. We have to evaluate the elements of life; we have to decide our role in society and history. Why doesn't this thinking naturally begin in college? It does! We think! Many of us do not give the appearance of mental or spiritual depth, but that is because we are afraid. Perhaps we are afraid of others' opinions, probably, conscious of our traditional childishness, we are afraid of being wrong. That cowardice must be discarded.

The youth of today wants to live up to the hopes of the world. To do our best we must think. To think we must abandon laziness and feel the support of our elders. Together, youth and adult can produce something genuinely worth "looking to."

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

You've heard of the standard college "bull session." Doubtless you have sat in one. Perhaps it wasn't like this one. Perhaps you have never talked like this with a group of girls. Perhaps you have wanted to, but have been afraid.

Ward-Belmont girls discarded textbooks and typewriters one night and began talking. More than that, they began thinking . . . thinking together. They sincerely used the grey matter and offered for the attention of their companions the results.

Those offerings create an honest picture of these traditionally blue-jeaned students who work with their minds. On request, they put on paper some of the important ideas that entered their minds when they were presented with the subject of "thinking . . . thinking about anything." This is the paper they put it on. Their thoughts seem to reach a little farther than the scope of college life. They are reflections on big things. School spirit, friendships, loyalty, all those subjects of college editorials are very important. They have a place, but they are not the biggest things that must be faced and seen. Here are thoughts that go beyond.

These are Ward-Belmont girls talking and thinking. Why not think along with them?

AND THEN WE SPOKE OF MUSIC

And then we spoke of music. And I say that every musician is an artist to himself. What matters the outward demonstration or the opinion of the crowd? It is nothing. Music is not performance, it is not notes on a page that technical virtuosity transforms into glittering passages. It is two souls . . . one giving, the other receiving.

A man was once endowed with the genius of knowing and of transmitting that which he knew to others by the shorthand of musical notation. His life went into what he wrote; it was his life, his love, his anger, his joy, his remorse, his hatred, his friendship. And other men, to whom the genius had not been given, read what he wrote, and felt what he had felt. They knew his every mood; these became their moods. They knew his artistry, and by their interpretation of it, they too became artists, not always outwardly but to themselves. Through his elevation, they too became elevated. Through his power they became powerful and were able to accomplish. In the meeting and growing together of the souls there came friendship, and I say that the friendship of music has no equal, except in the friendship of man and God. And who is to say that music is not from and of God? Is it not God's own most powerful means of searching all that is man and lifting forth the good he finds there from the base?

And someone said, but how does this music apply to our lives? We are inarticulate musically and are unable to read these wonders from their notation. And I say that the artistry of the musician does not end with his ability to translate music's symbols. Once a great orchestra, directed by a world-famous conductor, interpreted a Tschaikowsky symphony in concert, and in the audience sat two men, a musician and a lawyer. As these two listened, the musician heard magnificent progressions of chords and beautiful development of a melodic theme, and he was inspired to great aims of accomplishment. The lawyer listened to the same passages, but he heard a man's soul crying out for justice in an unjust world, and he was filled with the urge to remove that injustice. The next day a street urchin stood entranced while an organ grinder played the theme of the symphony, and as he listened he was lifted from the filth and grime of his surroundings.

And who is to say which one gained the most?

SHEEPSKINS AND SYMBOLS

Why are *you* at college? Are you here because you want to know more about the world, the people in it, their emotions, and the expression of those emotions? Or are you going to college merely to graduate so that you can say you have a diploma?

But what good is that diploma? Certainly the material value isn't enough to brag about. Possibly it will help get a job that pays a better salary and has more prestige than one which doesn't require a college diploma, but what is that piece of paper worth if there isn't anything in the brain to show the time and energy spent in securing it?

Larry, in Somerset Maughan's *The Razor's Edge*, felt the urge in him to travel and study until he did not feel so inadequate in his own mind. He knew that no person can know all, or even a part, of everything in the world, yet he wanted to learn as much as he could in his lifetime.

While reading this summer, I came to an excerpt from an essay we had read last year in English. Immediately I recognized the source and the author, and it gave me the greatest feeling of pleasure and exhilaration to know that I had accomplished that much and had profited from the course. It doesn't matter to me if I spend fifteen minutes or two hours on a lesson if, at the end of that time, I feel that I have gained something . . . that I know one more little thing that goes to make up the world.

It seems to me that people who merely work for a grade in a course are missing the whole point. Naturally we aren't going to be vitally interested in every subject in school, but then everything in our lives isn't going to interest us either, so we might as well profit by it as much as we can.

Opportunity is an over-used word and we sometimes want to rebel when it is mentioned because we have heard it so much. Yet we must take advantage of every chance we have to progress and reach our goal.

YES, EVEN I CAN THINK

I walked into the office and the discussion flared up in my face. I stood there for a full fifteen minutes before its importance became clear to me. The talk was fluctuating around the abstract subject of thinking. After sitting and listening for almost an hour, suddenly I realized that I was capable of developing ideas. I could think. Perhaps my ideas and thoughts will mean nothing to any one other than myself. Still they are mine, and I will have gained something within myself by synthesizing my nebulous conceptions.

Throughout my life I have had a kind of mental inferiority complex. I have been content to let others do the objective thinking, while I sat by and nodded my head in agreement. This has been changed. Because of a single experience, by listening to one conversation, I understand now that I am capable of making important decisions. I can think!

To some, so-called "thinkers" are merely objects of ridicule. That should not be, for thinking is not in the least ridiculous. At some time or other, all persons are forced to think. And thinking should go deeper than saying, "That's a pretty sunset," or "I think autumn is the nicest season." It should be carried to the very depth of one's being.

All individuals are endowed by their Creator with the ability to think. A vast majority unfortunately do not take time, or do not want to put forth the effort required of any type of thinking; they use ideas set forth by others. I realized that I had been guilty of this. When I discovered the fact, I set about to correct my error. I was able to clarify my ideas and I found that there were certain fundamentals in my life upon which I placed great emphasis.

To me a philosophy of life had always seemed something quiet apart from myself, something for great minds, not for me. A friend of mine told me recently her code of living was dependent upon this quotation: "Yesterday is past, and tomorrow may never come, but this day is ours."

Living in the past is foolish, and living in a dream world of one's own making is a deplorable waste of valuable time. But this day is mine, and I must make of it what I can.

OUR PASSIVE INTELLECTS

People are sponges. All but the great among us are content to absorb our opinions, ideas, and customs from books and from persons above our intellectual scale until we are not individuals, but merely carbon copies of the books we have read and the people we have known. Our opinions . . . political, moral, and trivial . . . are not the result of inductive reasoning, but a product of environment.

Why is the "Solid South" the backlog of the Democratic party? Surely it is not because each Southerner has analyzed the platform of the Democratic party and found that it supports those policies which will benefit his section and his country most. Not one voter in ten, regardless of his party, can explain what policies his party advocates. He supports that party simply because he is bombarded with its propaganda more frequently than with the campaign of the opposing political faction. Why do we consider democracy the perfect form of government? Why do we wear sweaters this year instead of middy blouses? We happen to live in a democratic country, so we accept this theory of government as absolute. *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle* feature sweaters for the "college set"; therefore, we don't consider middy blouses in selecting our clothes.

This mental inertia, this passive acceptance of the beliefs and opinions of others, may be attributed to the vastness and complexity of our modern world. We are largely dependent upon others for our opinions because we have not the time or the resources for accumulating facts and basing our opinion on them. Still, we must become individuals with active minds instead of sponges.

"IF WINTER COMES . . ."

Into the existence of any civilization or individual, comes a time of disillusionment . . . when the ideas and conceptions of the past, that were the foundations, crumble into worthlessness. It came to our civilization when the advance of science and education seemed to lead to proof that man stood no longer as a creature come from a Creator, but as a creature who came from a happy chance in a larger accident. This leads to a loss of faith, a stumbling, and finally to bitterness and disillusionment. It comes too in the life of each individual, no matter in which age he lives.

It comes when he begins to realize how little he knows. He too, can cry out that life is then a void, as he has lost his cherished pattern, but better than that, he can find new hope. Hope for existence in a larger scheme.

With the destruction of preconceived notions, that have come usually through ingrained and early taught prejudices and creeds, emerges the Individual . . . a thinking, rather than an obedient personality. He can now see things in a larger light, and can pick and choose and discard, build a faith and way of life free from all inhibitions and fears. He can believe now what he wants to believe; instead of what he feels he must believe, or what is the accepted thing to believe.

This new individual is a thing of tremendous potential power. He can see now what he wants to build, and he has new, fresh material to build with. He can raise the cathedral of himself as high as he chooses, for he knows what he was yesterday, and knowing that, can build better tomorrow.

So, there need be no fear in the loss of the old . . . Regard it rather as a blessing, find God and immortality and power in yourself, to make your life what you will.

Chimes Essay Contest

Digging Diamonds

By Barbara Thorne

First Place

How amazingly simple life is through the eyes of a child. Each is sure that he will be rich and famous. Everything has a happy ending, and everyone lives happily ever after. Looking at the world through rose-colored glasses? No, looking at it through the eyes of youth.

I remember one sunshiny afternoon when I was four, a rare occasion on which I was allowed to wait on the school grounds for my big sister, who was at that moment seated at the school desk struggling with a first grade primer. Sprawling lazily on the warm asphalt to wait, I noticed a tiny object that sparkled in the sunlight. "A diamond," I thought to myself. Excitedly I looked around. Yes, there were more diamonds, ten or twelve, maybe even fifteen. Frantically I dug with a little rock until I pried one loose. Finally succeeding in freeing it from its black bed, I tied it in the corner of my handkerchief the way I did my penny for Sunday School. Entranced with the beauty of my "jewel," I dug feverishly at another, and another until I heard my sister's voice scolding, "For heaven's sake, get up off the ground. Just look at your dirty knees." Heedless of the scorn in her tone, I jumped up excitedly and showed her my new-found treasure. "Silly, those aren't diamonds that you have found," she laughed, and shrugging her shoulders with a grown-up air, she started home. I followed silently, squeezing the "diamonds" in my hand because I knew they were diamonds.

I remember, too, the first time I saw a butterfly. I was playing "exploring" in the vacant lot, pushing my way through a forest of tall grass in a hunt for wild animals, when suddenly I beheld a gold and crimson butterfly floating lazily around just above the surface of the tall grass. "This is it! This is the fairy that Mother has told me about," I assured myself in childish ecstacy. With my eyes glued to its fragile gossamer wings, I followed the "fairy" until it flew out of sight, and then I ran home as fast as I could. "Mother, Mother, I have seen it! I have seen the fairy that leaves a nickel under my pillow and takes my tooth." Mother smiled in understanding. She must have been thinking about the time when she was a child; the time she was a believer.

Then, at last, came the time when two and two were supposed to make four, and they didn't. Being myself a sincere believer in everything and everybody, it did not occur to me that other people were not so sincere. Those were the bitter days of confusion and disappointment, the days when I was not sure of anything. Sitting cross-legged in front of the radio listening to the Saturday afternoon "Story-Telling Man," I began to wonder about this great piece of magic, the radio. For a long time I had "known" that there was a man sitting back there who talked and played the music, but I had never ventured so far as to pay him a visit. The truth of the matter was that the thought had never occurred to me. Now, anxious to meet this mystic person, I pulled the radio away from the wall a crack and squeezed myself through. There were little lights, tin boxes and a lot of wires . . . but no man. Could this be? Wasn't there really any man behind the radio? I sat right down on the floor and cried. Why? Because I was lost; not like Alice in Wonderland, but lost in a new world called realism, and I wanted very much to go back to the land of make-believe.

When I finally reached high school, I had lost most of my sureness about things. It seemed as the years went by that instead of knowing more, I knew less. There wasn't a question in a thousand that I could answer with the childish simplicity of "Yes, I'm sure that I'm sure." With each new revelation came a hundred unanswered questions. One day as I stood in my chemistry lab with a few pieces of silica in my hand, I realized that this was what my "diamonds" really were: a compound of the element of silicon. Yes, I was certain of that now, but I found myself groping about blindly into this new sphere of chemistry and asking myself, "Will diamonds someday actually be made from silica? Who will do it? Has it already been done?" All these questions whirled through my mind and left me dizzy with wonderment.

Long before I took biology I discovered that the "fairy" I had seen in the vacant lot was a butterfly. That was simple enough, but when I became a sophomore biologist in high school, I learned that a butterfly was no less than "a slender-bodied lepidopterous insect with large, bright-colored wings." I understood this, but could anyone tell me whether, a thousand years from now, the butterfly would be extinct, or as many scientists believe, would rule the world? I did not know. I still do not know. Maybe I shall never know, but always I'll keep on searching.

In this same way I learned, much to my amazement, how a radio worked. A simple matter of transforming sound waves into electrical waves. Still my bewilderment about electrons and electrodes increased. Will anything ever be clear?

Thus, delving further and further into the mystery of life, we find more and more unanswerable questions. Would it have been better never to have found out about the diamonds, the fairy, and the man behind the radio? No, of course not. This continuous search for knowledge is the secret of progress. Had it not been for "curious" people, we might never had the radio, the telephone, or the electric light. As we grow older we may be sure of less, but we know more. From the seed of childish curiosity sprouts the plant knowledge. Above all let it not be thought that there is nothing more to learn, for we have not yet touched the surface of life's many secrets. Vast areas of knowledge lie undiscovered and unexplored. Thousands of "diamonds" lie ready to be dug. What will some curious child of tomorrow bring forth?

Detasseling Corn

By Shirley Nickols

Second Place

In Iowa, corn is king. Even modest Iowans, if there are any, admit that our corn is greener in the spring, taller and thicker in mid-summer, more prolific of ears in the fall than any other. And how do we keep it that way? By combining different types of corn to form an even better kind, which is called hybrid corn.

To grow this special brand of corn, the process called detasseling is applied. There are two basic kinds of corn—male and female. The female corn is detasseled; that is, the tassel at the top of each stalk of corn is removed and left to be pollinated by the male corn. One row of male corn pollinates four rows of female. So in the field you find one row of male corn, four rows of female, another row of male, and so on uniformly all through the field.

The job of detasseling the corn has to be done by hand, and all the people in my crowd at home have adopted the detasseling idea. It is not done so much as a job but because of the fun of it.

The wearing apparel is, of course, similar for all. The older the clothes, the more style they are for this job. The uniform we all wear consists of old, faded jeans; ancient shirts; a hat of any kind to ward off the hot sun; old, worn-out shoes; and sunglasses. Of course, it goes without saying that everyone wears her hair in pigtails, and this adds greatly to the charming effect of the costume.

During the detasseling season, one day is the same as the rest. We rise and shine in the midst of the black night in order to get to the truck by seven o'clock, quickly leap into our clothes, and spend the remaining time trying to stuff our enormous lunches into tiny boxes. Once in the truck and on the way to the field, we sing songs and have a gay time laughing and joking with each other. However, if it has rained the previous night, the crowd is rather gloomy, for we all know we will have to walk the distance from the highway to the field, which is usually two or three miles on mud roads. Otherwise on arriving at the field we gaily leap out of the truck, throw our lunch under a shady tree, and head for the field.

Usually when we start to work in the morning there is dew on the leaves of corn, and as we walk down the long, half-mile rows, we become soaking wet from the dripping leaves slapping against us and leaving the sweet odor of fresh corn floating around us. Then slowly the sun begins to beat down, the clods of dirt under our feet harden, and we gradually dry off. About the middle of the morning everyone's gaiety begins to jade, and at the end of every row we drop to ground for a few moments rest until everyone has completed her row. Then we start on new rows. Slowly, as the sun continues to rise, our high spirits wilt, and we settle down earnestly to work. The only noises then heard are the slight breeze that blows the leaves of corn to and fro making them rattle like paper, the chirping birds, the sleepy crickets, the voice of the foreman, and an occasional laugh from those who have stopped work to rest for a minute.

After what seems an eternity, the foreman blows his whistle that calls us to lunch. The spirit of the crowd revives at the sight of food, and everyone scrambles for her own lunch, gobbles it down quickly, and spends the rest of the hour basking in the shade of the trees.

Once again comes the foreman's whistle, and we all trudge back to the field, well knowing how hot the afternoon will be and how long it is until time to quit. Right after lunch is the zero hour of the day, and we all keep the water boy busy bringing us water, water, and more water. To work then is really an effort, and everyone has to apply herself to it. Once again silence reigns. The only voice heard is the foreman's. Everything is quiet; the corn stalks rustle in the very slight breeze; and now and then one horse neighs to another. Steam seems to rise from the dry earth as the sun boils every little bit of moisture from it, and the odor of the drying corn stalks drifts pass us as we work steadily on and on. The tiny particles of the corn stalks here and there cling to us more and more, and we start itching and become sticky all over. We longingly dream of a warm bath to relieve us of all our minor catastrophies.

After what seems an eternity, the afternoon comes to an end, and we all slowly tramp back to the truck and fall into it. On the way home there is little singing, for all are exhausted.

Once home I leap into the bath tub and happily soak in hot water until supper is ready. After eating I go to my room, pull down all the shades, for it is still daylight, and crawl blissfully into bed. So ends a typical day of detasseling corn. We all know that we have done a good day's work, and we are proud of it, for we are detasseling to keep our corn king.

Now and Then

By Beverly Stevens

Honorable Mention

Have you ever stopped to think about all the things you just loved to do when you were little, but shiver at the thought of now; or of little everyday happenings that delight you now, but were childhood dreads? For example, dinner time now is my favorite time of day. A servant's quiet announcement, a dinner bell, or just a shouted "soup's on" are such beautiful music. Even the occasional sour disposition, worry, or physical ache can make a temporary exit by floating away on the delicious smell of cooking food. Boil it, fry it, stew it, bake it, or burn it; it doesn't make any difference to me, for I'm so fond of any kind of food that I could sincerely flatter the poorest cook.

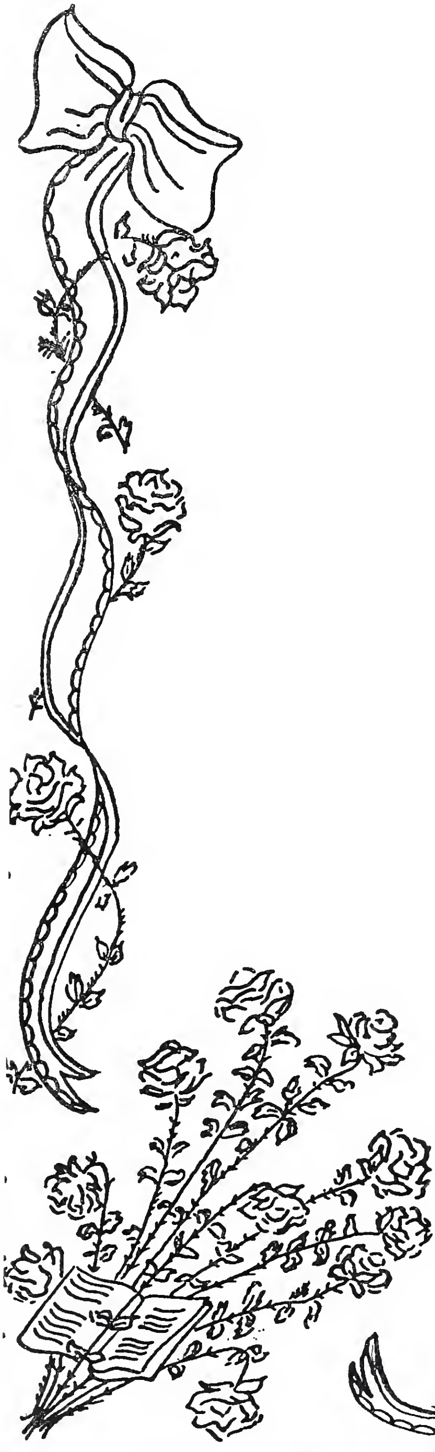
As a little girl, however, the typical dinner time pictures was a bit different. I remember sitting high at the table on my pillow-stacked chair with a plate of finely-chopped food shoved hopefully in front of me, each horrid vegetable in its familiar position. Next would come the contrasting, coaxing tones . . . Father threatening no dessert and Mother sweetly saying that this or that would make my hair curly or cheeks rosy. Waves of nausea would accompany the appearance of fresh peas on my plate. I had a fairly painless system worked out, however. By alternately gulping down peas and following quickly with milk, I was able to choke down my quota.

My feeling towards sandy beaches has also changed somewhat as I've grown older. I've spent all my summers on the East coast; and the ocean, as you know or have heard, is extremely cold. It would make goose-pimples pop out all over to run shivering from the water and dive all but head first into hot sand. It gave the same sensation as coming in from a snowy night and warming chilled bones by a cozy fire. I especially liked to stretch out my arms and then pull the sand in close, making a pile to rest my chin on. If I began to feel too warm, I could scrape away the hot top layer and run my hands and arms through the cool, moistened sand underneath. When the time came for more swimming, it was always such a delight to jump up and find myself fully dressed in a gray suit of clothes all made of sand with hands, face, and hair to match.

To say that I dislike sandy beaches now is wrong; it's just that a girl wishing to make the proper impressions does not rush from the water, dive head first into the sand, and then wear a gray suit to hide that painfully acquired tan. Besides its beauty-hampering quality, sand has a way of clinging to, falling into, and mixing with almost everything. I would try so hard, for example, to keep two clean fingers with which to hold my candy bar, but one small grain finding its way into the first bite is impossible to

(Continued on Page 26)

RHYME AND TIME



Evil Atmosphere

By Ann Marshall

The evil glowing amber
Of the glass in candlelight;
The sharp metallic gleam
Of the fork upon my right
Make me shiver.

I see the butter smeared
On a greasy limp string bean;
I see potato shadows
On the plates that aren't clean
And I quiver.

Surrounded by my foes!
There are plates in front, and glasses
On the shelves right by the sink;
There are spots, and dark molasses . . .
Oh, the fear.

Ten minutes have gone by . . .
All's changed and now b'gosh
The knives have changed to monsters,
The food's gone: I have to wash
Every dish here.

New Love

By Ann Marshall

I met someone who thrilled in
The shortness of quick hours . . .
He made that time a separate gem;
The sparkling seconds ours.
I thought my former love still firm,
But with a sweeping blow
His brown eyes sent it far away,
And shattered it below.

The Spiral of Smoke

By Adelaide Thornton

Rising up and up through a fog-hazed sky
Climbed a solid, blue spiral of smoke.
It circled the heads of the passers-by,
Then, hitting the sky, it broke.

This curl of smoke was the dust of toil,
And the cares of a worker's life;
The dust which the farmer plows up from the soil;
And the smoke from the factory strife.

It's the smoke which comes from a black wood stove
It's the smoke from the wealthy man's pipe;
It's the smoke from the hearth of a Negro's hut;
It's the smoke that comes with the night.

In a spiral of smoke climbing up to the sky,
In a solid, blue spiral of smoke,
Lived the hopes and the cares of passers-by,
Dwelt their dreams in that small curl of smoke.

Storm

By Pat Shillings

The winds of change are raging through the land
Beating wild and free
So weak souls creep to caves,
And hide their faces in their quivering hands,
Weeping; until the storm be past.
Yet, some stride forth,
And hold their faces upward to the cleansing rain
Exult in lightning's sword, that slashes through the night
And when it's through
Pass by a shattered altar without pain.

Book Week Essay Contest

Books During Battle

By Martha Baird

Senior First Place

Line after line of black type marching across white paper. Hundreds of these papers compiled between two walls of pasteboard, and what do you have? A book. The particular book of which I am speaking will fit anything from a G.I. pocket to the cold steel shelves of a battleship's library. It has a slick paper cover which fairly shrieks the title in blazing red and yellow letters, or it is a thick, heavily-bound volume lying sedately with its dull grey cloak. It is the book of servicemen, not one specific book, but any one of a hundred which can be found from Fort Bragg to Pearl Harbor. During the war I think that books become more valuable than ever. They continue to educate and to broaden one's knowledge, but during such a great upheaval, they do more than help train the mind. They find so many, many ways in which they can serve the American fighting man. The men have needed mental diversion no matter what their duty and no matter where their battle station. To many of them books have been just that diversion, for they found it was soon possible to lose themselves within the pages of one book or another.

The war has brought a new opportunity for education. Men of all types are thrown together on board ship, and those long hours are usually not spent idly. Attention demands diversion; they want to *do* something besides think what they've left behind them because that only brings on homesickness, or what's before them because no one knows the answer to that. So they wander into the ship's library and casually look the contents over. There is something for everyone. That rough-looking yeoman may soon be seen reading Keats, or that kid with the school girl complexion completely absorbed in Homer's *Iliad*. Books, like other things, will suit an individual's personality, and only the person himself can ever know the type of book in which he can invariably become lost.

Perhaps many people do not understand why books have been of such importance to the serviceman. Perhaps they don't realize that books serve as an outlet for the deepest, most carefully concealed emotions; they bring back home in a million ways; they divert the mind and relieve tension; they soothe and comfort; many times they solve problems when nothing else has helped. They educate and broaden and deepen as they have always done and always will do. They are priceless, and yet they are free.

Think about all the posters you have seen depicting the hardened, worn, exhausted soldier, sailor, and marine. Picture him during a moment of relaxation after his mail has been read for the fourth time. See him doubled up in that damp foxhole with a grey, smoke-filled sky above him and the tense silence crouching around him. See his grimy hands tenderly touching the pages of a small, battered book, the momentary forgetfulness and relaxation stealing carefully across his face. He may be in a kitchen, working feverishly over a fast-sinking patient with A. J. Cronin in *The Citadel,* or standing silently amid the wild crowd with Demetrius when he first saw Jesus in *The Robe.*

In the tiny pup-tent on the desolate shores of some island, there may have been a dim light. Hovered around it in mud-caked dungarees were possibly four or five battle-weary marines, their eyes staring dreamily, intently, or sadly, into the darkness; their minds a thousand miles away. One of the group would have been reading almost reverently, speaking softly, and lingering over each word as he read:

"'Twas many and many a year ago in that kingdom by the Sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know by the name of Annabel Lee. . . ."

And on board ship, lying flat on his stomach on a stainless steel six-layer bunk, is a young sailor in a T shirt and shorts, his bristly head buried deep in some form of literature. You can see him slowly turn the pages with careful, deliberate movements. It could be the September issue of "Popular Mechanics." It could be *Moby Dick.* It could be *The Principles of Law.*

All of these are only examples that show the part which literature has played in the lives of the American serviceman. I hope that the men who have so recently learned the value of books will not forget, and that those who have always seen life itself threaded through those lines of black type have developed a deeper sense of value and have gone still further in cultivating the unquenchable desire to read and read and read. Such a feeling if widespread enough, could perhaps put an end to war itself. And what greater service could be rendered by the inanimate or the living to the whole of mankind?

The Only Immortals

By Eileen Springstun

Senior-Middle First Place

Man is born, he lives, and he dies. His existence and habitation on this earth, in this great universe, is of no significance. This matter that makes up living people is impartial; it cares not a bit for the person it creates and is part of. So when it chooses, the whole organism suddenly stops and becomes again matter in the sense that earth-dust is. But during his short span of life, man holds one very precious possession . . . a brain. Man dies, but the products of his mind live on.

A book is the only immortality. Books are the embalmed minds of the miserable, insignificant creatures who have struggled in darkness through the ages to find a glimmer of light, to touch the truth, however tentatively. Books are a message to us from the dead . . . from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

They speak to us. Through the pages of books we listen to the voices of the world's great thinkers, and a little of their profound wisdom is transplanted in us. The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought that it suggests, and what wonderful thoughts can be gleaned from the black and white of a printed page.

Books arouse us. The influence of books is a mighty power in the world. Silent, passive, and noiseless though they are, they yet set in action countless multitudes and change the order of nations. They inspire us to the greatest heights, and cause us to sink into the darkest pits of degradation. They instill fear in our hearts, and shake the very foundations of our souls. We are stunned by the thoughts and theories set forth in them.

They teach us. Dead counsellors are the most instructive, because they are heard with patience and reverence. Books provide us with valuable information about a myriad of subjects, but we must read with an open mind . . . neither accept blindly nor condemn hastily, but rather absorb, ponder, and evaluate. Upon books the collective education of the race depends; they are the sole instruments of registering, perpetuating, and transmitting thought.

They comfort us. They bring us laughter and tears, and a quiet feeling of contentment. Through them we are able to realize our groping ambitions, our suppressed desires. They comfort us in our sorrow, and enable us to escape from the meager existence in a war-torn and shattered world, surrounded and engulfed by madness.

Books are magic carpets. We can delve into their pages and be whisked to other countries, other lands . . . lands of our dreams and fancies of our imagination. We slip into the bodies of other people, and we savor in the experiences we will never have. Through books we live a thousand lives, sharing the hardships and happiness, the lots of people of every race, of every walk of life. We are made to understand our fellow men the world over, to sympathize and help them when they are dealt a cruel blow and to share in their rejoicing in happier moments.

Books open their hearts to us as brothers. They are our friends, always present and never changing. They are innate objects . . . only a few sheets of unimpressive paper bound together in an unimpressive cover, but one has only to open this cover, and life itself will spring from the pages.

"When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

A Never-Ending Journey

By Maryjane Hooper

Senior-Middle Second Place

"Twas the night before Christmas and and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." The full moon shone down on the glistening white snow, making all of outdoors a perfect setting for the holiday season. On this same beautiful night, I was cuddled up in Daddy's lap while he read the concluding paragraphs of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* to me. How well I remember the apparitions of the miser Scrouge, and poor Tiny Tim! I'll never forget him . . . he is immortal. This beautiful, touching story that Daddy read to me when I was only five or six is my first recollection of any of the works of the English language.

Much has occurred since that Christmas evening of years ago, and my interests in reading have undergone gradual changes too. Books have always been my companions; from my enjoyable kindergarten days through high school and now college. They have been ever present. And during these years my interests varied, each new type of reading adding to my enjoyment and appreciation of life. *Cinderella, The Three Bears,* and *Alice in Wonderland* led me down the slowly-winding pathway to the land of enchantment. And what a beautiful land it was! I can still vividly see the calico cat and the gingham dog, the sugar plum trees, and the talking flowers. It was such a wonderful place to visit just before bedtime. Raggedy Ann held my hand tightly as we climbed the next pathway; at the middle of the path we parted, only to meet again during our free hours. From there to the land of hills, rivers, and unoccupied lands, Father Marquette was my guide. As we journey along the roads and rivers of bookland, Father Marquette told the history of the Indians and their daily life, the way they raised their food, how they traded and worshipped. I certainly did acquire some basic knowledge of the way other people lived. At the top of this hill, Father Marquette bade me goodbye, and said that Mercury, the messenger of the gods, would be with me in a few minutes. Scanning through the book he gave me was more interesting than any fairy tales, for you see, it was a collection of world poetry. The musical lines made me conscious of the wonderments of nature's inventions. Unnoticed beauty of a God-made tree and even the tintinnabulation of bells now excited an aesthetic pleasure in me. The little toy dog that was covered with dust brought tears to my eyes, and I laughed with childish merriment as I scampered after Jerry the lamplighter up and down the now well-lighted streets. The world of poetry was inspiring, portraying to me the little simplicities that have no monetary value but are so necessary to complete happiness in life. While perusing the latter half of this book, Mercury arrived and told me a few of the myths that are generations old. In a few hours he gently carried me to the next hill, from which I could easily see the hills I had previously climbed. Here I had the extreme pleasure of being introduced to Chaucer, Byron, Shelly, Keats and Shakespeare. What lengthly discussions I had with the man who wrote *Macbeth* about the man who was "too full o' the milk of human kindness." Shakespeare's expressions and truths are often so beautiful . . . "the air is delicate," being one of my favorites. His lines have become universal truths, accepted as such by all mankind.

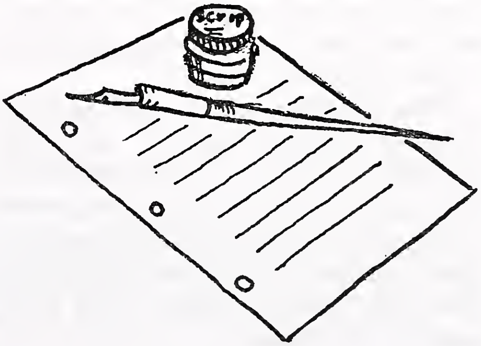
From this hill, I ambled without any guide to a near-by knoll, thinking of the part books had played in my life.

In school, I was shown the different types of literature and the values of each. This was my opportunity to choose the styles of writing that I thought were most interesting. Reading from varied sources helped to broaden my outlook on life, helped to increase my knowledge of words, and helped me to express my ideas. Understanding words enables one to distinguish between propaganda and truth . . . an ability much need in the present day. The quotation:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen;
The saddest are these, It might have been."

states the value of reading the finest books always. Your life is what you make it, and reading makes your life the kind you want it to be.

Whether the book be one of fairy tales, history, geography, mythology, or poetry it is important to me . . . important because it is the basis of all my thoughts and part of my life.



Now and Then

(Continued from Page 19)

single out, and thus grates against your teeth throughout the entire bar.

Washing-hair-night also is no longer the gala occasion it was in childhood. It takes a full fledged contortionist to bend double over the small bathroom sink and then suffer the various discomforts of bumping my head on protruding faucets, aching back, and feeling cold soapsuds crawl down my neck.

As a little girl, however, I used to love to have my hair washed, for it meant that I wouldn't have to worry about straightening finger curls and could play self-invented games such as holding my breath under water and forming gorgeous church steeples and soap waves. The length of the wet hair always surprised me and, feeling just like a lovely mermaid, I would swish it around and let it lightly tickle my back.

As a child I held no affection for dolls whatsoever. Nevertheless, I had at least a score that sat on display untouched by dirty, affectionate hands, but only admired by fellow collectors.

Now my bed has been turned into a menagerie where lounge a most delapidated variety of beasts. At least, to those who do not appreciate each one's related sentiments, they appear delapidated. Mother, who outwardly calls them disease carriers, has seriously suggested cremation; but she knows how I love each one and that sleep for me would surely be impossible without them.

This has been fun excavating and digging up little-girl sensations. Some say that childhood is the most wonderful time of life, and some maintain that grown-up joys are not surpassed. However, the good and bad in each period of my life have been so evenly balanced that I say neither is the better.

Baptizing Sunday

By Mary Alice Cooper

Honorable Mention

A summer Sunday in our town is a drowsy thing. All is peace and rest behind shuttered windows. Some of us read, some of us sleep, and some of us just sit. However, this is an unusually busy day in the kitchen for Aunt May, for this is her baptizing Sunday.

This colored baptizing is a solemn ritual. The church members gather at sunset and wind their way down the banks to the Little Harpeth River. At the head of the procession is the preacher, tall and thin in his clerical black with even his head wrapped in a dark scarf. Behind him are the church mothers. Their long white robes, hanging loosely to the ground, signify their spirit of faith. Each carries a blanket in which to wrap the candidates, who come next. Their mark of candidacy is a long thin scarf wound tightly about their heads. Aunt May said that this is to keep the wool on their heads from shrinking when they got wet. They are usually staring blankly ahead in a state of repentence.

The congregation follows, singing stirring spirituals, often "There Will Be No Shadows." This emotional fervor bursting spontaneously into deep resounding tones is magnificent.

As soon as the procession reaches the spot where the bank slopes between two willow trees, the ceremony begins. The strongest deacon wades out into the water to sound its depth. He places an ancient carved cane where the preacher will stand. The singing grows louder as he takes his place and then stops entirely.

When the candidate feels the water on her ankles, she begins shouting, "The

Lord has saved a sinner," "Lord, I hear you call, and I'm coming." She bends backward and forward to get closer to the saving water, even patting it with her hands and pulling it toward her with the strong feeling of reverence for the water that will cleanse her.

The preacher ducks her backward into the water saying the baptismal words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." She is so overcome with emotion that she is almost wild and must be pulled out of the water by force. She wants to stay under longer to be cleansed of more sins. On the way back to the bank her praises are louder and more fervent. "I'm a daughter of the great and mighty, all powerful Lord," or "I'm saved. The wonderful Lord has saved a sinner."

After all the candidates have been baptized, the singing begins again. The procession goes to the church yard, where a fish fry or a watermelon cutting is given in honor of the new members.

We can go with Aunt May on Sundays, but we always must remain on the bridge, for this is a way of life we can only watch.

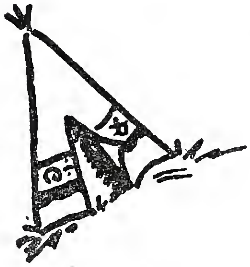
* * *

A Tower

By Ruth Evans

I've heard of towers reaching to the sky,
And now I know what they are meant to mean.
With walls of brick and ivy climbing high,
Such mystic beauty I myself have seen.
The windows long and lean let through the light,
A most translucent glow of purity,
That in its explorations through the night
Found steps that led to God and surety.
I gazed enraptured on the vision here,
A cloistered passage ending in the stars;
And ever since I've felt a peace so clear
That nothing Time can do will leave its scars.
A tower is a strength, a hope, a prayer;
I put my faith in such a sheltered stair.

From the Wind's



Country Come To Town

By Jeannie M. Watson

The hot morning sun beams down on the familiar sunbonnet so typical of the country wife. The stifling heat and dust rise slowly from the scorched pavement and linger throughout the day, waiting to choke those who dare enter the crowded square. Another Saturday has come to the little town, and with it come the swarms of country folk from their respective farms dotting the Kentucky hillsides.

Beginning in the early morning you may hear the mixed sounds of the horses' slow "clic-clak" on the street and the grinding of the wagon wheels behind. In the wagon are the inevitable split-bottom chairs, usually reserved only for the comfort of the old folks. Six pairs of overalled legs dangle from the back of the wagon accompanied by six pairs of heavy, high-top shoes. Each sunburned, freckled faces beam with expectancy of the thrills and adventure to be had in the "big city." Adding to the scene are several yelping coon hounds tagging along at the horses' feet.

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Enemy

By Kicki Moss

The water laps and gurgles with a pleasing monotony of beauty and quiet. The wave-scalloped Gulf of Mexico rolls over the sandbars, swells slightly as it meets a wind current, passes through an opening between two low cliffs, and becomes the Bay of Copano. Outlined over the horizon is the beginning of dawn, discernible only as a light patch of color in a darkened sky. There is no thunder to accompany it, no aspiring poet to set into rhyme a noble subject that no pen can reproduce accurately. A work of God, for man is so very small and incompetent that no amount of words may serve to give a full and real effect.

As the sun rises on wings of glory, the grey shadows of night are usurped by the bright shadows of day and placed under the refraining hand of Time. On a path of scarlet splendor, with heralds of crimson clouds running before, the light of a

(Continued on page 32)

Four Quarters

On Sleigh Rides

By Jackie Koon

If you have never enjoyed the fun and beauty of a winter night from the top of a generous mound of hay piled high on a sleigh, then you have missed a wonderful experience. The setting must be perfect; and being slightly prejudiced, I would choose a place in the North, preferably Michigan, where the snow has been blown in great drifts, leaving only a very small space for the passage of the runners of the sleigh. There is something fascinating about moving along in the country on the horse drawn rack, fully equipped with tinkling sleigh bells. It has always given me the feeling of being free from all worries, and every minute is enjoyable.

At first, there is much confusion when

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Louisiana Fairyland

By Mary Dixon

As Marco Polo was entranced by the fabulous wonders of the Far East, as Aladdin was fascinated with the results of his magic lamp, so was I completely spellbound with the magnificent spectacle of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. So anyone is equally enthralled with the wonders displayed there in luxurious profusion. Riotous spirit, rich colors, and people of every class, for once on an equal level, whole-heartedly reaping the pleasures of the marvelous fete after weeks of preparation. It has no equal!

Mardi Gras is supposedly a religious festival. The only obvious purpose is to have one last fling before the long, solemn Lenten season.

The wealthy upper classes do the major part of the decorating, and they are the ones from which the various queens are elected. Each clan tries to outdo the others in extravagant display. The results are stupendous. Such opulence is almost beyond the limits of imagination,

(Continued on page 34)

The Legend of the Piasa Bird

By Mary Ann McCaskill

Even more amusing that the Hoosier school days and far more amazing than the stories of Pompeii are the famous legends that center around the Indian tribes along the Mississippi River. These legends have been drilled into the mind of every small child in my home town and have completely taken the place of fairy stories. As these children grow older the romances, tragedies, hopes, and desires told in these legends become deeply impressed upon their minds, just as they have been impressed upon mine.

The legend of the Piasa Bird is perhaps the most interesting of all around my section of the country to me. It is the story of a noble Indian tribe which lived in peace and feared no one until a gigantic bird came into their village. The creature swooped down, picked up one of the brave warriors, and carried him off. Each day this Piasa Bird came and carried off another. The tribe hated the creature and lived in constant fear, not knowing who was to be next.

The Indian chief ordered his braves to kill the Piasa Bird; but when attempts were made, the braves found, to their amazement, that their arrows would not penetrate his thick skin. The situation steadily grew worse. Small children were now the prey. Something had to be done, and quickly. The Indian chief went into his wigwam, and there he stayed for two days and nights, thinking and planning. He came out, pale and weak, and called before him his six best braves. When they were assembled, he carefully repeated his plan to rid the tribe of this bird forever.

Each warrior did as the chief had asked and prepared his poisoned arrows. The chief himself painted his skin a bright color to attract attention. When all was ready, the seven of them climbed to the highest bluff overlooking the village. The warriors placed themselves beneath the underbrush and waited with their arrows ready. The chief threw himself face downward on the ground and clutched the twigs at his side.

The flapping of the mammoth wings could be heard for miles around and gave warning of the Piasa Bird's approach. When the chief heard the warning, he clutched the twigs even tighter. The bird saw his gleaming skin in the sun light and swooped down upon the chief, dug his claws into him and started to take flight. Tighter and tighter the chief gripped the twigs; his muscles grew tense. As the bird struggled to pull its prey loose, six poisoned arrows swiftly and accurately pierced the breast, the only vulnerable spot of the devil. The bird relaxed its grip and fell into the river to be swallowed up in the swift current.

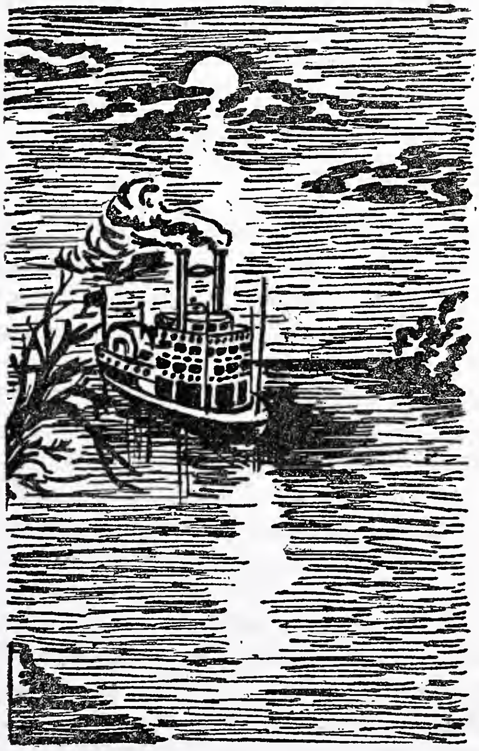
The Piasa Bird was gone forever, but the beloved chief of the tribe lay in a serious condition. His six brave warriors carried him back to his simple hut where they watched and cared for him. But the cruel claws of the Piasa Bird had left another mark; death was inevitable. As a memorial to the great chief who gave his life to save his tribe, the Indians painted a picture of the Piasa Bird on the side of the bluff to mark the spot where their leader was killed.

Youth and Ole Man River

By Jeanne DeMoss

The posters appear in every store window weeks ahead of time. The children gleefully plan for the occasion; the high school boys begin making dates with their best girls; the elders kept an eye on the skies hoping for clear weather. It is an event that is important to everyone, this first river excursion of the summer.

The big boat plows into dock in the late afternoon bringing with it sensations that are associated with only the Mississippi and its river boats, the smell of fish and oil on the water, the sight of the scurrying workers polishing brass and scrubbing decks, and best of all the tunes of the calliope passing the town, routing out the most disinterested individuals and pushing them to the river front until it seems the whole town is gathered for the arrival of the "big boat."



Soon, however, the wharf is cleared away and everyone is at home getting ready for the "moonlight excursion" on the river from nine until one that night. It is impossible to measure the anticipation of that boat ride!

When at last the plank is drawn up and the anchor heaved in, the shouted excitement has settled down to a matter of complete enjoyment. The children scamper from top to bottom of the three decks, finding on each adventure and a new unequalled joy. The young set dance and hum to the music of the mediocre orchestra. The older people sit quietly talking, or just thinking, out on the open decks.

Lined up on each side of the dance floor are gambling machines of every description. Such lotteries cannot be operated in Missouri, but as soon as the boat reaches the channel of the river, they are thrown open on the assumption that they are riding as much in Illinois as in Missouri. Photo booths are crowded with boys and girls and their new-found love. Root beer is smeared over the dance floor, and children are found here and there crying because they spilled theirs and Mother won't provide a dime for another. The stairways are jammed with people crowding from one deck to another to find something new to do.

Later in the evening a sort of hushed calm falls over the river and the excursion boat. Its previous sparkling merriment is exchanged for smooth-flowing peace. The softness of the summer's night becomes too beautiful to disturb. People begin drifting to the open air of the top deck, holding hands and dreamily humming along with the orchestra. The banks of the river seem to smile their aproval on the subdued gaiety of the party, the trees straining out as if to catch a note of the music or listen to some very tender conversation. It is then that each person reflects on the greatness of the Mississippi River and claims it for his very own.

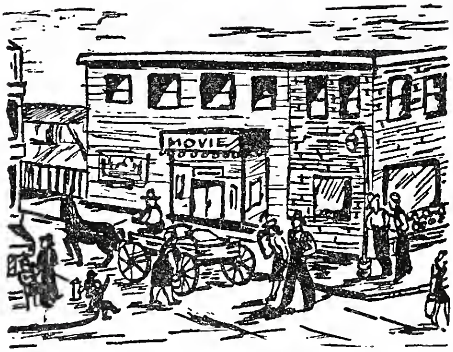
Country Come to Town

(Continued from page 28)

By now the square is a regular hub-bub. On the corners stand groups of farmers, each equipped with his usual corn-cob pipe and straw hat. The conversation tends to run on the things most important to every farmer, that, at the moment, being early corn and tobacco planting. In front of the groceries and the "five and ten" linger the women. Their freshly starched prints smell strongly of home-made laundry soap. Their long hair is sleekly pulled straight back and pinned in a precise knot at the neck. There is nothing fancy either in dress or speech about these women. Their very plainess seems to match their plain, wholesome living. In their arms one sees a bag of flour, sugar or meal, but never vegetables, meats, or cakes. They seem to be entirely independent of such articles.

At high noon there is a standstill, and during this time each hungry family gathers around the appointed lunch spot to get their portion of fried chicken, cold biscuits, and jam. This is the only time of the day when pedestrians may travel the streets without fear of being crushed among the crowds.

As the afternoon drags on you see the horses standing at the curbing with heads drooping patiently but anxiously waiting for their masters to return and start for home. The noisy crowds begin to dwindle, and the worker makes his way through the streets with supper in mind. As the sun sinks behind the buildings, the cool evening air creeps into the square, settling the smoke and dust and reminding those in their summer clothing that the night is near. With the shopping done and the parting phrases of "Wal, you come when you git time" said, the families again assemble in their conveyances, each with his own story of the day's adventures. You see them tired and exhausted but happy and contented as they slowly wind their way down the road and are lost in the blue haze of the hills, lost for another week in a type of peacefulness so few people experience.



Enemy

(Continued from page 28)

world is ushered in. For all the praises sung of a particular sunrise, this one is no different from the one yesterday or the morning before. Awareness of a great beauty heretofore gone unnoticed may be due to a sudden or gradual thought, inspiration, or revelation, but whatever it is, there comes with it a surging desire for peace. Nowhere can it be found with the same breathless, uncompromising temperament as that which drifts with the sea into the lives of men. It adds an individual quality to the sky, to the very air, to the land itself, which, as the waters change from a cool, impersonal black to a soft, inviting blue, is mirrored with all its crevaces, niches, and overhanging peaks. The waters swirl and turn, forever restless, twisting lightly, speaking softly and alternately roaring, smelling sweetly of a perfume of its own, aware of its magnanimity.

In a great sweep it dashes itself against the rocks footing the cliffs, and then falls back as if amazed at the strength of its attack. Thrown by the momentum of the sea and the sudden shock of its impact against worn crags, spray envelops the cliffs in a thin, cool mist of summer happiness. Continuously, tirelessly, it rolls, and beats rhythmically; monotonous but never exhausting, deceitful to some, and treacherous, therein lies its power and respect.

Guarding the entrance to the Bay are twin bluffs known to tourists and natives as "Abner's Peak" and "Annie's Peak," the result of a legend which we believe and protect from the jeers of sophisticated outsiders. Unlike most legends, the story begins with a hate and closes with that hate more intensified.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Texas was almost entirely unsettled, Abner Young crossed the Red River and slowly traveled southward. He pasesd the site that was later named for Samuel Houston, defender of the Republic of Texas; he continued across lowlands that Zachary Scott was to cross in defense of Texas against the Mexican army. An adventurer, spirited with the love of beauty and mystery, his first glimpse of the Bay of Copano was on a storming, starless night; the sea was raging and beating out its anger on which he stood transfixed, his eyes staring on the scene below. The thunderous roar engulfed all other sound as the water swept in to the beach. Abner Young gazed and was oblivious to the wind and rain.

He built his home, a crude affair, of whatever materials could be found, on the edge of the cliff. He would look down into the vast depths of foaming water and know that with all his heart and being he hated it. It was a place of intrigue to him; for hours he would watch it clamor greedily toward him, seeking, eternally seeking to reach and enfold him in its grasp. He derived a sadistic pleasure in denying the sea its prey. He saw it as a creation of beauty and power, but also as a menace to be overcome. Standing outside its reach, he sneered at it and repulsed its attacks; it became an obsession, and he, a fanatic.

In the course of time, Abner married and raised a family. The years of his married life, usually the most colorful in the lives of other people, were the most drab and tedious Abner had ever experienced. He found little companionship with his wife and children and was angered at their arguments against his feeling for the sea. Annie, the youngest of his children, was his favorite, for she shared with him his hatred. She often accompanied him on his strolls and became engrossed in his varying moods.

And so it was, that when Annie was claimed by the despised sea one blustering November night, Abner believed that it had committed the deed because of resentment of his one pleasure in life. He gave away his life to the enemy at the foot of his home. He died grimly, but with the knowledge that he gave himself willingly and was not taken forcibly. Knowing also that he would soon rest with his daughter allowed him to make an unrepentant exit from the world.

We who live within the influence of that legend do not doubt its truth. One has only to look down from the top of either cliff to see the same black tossing waters, greedily reaching out, and to listen to the murmurings of its voice, to know the power that existed in that same sea when Abner Young looked down from that exact place a century and a half ago.

It is still there, and we know.

On Sleigh Rides

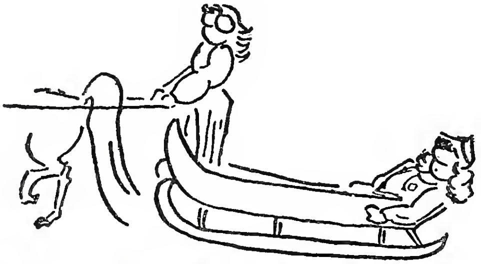
(Continued from page 29)

everyone gathers for the ride. Warm blankets, ear muffs, extra pairs of mittens, and other essentials are thrown on the large sleigh. The noise of heavy boots striking the crunchy snow and the aimless chatter of newcomers fill the air. The driver fastens swaying lanterns to the sides of the rack, harnesses the horses, bedecked with leather bell strips, and climbs aboard. There is a wild dash to get the best positions on the sleigh, the driver's whip cracks, the rack lurches, and we're off.

The countryside is beautiful. Each tree is bending over from the weight of snow on its limbs, and the smaller branches, encased in a thin coating of ice, look like myriads of stars as the light of the moon reflects on them. The moon casts a faint blue haze on the clean sparkling snow, and long dark shadows of farm buildings stretch out in all directions. The brightly lighted farm houses stand ostentatiously on the distant hills, and the whole country looks like a winter scene from a Christmas card.

The air is very crisp and cold enough to take one's breath away, but this is hardly noticeable to all of us who are enjoying the ride. Our thoughts are of winter fun. The entire group bursts forth in a chorus of songs, and with each utterance our breath emerges in the form of cloudy vapors. Occasionally some slip quietly from the rack for a few moments to pack and hurl snowballs and to tumble in the deep snow behind the sleigh. Before they are missed, they catch up with the others and rejoin the singers.

After riding for quite some time, the sleigh halts before a low rambling lodge, and there is a scramble to get off the rack and into the house, where a warm crackling fire awaits chilled sleigh riders. The white fluffy snow is shaken from heavy clothing, and it quickly melts in large puddles of water near the door. Red faces and cold hands being warmed by the fireplace, we eagerly await the hot-dogs, doughnuts, and hot chocolate which will soon be served. The end of a perfect evening has been reached, but before we leave, plans are made for another sleigh-ride. Can you see why?



Louisiana Fairyland

(Continued from page 29)

yet these are not the people who make Mardi Gras what it is. They are not the ones who leave the outsider dazzled with the whole spectacle.

This can be attributed to the lower classes, who get much more fun out of it, and therefore put more into it for others than the fat plutocrats who sit on their balconies above the masses and revel in their display like bejeweled toad stools.

To be sure, the thrill one gets when the majestic floats appear in a seemingly endless procession is incomparable. It is as if you had opened *Arabian Nights* and instead of words, all the characters appear before your eyes in a dazzling panorama. You want to seize a portion of the dream-like pageant. You know it can't last much longer, and yet there is so much that you don't know what to reach for. You snatch a piece of crepe paper and jump up to catch some of the costume jewelry that the queens throw among the crowds. When everything is over though, you look at the cheap pink necklace and the shred of pink paper. It seems tawdry and insignificant; the spell is gone. Yes, Mardi Gras is definitely not a tangible thing.

The high spirits of the crowds are contagious, and soon everyone is enveloped in a feeling of reckless gaiety . . . everyone from Aunt Carrie down to the dignified Negro butler, Jehosephat. Tiny children jump around like animated ping pong balls. Old ladies forget their carefulful gait and skip as merrily as if they were sixteen, inevitably to pay for such conduct with severe attacks of arthritis on the morrow. Old gentlemen wink at the young belles with all the bravado of a Beau Brummel. The old praline woman, long an institution on Royal Street, receives a jovial kiss from an established gentleman of New Orleans gentry. Anything is likely to happen and usually does.

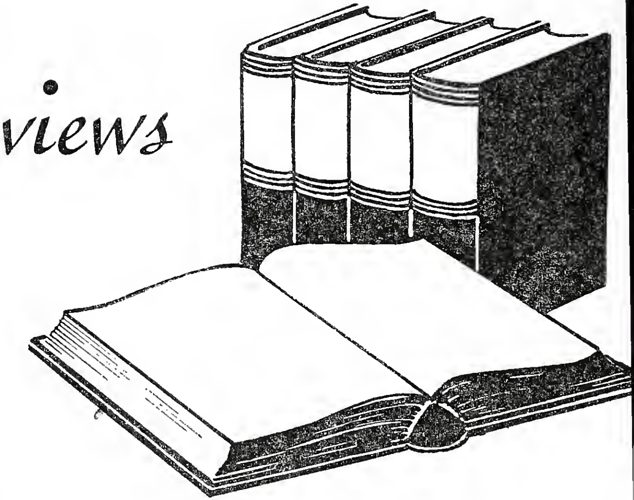
The saloons profit more on this day than on any other throughout the year. All New Orleans seems to be reeling. Bacchus rules. Everyone has a wonderful time, forgets his ailments, and all is right. That is, until tomorrow.

The climax of the festival is a magnificent ball at which the King and Queen of Mardi Gras are crowned and everyone dances until they drop either from fatigue or inebriation. This dance is rather select, however, since tickets, or invitations as they are called, are expensive.

The next day the streets are cleaned, the persistent revelers jailed, and the gorgeous costumes carefully laid away in sachet and blue tissue paper. Not one vestige of the previous day's joyous celebration is left.

The people of New Orleans settle down into their normal routine at once. Ladies go shopping and to lunch; men go to work; hypocrites to church for repentance, old ladies to bed with arthritis, and the praline woman takes her place again on Royal Street. All that remains are nebulous, filmy memories like those of a dream . . . lingering, poignant, beautiful.

Book Reviews



So Well Remembered

By James Hilton

Reviewed by Shelia Kennard

James Hilton, already famed for such books as *Goodbye Mr. Chips, Random Harvest,* and *Lost Horizon,* once again takes a place foremost on modern bookshelves with his new novel, *So Well Remembered.* A story of England and Englishmen, as most of Hilton's works are; *So Well Remembered* covers the better part of three generations in its telling, and weaves into its narrative a wide variety of fascinating characters.

Principally, however, it is the story of George Boswell, a typical small town reformer whose chief aim is that of giving his children and grandchildren a "better Browdley" to live and work in. The son of a poor day-laborer, George well remembers the struggles his family endured—how his father toiled in the Channing mill, how, orphaned at an early age, he was sent to live with his drunken uncle; how, having worked for an education, he rose to the editorship of one of Browdley's newspapers, then to the position of councillor, and from there to mayor. It is in remembering the evils and occupation of his early life that idealistic George finds the courage to attack and conquer disease and poverty; it is in seeing such enemies go down before his onslaughts that he gains personal satisfaction.

George Boswell is very typical, very ordinary. Were his reforms all the material at hand, Hilton could hardly tell such a fascinating story; however this only serves as a background for George's personal life, the most interesting and important element of the compound. As a small-town newspaperman, George meets and falls in love with Olivia Channing, daughter of the owner of the mill for which George's father had worked. A very strong-willed and fearless woman, Olivia is a victim of psychological circumstance. When only a young girl, she had been deserted by her mother and left in the care of a father just returned from serving a prison sentence for embezzlement—an embezzlement which had earned for him and for Olivia the everlasting hatred of every Browdley citizen. It is through Livia's powerful guidance and George's likeable personality that he is able to rise high in Browdley's political world, but Livia is not satisfied with her husband or her life. When George refuses to leave

Browdley, she leaves him, marrying a member of the nobility several years her junior. George now devotes himself entirely to his work to fill the vacuum this created, and hears no more of Livia until years later when he by chance meets Charles Winslow, son of Lord Winslow and his wife, the former Livia Boswell. Through helping this boy to discover a solution to his problems, George solves his own, and it is at this point that the book reaches its climax.

So Well Remémbered is an excellent book for thoughtful, leisurely reading. While it does not abound in adventure, or even arouse the emotions, it presents character studies and gives a good example of the current trend in literature toward rational thinking.

A Bell for Adano

By John Hersey

Reviewed by Kicki Moss

The story of Broadway's latest hit began with a cable from John Hersey about an AMG major in Sicily. After Hersey's return he fictionalized the major and other people into the best-selling novel, *A Bell for Adano,* which is considered the best fiction of the war.

The plot of the book is concerned chiefly with the differences between Major Victor Joppolo and General Marvin. It is absorbing, spirited, and strong as is the struggle between good and evil; between democracy and fascism.

Major Joppolo entered the town of Adano, Siciliy, and took his position as the American mayor. The people of Adano, long accustomed to the tyrannical rule of the fascists, were slow in adjusting themselves to the new leader. Born of Italian parents in New York, the major spoke the language and was able, during the course of his stay there, to help the people and to lead them in such a way that he was admired and loved.

His first problem was to find a bell for the town. The old one had been taken away to be melted for guns and bullets, and the people wanted another even before the major started to work on the food problem. The bell to the people was more than just a bell; it called them to assembly, it rang for church, it announced the time, and told the people when to eat. When the bell spoke, their fathers, and their fathers' fathers spoke to them.

The incident of General Marvin and the mule cart was one of significance. The general was a man who acted and seldom thought. As he was being driven to Vicinamare one day, his car was forced to stop because of a mule cart which was blocking the road. After many shouted curses, the general, who was a man of violence, ordered the cart turned over and the mule shot. Without thinking of the consequences, he immediately commanded Major Joppolo to keep all carts out of the town. The results of this were no water for the people and no food, both of which had to be brought in from outside the village. When finally the situation demanded some relief, the Major countermanded the general's order and allowed the carts to come in. This act was eventually to lead to his being taken from his post when General Marvin learned of his disobedience.

This book shows the Italian people in all their simplicity, loyalty, and sincerity. Their real and primary desire is for a bell to take the place of the one that was carried away. This is one of the struggles of the Major through the whole book, and it helps to earn him the respect of the town. Major Joppolo is a quietly firm, unassuming man; his physical appearance would not make his stand out in a crowd, but his quality of inner goodness and kindness would help him to surpass many others. It was his character and not his office that allowed him to lead the people. In contrast is Captain Purvis, a man of filthy words and thoughts; there can be found none of the refinement in him that is apparent in the Major. In the home of a friendly non-English speaking Italian family, he said some of the most vile things ever written in a best-seller novel. There is nothing whatsoever that is admirable about him, and he serves only as a contrast to Major Joppolo.

The people of this Italian village are portrayed excellently and it is natural that the reader is affected by the things that happen to them, and also by they themselves. This book is not a great book, but it is a good book, and an interesting one. It will disappoint you at the end, but you will close it knowing that you have read something worth reading.

Let Us Consider One Another

By Josephine Lawrence

Reviewed by Margaret Anne Funk

One of the most timely, unusual, and all 'round good books is the recent *Let Us Consider One Another*. This book takes a typical American family, puts them in the setting of the modern world, and gives a bare realistic picture of all their prejudices.

Cecelia, the main character, is a Catholic because her mother married a Catholic and became one herself. Cecilia has fallen in love with a Jewish boy named Tag Silverstein. Her mother's family, who were staunch Protestants, never accepted her conversion to the Catholic faith, and they talk and gossip with bits of sarcasm and meanness about the outcome of Cecilia's approaching marriage to Tag. Since the death of her family, Cecilia lived with her Catholic grandmother, who offered Tag a large amount of money if he would change his name. He was strong enough to refuse the offer; because, as he said, he wasn't ashamed that he was Jewish.

Tag and Cecelia were married and were very happy. She went with him to his Sabbath Day devotions, and he went to Mass with her on Sunday. Although their own little world was a peaceful one, daily prejudices were thrust in her face for her to overcome.

The whole family is pictured in the book, but their only importance lies in the fact that they are examples of the hypocrisy of the human race. This is shown in many different ways by both adults and children. Not only is the religious prejudice shown, but racial prejudice as well. For example, one of the children did not want to go to the birthday party of another whose birthday was the same as Hitler's.

Probably the most outstanding character, and the one most to be feared, is Tobias, the grandfather. On the outside he is the most broadminded and upright member of the family, but as the reader learns to know and understand him, his outward lack of prejudice dissolves in thin air, and he is seen for what he really is. At the very end of the book old Tobias goes to Church, and the minister chooses for his sermon a verse from the Bible, "Let us consider one another." Instead of applying the line to his family, he thinks about his disapproval of the foreign family who run the local laundry. After seeing the sadness that has been brought about by all the insignificant prejudices; the reader also sees that the danger to the world lies in the subtle and deep prejudice of a man like Tobias.

The White Tower

By James Ramsey Ullman

Reviewed by Leotus Morrison

In a book memorable for freshness, vitality and pure entertainment, James Ramsey Ullman has created thoughts that will linger. The story of *The White Tower* begins when Martin Ordway, American bomber pilot, crashes in the Swiss Valley of Kandermatt where he spent many vacations in his youth. Once again he meets his boyhood companion, Carla Andreas, the guide for many of his past climbs; and Nicholas Radcliff, a geologist. Physically and mentally exhausted, Martin Ordway believes that he is unable to return to a world filled with hate.

Rising from the valley of Kandermatt is "a wild, radiant white shape unmoving and immutable in the sky" which had challenged many climbers who had never succeeded in reaching its summit. In the village there are six people who want to climb the "White Tower" to satisfy their individual desires. Andreas, the guide, had dreamed from boyhood of climbing the mountain on whose slopes his father died. Nicholas Radcliff, the geologist, had failed to reach the top of Mount Everest and wanted to climb the "White Tower" in order to wipe out that failure of his youth. Paul Delambre wished to escape from himself and to achieve that which would destroy the memory of his failure as a writer, while Siegfried Hein, Wehrmacht officer, hoped to gain glory for the Third Reich by conquering the mountain. Martin and Carla dreamed to climb it merely because it was there.

Because of the flaws of their personalities each of the climbers fails to reach the top. Nicholas Radclift was weak physically and unable to stand the strain of the climb; Delambre was weak mentally. Martin became snow-blind and Carla would not continue without him. Hein failed to reach the mountain's peak because the beliefs instilled in him by his country forbade his accepting help.

This book symbolizes the eternal fight of man to accomplish something worth while and illustrates clearly that interdependence of all peoples is necessary for achievement of that dreamed for peaceful world.

Cass Timberlane

By Sinclair Lewis

Reviewed by Bomar Cleveland

Sinclair Lewis surpasses his former literary triumphs, which accorded him the Nobel Prize in 1930, with his latest novel *Cass Timberlane.* Again Mr. Lewis critically examines the contemporary middle-western panorama with a discerning eye. He does not hesitate to apply to American marital relations the biting irony and sarcasm made famous by *Arrowsmith* and *Babbitt.* As in his previous successes, he delves into the lives of everyday people, pointing out satirically their flaws and weaknesses. This results in a type of wit adding zest to the story.

The author has drawn upon his rich resource of psychology, and his knowledge of the American idiom to realistically create the story of a modern marriage. The central narrative deals with the relationship of middle-aged Judge Timberlane and young Virginia Marshland, whom he loved at first sight. The theme relates the conflict of their personalities, their separation, and their final union.

Of interest to young journalists are the seeds for other novels planted by minor characters in every chapter. Yet so skillfully is the tale developed that these incidental plots only enhance the thread of the main story.

Sinclair Lewis's candid and frank appraisal of society will captivate the reader who likes an interesting story, technically perfect in its structure. There is power and charm in this novel of human frailties and passions; there is sensitiveness to be found in the tender descriptions of Minnesota landscapes; there is a motivating reality which intrigues the reader who, horrified, recognizes in the two main characters personalities of his own acquaintance. Mirrored in this story of twentieth century American manners are the bitternesses and satires of life depicted as only Lewis can.

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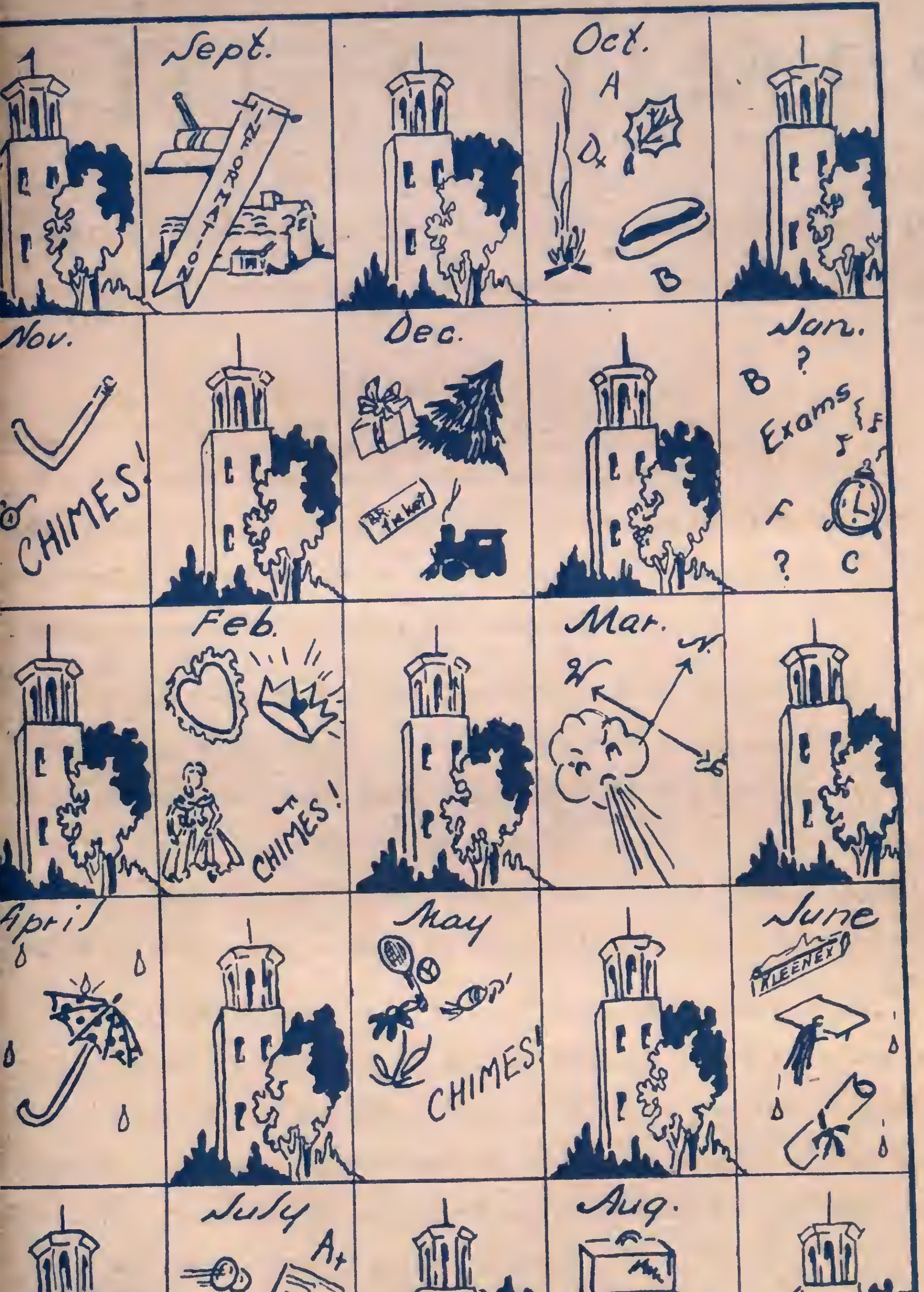
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CHIMES

MAY
1946

THE CHIMES

Vol. 9 MAY, 1946 No. 3

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

EDITOR'S NOTE

It isn't easy to type this, the last bit of copy for the 1946 CHIMES, and know that I'll never again sit behind the desk listening to Idy make "funnies" and hearing Evans say, "But it would be perfect for the *Hyphen!*" It was fun—living our ambitions before they were fulfilled.

To us this magazine has been more than so many pages of print. It has been Shillings, sitting amidst the bedlam of a meeting and writing those wonderful poems; it has been Keggin, wondering "how shall I put the girls on the cover this time?" Pris, never talking much, but writing the "caustic comments" that made us howl with laughter; Margy Ann and her "Men"; and all the rest of the staff helping so much by working hard—and just being interested.

We bring you this issue as a "so long" to a year of writing, typing, proofreading, selecting cover colors, putting the magazine in your boxes, and being pleased when you said nice things about it. We have tried, not to publish a magazine to be compared with those of other years or other schools, but to select what you would like to read—to make interesting for you "short stories, poems, and essays—they all go into CHIMES."

Thanks to all who helped make this year's CHIMES a more complete record of student thoughts and achievements.

PIERCE

CHIMES STAFF

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Joanne Jeans and Jane Erwin .... *Associate Editors*
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Ann Marshall .... *Poetry Editor*
Iris Turner .... *Exchange Editor*
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Beverly Williams
Pat McGauly
June Brown
Jane Erwin

STAFF MEMBERS

Ruth Evans
Kicki Moss
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Short Story Contest

An Older and a Wiser Man

By Iris Turner

First Place

Henry skipped down the hot, dusty road kicking a battered tin can. A warm happiness ran through him, rising in spurts of excitement when he remembered that today was Sad'dy and he was going to play with Winkie while his daddy mowed the lawn. Why him 'n Winkie had been playin' together on Sad'dys ever since Early had been the Glovers' yard-man. He felt in his gritty overall pocket to see if the sling shot was still there. Winkie'd sho be proud to git dat sling hot. Henry'd been a-whittlin' on it all week, and it'd kill any ole sparrow in the trees.

Henry stopped and waited for his daddy to catch up with him. Early plodded along the road, guiding a lawn mower with his one good hand, the stub of his other arm resting on the handle. One-handed Early was a familiar landmark on most of the lawns in town, and he was as adept at amusing the children in the block with his fabulous stories as he was at maneuvering the lawn mower.

Henry hopped impatiently from one foot to the other as he waited for Early.

"Daddy, you 'spose Winkie'll like dis sling-shot? He ain't never had a good 'un like dis."

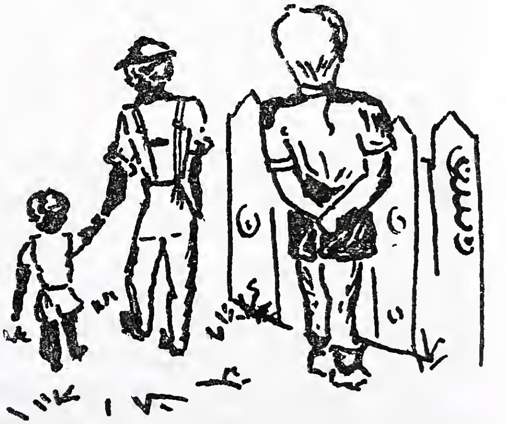
Early answered gruffly, "I 'spec he mought like it. Now don't you 'n him go chasin' all round shootin' at birds tho'. You don' have no business playin' with white boys nohow."

Henry was too happy to let his father's talk worry him. He ran on ahead of Early, and they were soon in sight of the Glovers' big white house. As they came nearer, Henry saw Winkie and was about to call to him when he stopped suddenly. There was another boy with Winkie, and they were shooting sparrows with an air rifle. Henry saw that the other boy was George. He'd played with George before, and he didn't like it one bit, but Winkie did. All the happiness seeped out of Henry.

Henry dropped back to his father's side and then followed him up to the house. Sitting down on the steps, Henry watched the two little boys with their air rifle. That wuz a mighty fine B-B gun they wuz shootin'. He guessed Winkie wouldn't have no use for a sling-shot now, even if it wuz a good one.

Finishing her instructions to Early, Mrs. Glover called, "Boys, do you know anybody who would eat some cookies for me?"

George and Winkie immediately dropped the air rifle and ran toward the house. Henry grinned, stood up, and waited for them. Mis' Glover always



give him 'n Winkie cookies in the mawnin'. When the boys went in the door, Henry moved to follow them, but Early jerked his head toward the lawn and muttered, "You come on heah, boy. She never said nothin' to you. Heah, take this grass blade and go long in front of me to cut down dat ole Johnson grass."

Reluctantly, Henry took the grass blade and began to slash at the tall grass. He couldn't see why he couldn't have some cookies, too. Didn't him 'n Winkie always have cookies on Sad'dy? Early always had to ruin his fun. He whipped at the grass viciously until George and Winkie came whooping out of the house and, having tired of the air rifle, began to trail after Early, begging him to tell them a story.

Winkie, wishing to "be nice" to Henry as well as to hear the story, was most insistent.

"Aw, come on, Early. Tell us 'bout when you got your hand cut off in the war."

"Go long heah, Winkie. You think I ain't got nuff to do 'thout tellin' yall stories?"

The little boys begged until Early felt justified in telling the story.

"Well, it wuz when I wuz a Cunfederate sojer, oh 'bout a hunderd years ago, and I wuz a-ridin' thro the woods one day when I seed a Yankee sojer a little ways off with his back turned towards me. I got off my hoss and started sneakin' up on dis heah Yankee, so's to stick him wif my sword. Well, dere I wuz a-crawlin' along on the groun' when I heared a noise, and, what do you think? Dere wuz seven Yankee sojers comin' up behin' me. I jump up and starr fightin' wif 'em, and had jes about killed 'em all when one snuck up behin' me and cut my hand clean off. But dat didn' stop me, I—

"Oh, I don't believe that," interrupted George. "My grandaddy was in the Civil War, and he's a millun times older than you. Why, I bet you weren't even living then."

Winkie, amazed by George's disbelief in the story, which had fascinated Henry and him for so long, began to protest, but he was interrupted by Henry's fierce reply to George.

"Don' you call my daddy a liar, boy," he said, his face contorted in a scowl. "Ah'll knock you clean into the middle of next week."

"You just try it," George retorted. "You're just a lil ole black nigger and"—

George stopped suddenly when he felt a bony black fist hit him. In a second, Henry had thrown him on the ground and was sitting on top of him, flailing him wildly.

Half crying, Henry screamed, "You better not call me a nigger, you no-count trash. I ain't a nigger, I ain't, I ain't." He punctuated these exclamations with short jabs at George's face.

By this time, Early, who had gone on mowing when the boys had stopped, had heard their cries and turned around. Seeing his son pounding a kicking and screaming George, he ran over to the two and, grasping Henry by the suspenders of his overalls, lifted him off George.

"Heah, Henry, whut you fightin' Mr. George for, you worthless buzzard?"

Between sobs, Henry gasped the reason for the fight. Early's face changed. He hated these boys and everyone like them for the punishment he was going to give Henry. He shook Henry roughly and said, "I don't care whut he called you. Come on back heah, and I'll learn you by the seat of yo britches to fight white boys. Winkie, ya'll go on an' play."

Winkie looked at Henry, but frightened by Early's anger, went off with George.

Early propelled Henry around to the back yard, where he picked up a small stick and proceeded to whip Henry until his own anger and resentment had quieted. Then he began to talk to Henry in a low, bitter tone.

"Now you lissen heah, Henry. I whupt you 'cause you wuz fightin' with Mr. George, and you got no business fightin' a white boy even ifen he does call you a nigger. Thas jes whut you is, and don't you forgit it. You's black, and he's white —hear—and I'se goin' beat you till you know dat if I spen' the rest of my life doin' it. If I don't, somebody else will. Now shut yo' mouth and let's go home."

Early grasped Henry's wrist roughly and was leading him out the gate when Winkie ran up to Henry and rather hesitantly said, "Henry, uh, George has gone now. You not mad at me, are you?"

Henry shook his head, but refused to look at Winkie, who made another effort to redeem himself with Henry.

"Henry, did you bring that sling shot like you said? Come on, and let's go shoot some with it. Want to?"

Henry looked quickly at his daddy, then answered, "Naw, I didn' bring the sling-shot, and I'se got to go now anyway. Daddy's gon' buy me a B-B gun. Bye, Winkie."

Henry shuffled out the gate, around to the front yard. He waited while Early picked up the lawn mower, and the two walked down the road to the quarters.

A Matter of Opinion

By Helen Kane

Second Place

The bow, precariously placed on the saucy little hat, was suddenly, desperately flattened against the window. The train was moving; soon it would be too late. It wasn't a good idea. She had known it all along. She was getting off right now before this train took her farther from Fred. . . .

Then the dear, familiar, shabby figure on the station platform wavered, merged with the little black spots on her flirtatious veil. She squeezed her eyes tightly closed to keep the tears from falling. When she had gropingly taken out her handkerchief, not the linen monogrammed one, but the faded, neatly darned one, and dabbed her eyes dry, the outskirts of town were receding.

No, it was too late. There was just no sense in suddenly reappearing when the whole neighborhood had seen her leave. There was no sense in acting as if there was anything formidable about a train trip to a sleepy little Southern town, 105 miles distant. Heaven's above, she had prepared for it long enough.

Prepared for it since last May, to be exact, when the final letter of acceptance had come. She had planned that, on October 17, she would be there for Suellen's birthday.

Two weeks ago she had bought this suit. The first ready-made one she had had since Suellen's eighth grade graduation. It was a good suit. It would have to be good long enough to pay dividends on the money invested. It would also be her next spring suit. As soon as she returned home, she would brush it and put it away. By April she would have forgotten she had ever worn it one week-end in October and it would be as good as new.

She had to have the new suit for this week-end. After all, it wasn't everyone in the neighborhood who was going to visit her daughter away for her freshman year at college.

And, all alone, Alice could admit it. This visit was frightening her. She had never been to a college before. She had never known people who took college for granted. She could not let Suellen down.

She had to look as well as the other mothers. There was no doubt about it; clothes could certainly give much needed confidence to a woman.

That was why she had been so insistent and determined that Suellen's college clothes should be all that Fred's money and the combined talents of Springfield could produce.

Not that Springfield had so much to offer, but the same *Mademoiselle* that was sold in the big cities was sold in Springfield.

So she had collected and analyzed and pruned the magazines for all college clothes. Holding her clippings in a manila folder with one hand and Suellen with the other, Alice had made exhaustive drains on Springfield's fashion resources.

Miss Milly in the Junior Sports of the largest department store had been untiring in selecting skirts and suits and accessories. Miss Abby in "piece goods" had carefully matched taffetas and nets for Suellen's two necessary formals. Mrs. Judd in "Afternoon Frocks" had helped choose Suellen's few dresses for teas and dates.

But it was the Junior Sports that fascinated Alice. To her those plaid pleated skirts and plain flared skirts, those buttercup yellow and dawn blue sweaters were symbolic of "college." They were college and Suellen should have them.

Neither Suellen nor Alice completely forgot that college at the most meager was stretching a point. But, a woman was dependent upon her clothes.

Alice had spent the money she allotted herself for the ready-made clothes. Then with Miss Abby's help she bought up some of the fall stock of woolen and flannel materials. She cajoled friends and relatives out of goods they were saving for fall.

Then, with the pictures from the magazines and a good idea of Suellen's measurements, she spread her material on top of wrapping paper over the living room floor. With Fred helping to stick pins in, she cut out and sewed skirts. She bought woolen yarn and distributed it to different maiden aunts and they and Suellen and she knitted.

By fall, Suellen had a wardrobe. It was a college girl's wardrobe. Alice had studied campus pictures and the girls wore sweaters and skirts. Suellen had them. They wore little white collars. Suellen had them, too.

Returning from these memories, Alice grinned across the aisle at a most unattractive child. The child promptly stuck her tongue out, and Alice's smile grew more tender. The child was wearing a precious little collar with a bright canary sweater.

Alice thought of Suellen in one of her sweaters and one of her collars. She hoped Suellen would wear them to the train and not dress up in one of her "afternoon frocks."

She could just see her now. Her smile grew more wistful until the little girl across the aisle, wondering if she were never going to get a response, crossed her eyes and stuck her tongue out a fraction of an inch farther.

Suellen was a daughter to be proud of. All Springfield said that. Everyone would love her.

Of course they would. But people just naturally judged people by appearances. And young people could be cruel. Cruel especially to those who did not conform. Suellen must have the clothes that other college girls had.

Having reestablished her proper perspective regarding inner worth and outward appearance, Alice went the length of the car for a drink of water. Coming back, she was thrown off balance by the little girl, now desperate for attention, who went gamboling madly by. A steady hand restored her balance and propelled her to her seat as the conductor called out they would be in University Center in ten minutes.

Alice took a deep breath to recover her heart that she had suddenly swallowed. Gripping the green scratchy-covered chair-arms with her newly-manicured nails, Alice looked composedly around, as a mother well used to visiting her daughter at college. Her eyes met the frankly admiring gaze of the man who had helped her to her seat.

Heaven's above! He wasn't looking at her as if she were anybody's mother.

Alice's eyes went in pleasant confusion to the tips of her neatly polished spectators. They were definitely old. The new suit would have to divert attention from the shoes. She began to feel that old frightened inadequacy at visiting the college.

She looked up and met the still admiring eyes of the man across the aisle and immediately felt better. She laughed self-consciously to herself and tilted the saucy little hat at a more provoking angle.

Opening her compact she carefully inspected the line of her rouge. She was a little dubious over it, but Fred said her cheeks were as pink again as the girl's he had married twenty years ago. She gingerly smoothed a little more on, then smoothed almost as much off. She straightened the slim skirt over her nylon knees, fluffed up the jabot at her neck, and stole a look under her lashes at the man across the aisle.

He bowed courteously as one would to a charming woman, and Alice settled contentedly back. She could hold her own with any coed's mother.

She thought of her coed. She could see them walking over the campus. The coed would be collegiate in her sweater and skirt. She, charmingly dressed in her suit, her make-up subtly applied.

The train coughed to a halt.

Alice, with the bow on her hat again flattened against the window, looked aghast at the creatures on the platform.

Everywhere she looked there were girls in shirts that were only a trifle shorter than grandad's nightshirt.

Picking up her bag, Alice descended the steps. Clutching the bag with both hands, she gazed at what were coeds, she supposed.

Gay and confident, she had imagined them. But there were no skirt and sweater outfits. Everywhere there were shirts. Striped and checked, bow ties and open necks, but always they were voluminous and untidy.

The bag was snatched from Alice's hand and arms encircled her neck.

It was Suellen. For a long second Alice held her daughter close, then pushed her away.

They held each other at arm's length. Slowly Alice's eyes went over her daughter. The only familiar thing was the smiling little face. The rest was a baggy, worn, faded, size 44 shirt.

Alice looked at her daughter. She thought of the well-dressed mother and coed strolling over the campus. She thought of the many nights on the living room floor. She thought of long hours of knitting, the long hours shopping.

Alice's mouth tightened and her eyes had a strange glint. She intended to know how this daughter could so forget herself and her training that she could dress like a disheveled yokel.

Then she noticed the glint in the blue eyes opposite and the tightened mouth so like her own.

Then she heard her only daughter:

"Mother, for goodness' sake! Your rouge. You look as if you had ambitions for a spot in the Vanities. You look positively shocking."

Mother and daughter looked at each other. Both pairs of eyes echoed the word "shocking."

Take These, My Sons

By Dorothy Bradley

Second Place

Fran Strass put her arms around her twin sons, drew their carrot-topped heads to her ample bosom and shook with sobs. She held them for a long moment and then, when the older of the two moved with an embarrassed cough, she released them and rose resolutely. Her stiffly starched skirts crackled and gave forth a clean, sweet odor of the sun they were dried in when she moved. She dried her eyes with the corner of her shawl and reached into her apron pocket. When she brought out her hand and extended it toward her sons, there was in the palm two tiny silver chains, each hung with a round disk that caught the red glow from the hearth and sparkled like frozen fire on the walls.

"Here, my sons," she said, "take these and when you need help, pray, and may the Holy Virgin pity this mother's heart and aid you."

The boys exchanged glances, then took the pendants from their mother and slipped them around their necks. Eric, because he was the older and heir to his father's belongings, strode to the mantlepiece and took down the gun his father had so recently carried. Eric was proud, for tonight he would slip from his childhood home and go west over the mountains to join Marshal Tito's Partisan forces. Evan, the younger of the twins, was to carry his mother's pearl-handled revolver, of which she was very proud, and go to the hills on the south with the village burgermaster and other new recruits for the guerrilla forces. As the time approachd when they must leave, their mother gathered them to her heart once more, kissed their cheeks and left the room. In the silence that fell, the boys could hear her sobs that she tried vainly to stifle. Eric turned and placed his hands on Evan's shoulder, their eyes met and they gazed at one another for an interval. Then Eric dropped his hand to his side, turned away and said briskly, "It is time." They gathered their meager belongings, looked once more around the room that held all they knew of life and love and home, then filed quietly out of the house. Eric mounted the only horse the family owned and headed off into the west. Evan threw his bundle over his shoulders, watched until his brother was out of sight, then turned his face toward the south and the hills.

Some months of bitterest fighting passed and the systal and diastole of battle raged around the two brothers, but always they dreamed of going home. For some weeks Eric had been engaged in conflict in a narrow pass not fifteen kilometers from his home. Finally he could stand it no longer and, going to his commander, he asked permission to go home if only for a few hours. Permission was granted and he began a tedious journey home, made more difficult because he must hide by day and take cover at every sound even after nightfall. It was very cold and when he saw a shack that had been used for the storage of silage in one of the fields he was crossing, he went inside to warm himself for a few minutes. As the warm blood began to flow through him and a soft, warm, dark fog settled over his tired mind, he thought, "Only a few minutes sleep and I'll be on my way again." He

stretched himself on his blanket and closed his eyes.

In a firelight circle not far away, Evan and five other guirrillas made plans for a foraging party as soon as the moon went down. It was as bright as day and the white frost reflected the cold light of the moon in a thousand sparkling globules. In the valley far below them, the men watched each moving shadow as the wind swept down over the pines from its icy perch in the snow-clad mountains. The trees clutched with black fingers at the frosty cliffs as though to prevent their rising to such dazzling heights. No night bird lent its solitary call to the listening ears of the group, but down a ravine they heard the wild, high yelp of a hungry wolf. As though at a signal, each man slipped on his cartridge belt and quietly crept down the face of the gorge in the direction of the outskirts of a nearby village. They descended in silence for a few minutes until one of the men nudged the leader and pointed toward an abandoned shack in the middle of a field. The leader nodded and they swung sharply to the left in order to come upon the hut from the rear. Suddenly the leader put out his hand, palm down, in a signal to halt. They listened and clearly on the still night came the sound of a cough—once, twice and then, again. The men looked from one to the other and the moon shone dully on their bearded, dirt-blackened faces. "Germans," the leader barely whispered. One of the men in the rear slipped behind a boulder and gave a high plaintive call—long and wierd. When no answering cry came from the shack, he called twice more. The hand of the leader silenced him and the men dropped to their stomachs on the rocks, raised their guns and at a hoarse yell of command, six guns fired directly into the walls of the house. Instead of the curses and return volley of shots they had expected, there came on the silence that followed, a single, piercing shriek, a cough, a choke, and then quiet.

Motioning the men to follow, the leader made his way slowly and by a circuitous route to the door of the crude lean-to. With the butt of his gun, he pushed it open and stepped quickly to one side. No gun greeted him so he stepped into the aperture and stopped short. The men crowded up behind him and one lit a torch and held it aloft. The light fell on Evan's face, the leader of the small band, and he raised his hand and pointed. The figure of a man crouched by a tiny slot in the wall, and as Evan watched with fascinated eyes, it slowly toppled forward in the dust on the floor. One arm was doubled under the body. No one in the group of onlookers moved or scarcely dared to breathe. The fingers of the dead man slowly uncurled and with a tiny metallic sound a small, round, silver disk rolled from his senseless grasp, caught the light from the torch, struck Evan's boot, and lay winking up at him like an evil eye.

Ben Doggin and the Cabbage Heads

By Mary Alice Cooper

Third Place

Ben Doggin was my father's name. We could always tell how the evening meal would go by the way my mother said it when she called him to the table. If the Ben Doggin were run together and clipped off short, we knew that he had stopped by Uncle Denn's to have a "wee drap" before he came home. Then we would eat in silence while my father retold Uncle Denny's stories in spite of my mother's ahems. If the first syllable were raised a half a note and the last held long enough to catch the smile in her voice, we knew that he had come straight home and the meal would be a pleasant one.

My father was a contractor. Though he only built small frame houses, he used the title proudly. When my mother was maddest, she would call him a plain carpenter. He would stand silent for a minute then turn to me and say, "Jim boy, my hat and cane." We never knew where he went, for Uncle Denny firmly denied having seen him on these nights.

These nights were rare, however, for my mother and father were still in love as only the Irish can be. On Sunday nights when we all sat in the parlor together, my mother and father on the divan looked exactly as they did in the album pictures of their wedding. It was something nice in their eyes that brought the years together. Elnora, our oldest sister, played hymns while we all sang from one hymn book. She played, "Oh, Lord, I Am Not Worthy" last as it was the slowest and made us so sleepy that we didn't mind being sent off to bed.

I was the youngest boy. Just too old to be interested in my sisters and too young to be interesting to my brothers. My only family privilege was that of marketing with my father on Saturday night.

We went late Saturday near closing time because the bargaining was best then, and how my father loved to bargain! There was a certain Mr. Tuttle from Lebanon that my father had bargained with for years and not once in those years had he outtraded Mr. Tuttle.

The two wicker baskets sat on the back porch all week. Saturday morning I emptied the few small potatoes or turnips left in the bottom into a pan and took the basket out under the peach tree to clean. It was fun to run the soft cloth through the interlacing wicker. I counted the holes as I went along, 520 in one, 896 in the other. Sometimes they had a tiny split and I got to fix it. I carried the two baskets and followed my father down the street.

My father came home at noon and sent me to the tub. I washed myself as clean as the baskets and dressed with as much care as I did on First Communion Sunday. My father and I ate early, alone. While he ate, he told me stories about Mr. Tuttle. I heard about the time Mr. Tuttle sold my father a little bantam rooster which died on the way home, and how my father had bought a dozen boxes of strawberries sprayed with bug-killer. By the time we were ready to leave, my father's face was so red and his breathing so fast that my mother would say, "Lord be merciful to

Ben Doggin tonight," and "Jim, take care of your father."

When we reached the square, I walked closer to him because there were so many people and my father said that farmers packed little boys up and took them back to the farm to grow into watermelons.

The red and yellow wagons were lined up side by side with crates of cherries and strawberries propped against the wheels. I sampled these while my father talked with the farmers. We bought some potatoes from Epp Harlan, some apples from Mrs. Shea, and because Sid Gay caught me eating them, some cherries from his wagon. By now my father was beginning to finger his shillalah and glance toward Mr. Tuttle's.

We had carefully avoided him until now, but Mr. Tuttle was packing up and so my father and I crossed over to his wagon. My father looked straight at Mr. Tuttle, and Mr. Tuttle looked straight at my father.

"Well, what'll it be for you, stranger?" Mr. Tuttle said.

"Sure 'tis no strange face you're looking at, and well you know it. 'Tis the same face that Ben Doggin's been wearing from County Cork to Davidson County, and 'tis the same one that's tried to buy an honest potato from you for these many years."

"I'm running short of potatoes tonight, stranger, and my price will be a mite higher than you'll want to pay."

"And how do you know I'll be wanting to pay, Will Tuttle?"

My father had begun feeling the vegetables with one hand, for he always kept the other on his shillalah. Mr. Tuttle was just about out of everything as he said, even the cherry boxes were empty. I thought my father was going to leave without any more words when suddenly I saw him bending way over looking under the wagon behind the cherry crates.

" 'Tis the good friend you be saving this for, Will Tuttle?" he said as he held a head of bright green cabbage up to the light.

"That cabbage is for sale for 10c a head, which I reckon is a mite higher than you'll want to pay for it."

My father said nothing. He took out his long purse, opened it, and counted his money. Mr. Tuttle set the cabbage bag upon the stand and said, "One or two?"

" 'Tis a fine big family I have, Will Tuttle, and you be putting plenty in that basket."

Mr. Tuttle counted out four heads, looked at my father before dropping in the fifth, then put it back in the bag.

"And why not you be putting that one in my basket? I can pay for that fine head and five more like it." Mr. Tuttle put six more cabbage heads into my father's basket. I wished to myself that Mr. Tuttle had hidden cherries because all we had bought from Sid Gray were gone by now.

That night my father and I brought the ten heads of cabbage home to my mother. She looked at them, at my father, and then at me. She reminded me to say my prayers and sent me upstairs to bed.

Sunday for lunch we had cabbage, Monday we had slaw, and Tuesday we had cabbage soup. Wednesday night when we had cabbage again, I asked my mother if she weren't getting tired of cabbage. All she said was that my father seemed to like it.

By Saturday when my father and I were eating lunch, I think he had gotten tired of cabbage too because he couldn't even eat one helping."

"Jim boy," he said, "we'll not be having any time for Will Tuttle tonight, the scamp."

I was glad because I didn't want to eat cabbage another week, and Elnora had said if she saw it on the table again she would leave home and marry Tom Martin.

The square was crowded as we pushed our way through to Epp Harlan's. Epp had had some trouble with his brown cow during the week and my father spent about an hour discussing her. Mrs. Shea had brought her tomatoes in. My father felt and tested one after another until he found a dozen "fine, ripe, red ones." Sid Gray's wagon was empty except for a few shriveled up cherries in the bottom of a crate and a bag of potatoes which my father bought.

There was only one wagon left now. My father stopped, rested the baskets on the curb, and pulled at his mustache. I asked him if we were going home now.

"Yes, Jim boy, we'll be going home now," he said, but instead of home we were heading straight toward Mr. Tuttle's wagon. I certainly hoped that Mr. Tuttle had some cherries left this week.

One for Another

By Jeanne De Moss

Third Place

"No, Mrs. Wilkerson, I'm afraid I shan't be able to work Saturday at the pie supper. My mother has come to Casper with me, you know, and as she is an invalid, I feel I should spend as much time with her as possible. Yes, I'm sure the P.T. A. work is a great deal of fun. Thank you very much, however. Yes, I certainly shall let you know if I find that I'm able to take on the job. Goodbye."

She slammed the receiver on its hook and grimaced at the instrument to display the wholehearted disgust she felt—disgust for this school, for this ridiculous village in which she was making a new start, and disgust for the circumstances that imprisoned her here.

Frances Ashley and her mother, an arthritic cripple, had arrived in Casper only three weeks ago, Mrs. Ashley eagerly anticipating the new life, and perhaps, relief from the pain in this warm, dry climate; Frances rebelling already against the small town and what it stood for.

It had turned out just as she had expected, she reflected now, remembering every incident since her arrival, each more discouraging than the one before. Her first day at the small, bare high school and the interview with the superintendent, a round, robust fellow with too-small spectacles resting on his nose and a midwestern twang in his voice that irritated what she considered the artistic sensitivity of her ears.

The classroom assigned to her was crowded with a murmuring, shuffling group of sophomores who were no more interested in learning about English literature than she was in trying to teach it to them. She had always known what she wanted, and had intended to drive and push until she got it. That was until her mother's illness and the doctor's advice to take her to a new atmosphere, one of quiet and simplicity and clean, fresh air. So they had come to Casper, probably the plainest and dullest town in the world, Frances decided bitterly, leaving behind the city's gaiety and charm and its opportunities for success, real success, the kind that meant your name on the fly-page of a best seller, your photograph in the rotogravure section of the *Times,* and admiring eyes following you in and out of the best restaurants. Yes, she had given them up, all her aspirations and dreams, and had replaced them with two rooms in a bungalow and a position in a second-rate high school.

Then she had written the letter. That was the day she had overheard Jimmy Harlow, the class smart-aleck, announce that English teachers were all alike. "Hope they aren't as dull as their classes are!" he drawled. She had decided that she could not go on like this. Certainly she had her own life to consider. What she would do about Mother she did not know. Her mind somehow had not been able to grasp anything more than the fact that something had to be done. She had pulled out a sheet of fine white paper and meticulously typed a letter to a publisher who had once given her a great deal of encouragement. It had been short and direct, the sort of letter that should appeal to a writer's sense of conciseness and appropriateness. She had sealed the letter with a sense of release such as she had not known in weeks. Placing the letter in her pocket, she had hurried down the footworn cement steps of the school and up the street, oblivious of the flashing brightness of the newly-turned trees or the pungent odor of the burning leaves.

She had found her mother sitting out in the yard in her wheelchair, her head tilted at an angle watching the antics of a lingering robin.

"Hello, Mother," she had called gaily. "Isn't this a perfectly gorgeous day?"

"Frances, dear, I'm so glad you're home. My, yes, this has been a fine afternoon. I had a visitor earlier, Mrs. Barson from across the street. She brought me a piece of fresh apple pie—I saved you a bit—and we had a real nice visit. Frances, I think we're going to be very happy here; the people are so friendly and nice. Did you have a good day at school?"

Mechanically Frances answered, "Just the usual thing," and went on to relate an insignificant incident that might interest her mother, all the while thinking as she watched her mother's face that here, at last, was the beginning of renewed vitality and sparkle in the older woman's spirit.

"Mother," she had hesitated. "Never mind." She had walked into the house, her short-lived gaiety dissolved now in the difficulty of announcing her intention to rebel to this brightened, now-hopeful woman, her mother. Soon, though, she had determined.

The days had passed and it had become more and more unthinkable to destroy her mother's new-found purpose in living. The older woman had taken up crocheting and was methodically stitching a coverlet for her friend's expected grandchild. She even began to talk of the day when she would walk again. Frances was troubled. She had not mailed the letter to the New York publisher, but had put it in her desk at school waiting until she could gain the surety and courage to complete the act of revolt. And there it lay now. She picked it up and stared at it for a long time, thinking it strange that so innocent an object could mean the fulfillment or the destruction of her life's plans.

As she sat there she looked around the room, at the chairs joggled out of place by the violent departure of her last class, at the red stuff on the wooden floor strewn there by the janitor to settle and collect the dust before he swept at five o'clock. It all looked just as it had yesterday and the day before and the day before that. Yes, she thought, I am seeing it now as I have seen it before and as I will see it in the future, for I shan't leave Casper. Somehow I haven't got the courage or whatever it is that one must have to make a life at the cost of another. I am here and here I shall stay, and if I stay . . . The year flashed through her mind, faculty teas, P. T. A., sophomores and Mrs. Wilkersons to be contended with. She saw that these things, much simpler ones than those of her dreams, were the stuff of which her life was to be made. They were things which she must not resist; things she must accept at face value. She was filled now, not with defiance, but with determination. She was beginning.

When at length she made ready to leave for home, she went first to the telephone and picked up the receiver. She had to wait for some time, for there was only one operator on the Casper switchboard. She spoke the number and when the call was through, she said, "Mrs. Wilkerson? This is Frances Ashley. I've called to tell you that I find that I will have time to give to the Parent-Teachers' committees, after all. Yes, my work is beginning to run on a more regular schedule as I become accustomed to things and . . . three pies? All right. Seven-thirty in the Home Economics room. That's fine. Oh, you're very welcome. Thank *you* Mrs. Wilkerson. Good-bye."

Peace

By Celeste Craig

I stood upon a lonely, windy hill,
And saw the pow'rful hands of God
Reach down and change the peace of that midsummer day
To chaos wild. I felt His presence near.
I knew His wrath when thunder roared
And rain beat down upon the darkened earth;
And His compassion when the golden sun
Shone through, creating diamonds in the grass,
And rainbowed archways reaching heavenward.
I heard a hallowed choir of angels sing.
Melodious chords of gleaming, golden harps
Unlocked the chains bound 'round my heart, and set
Me free to hear God say, "Come, follow me.
Be not afraid, have faith, have hope, and when
Thy work on earth is done, I'll guide thee Home."
Today, upon a hill, I talked with God.

Fragments

◆

By Eileen Springstun

The snow made its gentle descent to the earth, interrupted only by the searching limbs of the bare trees, extended like the arms of old women praying in vain to a God that is not there. All was silence; the silence of death, as the snow slowly concealed the clean, fresh soil of the new grave.

By Sheila Kennard

The majestic gray clouds did battle with the fragile pink ones, forcing them nearer and still nearer to the edge of the distant horizon. The sun, like a defeated monarch, gracefully abdicating, slowly bowed from view. Dusky fingers of twilight gloom grasped possessively at every nook and eave of the lifeless house. Wrapped in its solitude, it welcomed the concealing mists as they slid over it and became . . . darkness.

The automobile pulled to a stop in the drive beside the twilit house. Merry voices sounded as lights flickered first here, then there, till all was lit magnificently. The house was no longer an ally of darkness; it was now a small fortress, resisting bravely with its glittering brightness the darkness which had befriended it . . . resisting until the coming dawn should relieve it.

Night Phases

By Bomar Cleveland

To some folks of yesterday, night was a scary time when witches and unfathomable eerie beings were abroad and good folks had best stay indoors, although even there, they could, at times, hear the squeaking of boards as if "someone" were prowling, and the rattling of window panes even when the wind was still.

Fortunately, modern life has, in the main, abated such superstitions by filling our night lives with mechanized entertainment, such as pleasure driving down lighted boulevards. Thus, modern nights hold no "Terrors" except for those imaginative creatures, who persist in delighting in tales of graveyard murders and haunted houses, of the *Tom Sawyer* variety.

There is, however, between these extremes of realists and romanticists, a group of persons commonly known as poets, who look on Night as neither the setting created mainly for night clubs nor for haunted houses, but rather as a lovely and picturesque phase of Nature. These poets have expressed their feelings for Night in many ways.

In "Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard," Carl Sandburg has shown moonlight on sand and a pond under the willows. This brief fantasy gives one a clear picture of shadows (anachronism?) and "fluxions of yellow," creating a pansy out of the calm, old pond.

From a brickyard to a pine woods one is transported by Sara Teasdale through her poem, "Stars." Amidst the beauty of the still, pungent trees, one gazes awed at the "myriads with beating hearts of fire," which march "stately and still . . . up the dome of heaven."

Another star-watcher is Walt Whitman, who, with his "When I Have Heard the Learn'd Astronomer," aptly expresses an intense love of beauty, which strikingly opposes man's effort to analyze Nature. A rebellion against the mechanized world of everyday life is sensed in this poem; Whitman makes good use of contrast in these lines: "When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them," and "Looked up in perfect silence at the stars." In this verse, the poet has clearly shown the repudiation of the soul for conventional formalities in favor of unadorned Nature, in this instance, "the mystical moist night air."

This same desire to commune with Nature is voiced also by Robert Frost in "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." One is instantly carried to a New England forest where "the sweep of east wind" is felt against one's face, and the silver tinkling of the snow bells is heard. Against the background of deep blackness, the lovely downy flakes fall softly. One awakens rudely with a start from this reverie. The feeling of pain which exquisite beauty has fostered is now the sorrow of leaving such a lovely spot.

Even the materialistic thought of "A Lodging for the Night" may hold aesthetic beauty and rapture! James Rorty's "blind wind" blows one to "wild hills" with "moon-washed trees." In such a setting, who can help but wonder where the wind began, this same wind which has been blowing since before even houses were erected. "Where are we? Where are we, Wind?" is all our transitory and minute brains can mutter as one gazes in silent adoration at the planets and stars, which have been up there in the ether blowing, blowing since before there were candles or lamps.

From such perplexing mental queries our racking minds yearn for Peace . . . for that peace and rest of which Long-fellow speaks in his "The Day Is Done." Oddly enough, it is to that same Night which so antagonized and bewildered our thoughts that we now turn to receive a respite from our problems. "Darkness falls . . . lights of the village gleam through the rain and the mist." Truly, our "night shall be filled with music."

Yes, one can agree with the poets that there is something profound and majestic about the Night which sheaths the Earth in her ebony blanket every twenty-four hours. There is something fantastic . . . a quality of mysticism about her moonlit glimpses of slumbering life, there is something challenging about her exotic, uninhabited spheres, and there is something bold about her eternal Peace!

Circles

By Eileen Springstun

Old man, sitting there in the sun all day long, drawing imaginary circles in the dust with your cane, what are you thinking? Each morning when the blazing sphere rises from the East, you slowly make your way to your rocking chair, and there you remain until the spent sun disappears beyond the horizon. Motionless you sit there all alone. What are your thoughts? Are you conscious of the mad multitude that makes their way past your door, never pausing to glance your way? Do you care that they have no time for you? Do they stir in your heart scorn, pity, or compassion; or does your mind, closed to them, dwell on deeper things?

You take no notice of me, but you are my companion. You are always there when I glançe up from my book, never changing, always tracing your eternal circles in the dust. The long, drowsy summer afternoons are filled with you, although you don't know that anyone cares.

There, across the road where the world in all its futility passes in review, you have found peace, and I wonder if old age will bring that to me, too.

You have found in old age an oasis for contemplation. Old man, have your thoughts brought you any nearer to truth today?

As I Remember Him

By Jane Erwin

I only wish I had known my grandfather better. He died when I was twelve, but the impression he left on me the few times I saw him are as indelible as India ink.

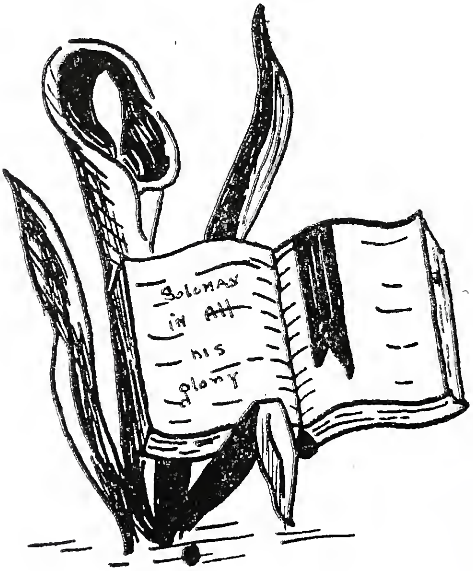
I shall never forget the first time I ever remember seeing him. I had arrived with my parents at the little country village where my father had spent his boyhood, soon after church had begun. When we were settled on the unpainted benches in the back, I looked up to see from whom the rich, convincing voice was coming. The white-haired man I saw was as rustic as the pulpit in which he stood, and he seemed not a person in the church, but the central part of it, as the crucifix in the apse. He was as much a part of these rough, yet holy surroundings as a king is a part of his court, and as much the center of it. The words he was speaking are a part of the oblivion in my memory of him. I only know that his voice sounded as though it came from the rock of ages. They must have come directly from God, because only the words of God could put such a light in simple eyes. I wish I could have those words now.

My grandfather took an interest in me as he did all the children of his eighteen sons and daughters, perhaps a little more since he considered my father the most level-headed of the lot. He considered this characteristic very important, because although none of his children lacked intelligence, most of them lacked stability. Their intelligence was prone to overbalance their power to apply it, but this was not so with my father. At any rate he seemed to like me. He took me for a walk in the woods that afternoon. I was usually shy with older people at that age, but no child could be shy in the presence of my grandfather's kindly humor. When he had been in the pulpit I admired him; as I walked beside him, I liked him, and there is a great difference in the two.

He talked to me of common things in such a manner that I, then eight years old, understood him perfectly. He showed me that trees are not just trees, but perfect works of God; as he passed a wild tiger lily, he quoted scripture something like, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I did not know I was learning; I only knew that I was laughing and loving things I had never enjoyed before. It seemed we were laughing because we were both young, and we were, though his age was ten times that of mine.

We walked upon a small circle in the woods where there were no trees; only a ground of tiny pink flowers, and in the center a freshly cut stump. Without a

(Continued on Page 27)



There In the Doorway

By Ruth Evans

June 5.

Tomorrow we leave for Kentucky again. Every year when the summer comes we make our pilgrimage home, and I'm already beginning to anticipate the arrival at the big white house.

First of all will be the welcome of the two rather elderly people standing in the doorway. One of those two is a white-haired man. He has a soft, gentle face glowing with an active appreciation of life. I suppose most people would not see it so clearly as I, but I can designate his hands as those of a physician. That is what he is, a family physician, a country doctor. His ever-ringing telephone, his battered "case," his reassuring smile, his relaxed but powerful posture, all are typical.

I say that he is gentle . . . and I think that is the thing that has always impressed me most. The father of three daughters, he might easily be overcome by such feminine influence, but he is the even-tempered and respected patriarch, firm in a calm and sound way.

He is the center of a large family; the plans of four famliies are colored by his likes and dislikes. He is often quiet, but he never misses anything.

He loves to read, and this reading is worth while as a means of his always keeping abreast in the field of medicine. About that medicine revolves his whole life. He is not the doctor whose office hours extend to a specific time and whose work is finished when he goes home at night. He works all day and all night; and he does not give the appearance of always being tired. He will smile as he stands there in the doorway tomorrow with his tiny smiling wife coming to his shoulder.

June 7.

It's good to be home again. Grandfather was there in the doorway just as I expected. He smiled, then the telephone rang and he left. Seems that this time it wasn't a patient. John Jones, an appropriately named colored man, who claimed us as his "people," had gotten into some trouble. There is grandfather's nature again. He has a vast weakness in favor of any under-dog. The bills on his account marked "charity" number equally with those that were "paid," and this record is found in all his activities. In financial matters he is generous in making loans to someone down and out; yet on occasion he has rightfully been called stingy. He is slow to indulge in new luxuries, home improvements, or personal effects, but he enjoys seeing the people he loves with new things. I hope old John gets straightened out all right. It matters.

(Continued on Page 42)

Wild Party

By Beverly Stevens

"I know, I know, I shouldn't have done it; but I was scared—so scared I didn't think or care about what might happen afterwards. I just had to get away from him with his sly, snickering smile, that patent-leather slick hair, and those hands—those long, cold, delicate hands. I think it was the thought of them maybe touching me that made me do it. Yes, that was it, his hands.

"We must have been married about 12:00—I don't remember anything; that's the time I heard him say. Oh, it was a wild party—an older crowd. I must have had pretty much to drink.

"When I was somewhat myself again, I noticed he wasn't laughing with me like all the others—he just sat twisting and fingering his ring with those horrid white hands. He showed me the papers. Yes, he had them right there. At first I laughed, but it was forced and died out with a shiver, for the past few hours were a total blank, and that horrid little wretch kept saying, 'Sure you are, deary, I was your witness.'

"He kept looking over at me in that way of his. He hadn't been drinking; there was no guilty shame in that smile. 'We're going now,' he said, 'I'll get your coat.'

"When he was out of sight I must have run to the powder room because I was panting when I leaned against the closed door. I was being chased by a beast, and was barring the door with my own body.

"I asked the maid if there was any way of getting out besides through the door I came in—any windows—anything at all; there wasn't. Lord, I was scared, and felt so sick to my stomach.

"The maid was staring at me, I know, so I sat down at the dressing table with my back to her. That's when I saw the scissors. I wasn't going to use them, really. I wasn't going to use them. But the thought of just having them with me gave me the strength to go out and leave with him.

"He was leaning casually against the wall with my wrap slung over his arm, and his hand was fumbling with the button. As he helped me on with my coat, I remember saying over and over again to myself, 'Please don't let his hands touch me—I'll die if they do.'

"We must have driven for miles. My whole body fairly ached, for my muscles were all tight with fear. I can't remember taking the scissors from my purse, but I realized suddenly that I was clutching them under a fold in my coat.

"The car was stopped—it must have been for a few second before I even noticed. All I remember after that was his long stretching yawn that ended in reaching for me. I don't even know where the scissors stabbed him. I don't even know if he's dead. I don't care—getting away was the important thing."

Mood

By Camille Hancock

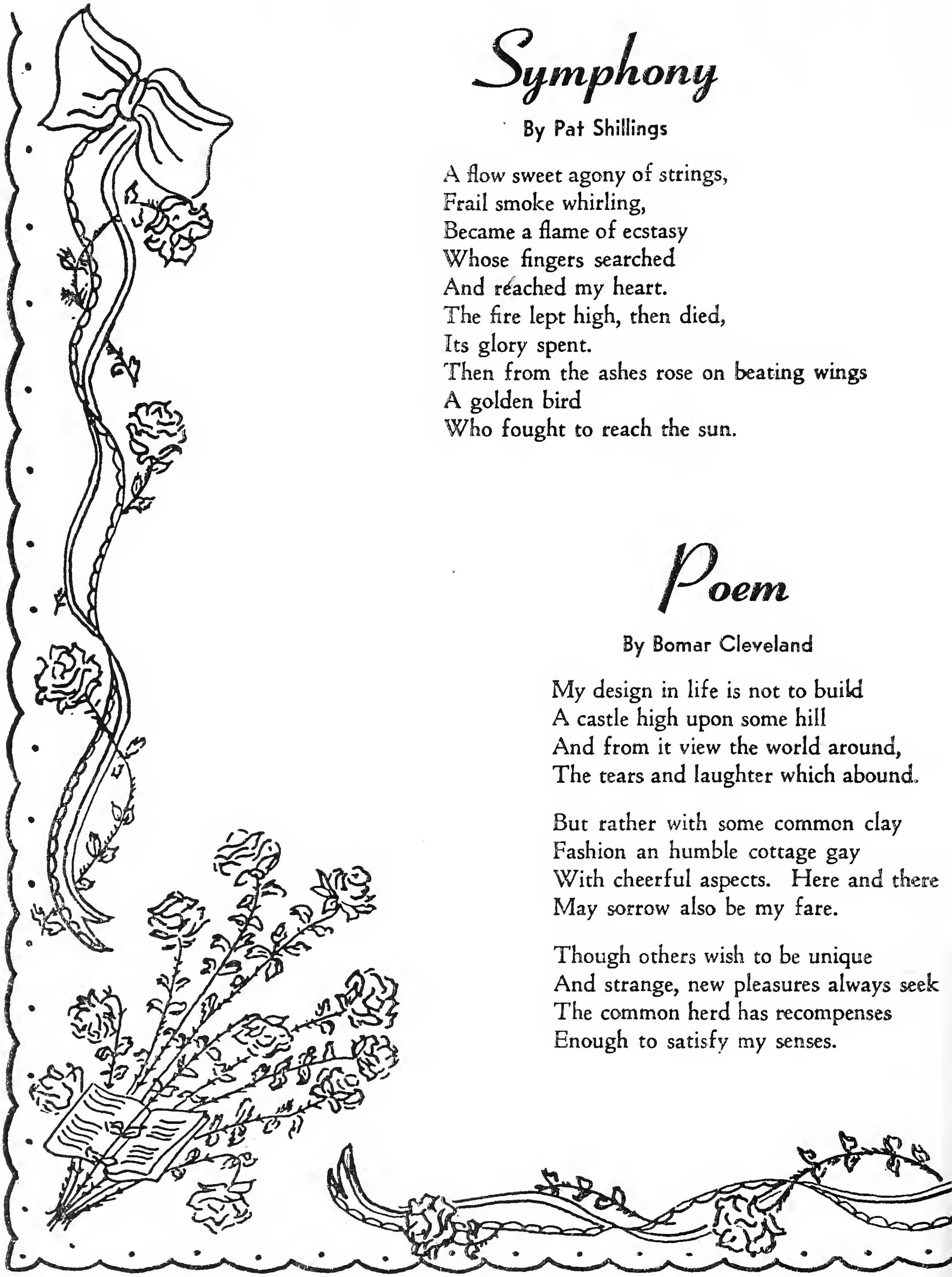
The agonized sky blackens, and the winking stars
Become devoured in the thickly-moving overcast of grey clouds.
Shadows of the time between dusk and deep night
Collect.
Winds moan through bleak branches;
They writhe, they toss,
They shiver with the greatness of it.
The sky blackens, and no light
Penetrates the dense atmosphere.
Surf pounds.
Birds hasten to shelter on frenzied wings—
The creatures of the wood slink to hidden homes—
The wind beats and tears; it challenges man to defeat it.
It is the supreme power, and we the vanquished.
From whence shall come the light?
And yet, the light is here.
Hidden, overshadowed, but here.
For generations untold the same driving wind has come,
Chill and bitter.
There has always been a conqueror and a vanquished.
The bound and chained people
Bleed, and die,
And the conquerors grow fat on the spoils of human suffering.
And yet, the light burns on,
Indestructible.

Noon Lull

By Camille Hancock

Insects hum over green fields.
The sun overhead
Pours hot and sultry
On the fertile earth, and on the deep-moving river.
A drowsy numbness settles on the land;
The dusty road lies still, as the heat
Intensifies.

Rhyme and Time



Symphony

By Pat Shillings

A flow sweet agony of strings,
Frail smoke whirling,
Became a flame of ecstasy
Whose fingers searched
And reached my heart.
The fire lept high, then died,
Its glory spent.
Then from the ashes rose on beating wings
A golden bird
Who fought to reach the sun.

Poem

By Bomar Cleveland

My design in life is not to build
A castle high upon some hill
And from it view the world around,
The tears and laughter which abound.

But rather with some common clay
Fashion an humble cottage gay
With cheerful aspects. Here and there
May sorrow also be my fare.

Though others wish to be unique
And strange, new pleasures always seek
The common herd has recompenses
Enough to satisfy my senses.

Lines to a Polish Child

By Louise Prothro

Turn upon me, once again
Lonely,
Stricken deep with pain,
Tearful eyes . . . hurt, wild eyes,
Eyes too fearful of disdain.

That I may sense, once again
In the stillness of a glance,
All the longing . . . all the anguish
You have tried so to restrain.
Turn upon me, once again
Gentle, shy, and tortured things,
Eyes that one would feel have seen Christ crucified
In vain.

Search

By Pat Shillings

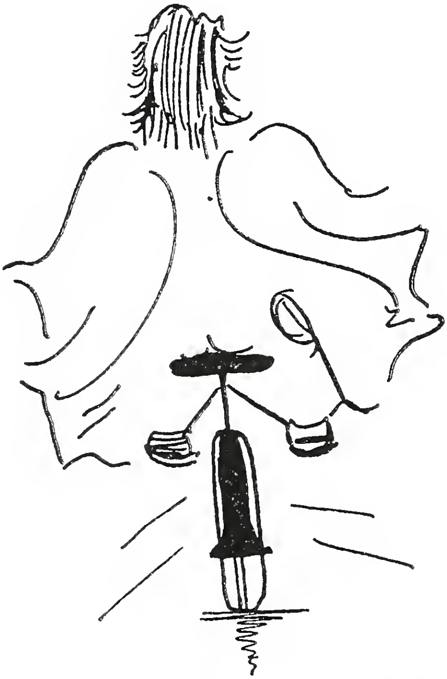
I hear the rush of wild birds' wings
Free, against the quivering golden air
And know that I must follow.
For, far away, there waits a world unseen:
Strange scarlet flowers flame in green-gilt fields,
Stars burn white above the desert's throbbing wind,
Pale pillars gleam, still monuments to tears.
Thus, far away I'll search, and yet may find
And understand; the voice of life that speaks
To all men, in a long forgotten tongue.

Front Row

By Bette Pierce

English 22 (MWF2)

The underworld was in a frenzy. Homer brushed past me on a tandem bicycle and shouted back over his shoulder, "Have you seen him?" "Who?" I screamed in return, but he was already away in a cloud of dust. Grendel stalked by shouldering his nail-studded club, and grunted something vaguely intelligible as "Ugh. Him where?" Again I tried to get information, but received only a light blow on the head that left me unconscious for several hours. When I revived, the turmoil was even greater. Sitting on a bench of hot lava Beaumont and Fletcher were tripping the passers-by and asking the same question, "Where is he?" Shakespeare, walking faster than usual, took time out from writing his seventeen hundredth sonnet to remark, "'Sblood, but 'twould be proper and fitting were he to make his appearance." I was amazed.



The lumps of hot coals on which I had been standing were becoming even too warm for Hades comfort, and I began threading my way through the milling crowds. Suddenly I noticed a sidewalk cafe complete with tables of men deep in discussion. Hoping to throw some light on the mystery, I seated myself at one of them, ordered the customary cup of coffee, and proceeded to listen.

"But Addison, old boy, he just can't have disappeared with no warning whatsoever."

"I know it seems illogical, Steele, but I think there was a reason. Of course I hate to tattle, but there was a story about a fight he and Goldsmith had over a beautifully romantic concrete detail. I heard that he lost the battle, and the shame might have been enough to send him up to Heaven—but I don't know."

At this point Gray, still wide-eyed with wonder that all paths lead but to the grave, joined the group and demanded to know what was going on. A whisper passed between him and Addison (I dragged my new periwig in the coffee trying to listen), and his face became suffused with sardonic glee. "I just hope the old boy got caught between the gates trying to get out . . . would serve him right. Imagine, calling me a plagarist!" (He was now spewing curses.) The . . . the neo-classicist!"

Delivering this, the worst of all epithets, Gray purchased a picnic lunch and started his return trip to the churchyard. Soon Addison and Steele decided that they had best go back to the office and type copy for the deadline; and my hopes of learning just what in Hades was going on were virtually shot.

As I pushed and shoved my way through the throngs on the sidewalks, I passed several other cafes. In one Milton and Spenser were seated at a table playing parlor games and seemingly unaware of the rough, uncouth world beyond. Later I saw Byron and Shelley toasting each other in vodka and howling over the fate of the "old man who just didn't have a chance as soon as we came along." Keats sat by, looking at a carved martini glass, and smiled. I was impressed.

A great mass of people had gathered in the middle of the street, and I rushed to join them. Perhaps the missing had been found! But no, it was only a grey-haired saintly man, leaning on a cane for guidance, who was standing there. Wordsworth, who had been standing beside me, shook his head sadly and said, "Poor Bach. Since he has become blind he's always losing his way and getting in here."

The end of the street was in sight, and still no one had told me the cause of the turmoil. Just as I reached the ferry station and was trying to find the money to pay Cerebeus, I noticed a thin, undernourished, pale, wreck of mankind. He was sitting on an electric cooker with his hands hanging limply beside him. There was in him such an air of utter dejection and complete disillusionment that I was drawn to him automatically. As I approached, he, unconscious of being watched, lifted a trembling hand to wipe away the huge tears that were coursing down his haggard cheeks. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Egad man, it can't be that bad no matter how bad it is," said I in the usual "come now, I know I can help" speech.

No answer except a choking sound from the region of his throat. Silently he handed me a notebook, and I opened it. Nothing but blank pages! Finally he tore the book from my hands and began tearing the pages out and throwing them about as if he were completely mad. Then he took the empty book, shoved it into my face, and screamed hysterically.

"It's empty! Empty! And my life is empty! For days I have been alone. I haven't been able to take a single note. I haven't been able to ask him one of the questions I've found. How will I ever learn his opinion of the Hope diamond . . . or of the Dodgers' chances in the World Series . . . or of the new bathing suit styles? I have nothing to do, no one to listen to, and I'm going mad, man, mad I tell you!"

With this the man dissolved into hideous sobs and disappeared into the river.

My poise was shaken.

I returned to the boat, stopping long enough to buy a newspaper from Dryden, for those ferry trips are so boring when you haven't anything to read. The bold black headlines shrieked the news! ***Johnson** Disappears: Boswell Contemplates Suicide*. That little man . . . that was Boswell! I rushed back to the river, but was, alas, too late. Only an empty notebook floating along the river remained of the faithful scribe.

Then a most peculiar thing happened. Cerebus ran down to the river bank, threw

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A Trip From the Moon

By Thaniel Armstead

Dong! Dong! Dong!

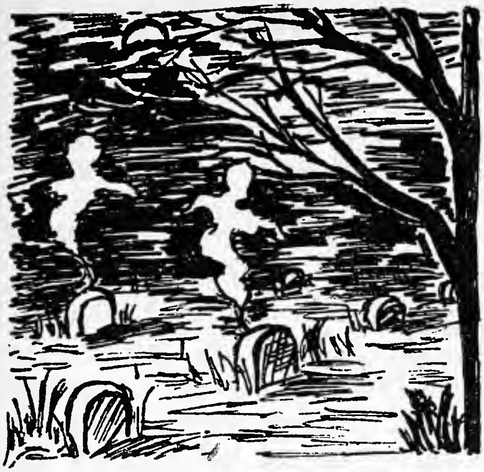
As the notes from the bell echoed through space and reached the moon, I, the youngest goblin, could hardly believe that after nine more dongs the long dreamed of moment would arrive. As far back as I could remember I had wanted to go with my mother witch and goblin brothers on their annual trip to earth for Halloween, but, until this year, I had been too young.

When the last note of twelve o'clock reached us, my brothers and I jumped upon a broomstick behind our mother and shot off into space. As the dark night, lighted only by the weird light of the moon, and the glimmering stars closed in upon us, I could feel the cool night breeze fanning my cheeks, which were hot from excitement. As I heard the racket of horns and drums resound through space, my suppressed excitement soared so high I felt as if I might burst if we did not reach earth soon. I could see on all sides of us other witches, goblins, and citizens of the moon also hurrying on their way to earth. Down below me I could gradually make out some odd looking houses and queer humans costumed as clowns, gypsies and skeletons.

We landed in a graveyard, some distance out from the city. The moon was playing peek-a-boo through the leaves and was casting strange shadows over the still and sombre tombstones, while the silence surrounding us was ominous. All of a sudden out from nowhere a skeleton, "Death," appeared with his violin. He told us that it was almost time for the party they had every Halloween and he asked us to stay for it. Looking about, I wondered where the guests were that were coming to the party. Out of the corner of my eye I saw one of the graves open up, then another one. A tombstone moved and suddenly the once silent graveyard was alive with ghosts, spirits, and skeletons. Death played a weird piece of music on his violin and for some reason no one could keep still. As hard as I tried, I found myself dancing a fantastic dance with everyone else.

We had been dancing for nearly three hours when we heard a cock crow. One minute everyone was having a happy time and the next minute every ghost and skeleton was scurrying to his grave. In the excitement my mother and brothers left me, and, when I found them gone and saw that the sun was rising, I was terrified for fear I might see some human being. Running wildly, not knowing where to go, I fell into an open grave. I could feel myself falling, falling, falling. As I hit the bottom, I felt something piling in on top of me. I knew that I was being buried alive, but I was afraid to open my eyes. Finally, gathering my courage, I did open them. Staring about me, stupefied with fear, I was amazed at the size of the grave. It was huge! I could barely make out the dark outlines, the queer shapes and forms against the sides of the grave. Thinking I had fallen into the home of some of the spirit ghosts whom I had met earlier that night, I was about to utter a happy cry of recognition when I heard a small thud; and, looking around, I saw to my horror a shape in the form of a human girl lying beside me.

Unable to suppress my terror, for I was sure she had seen me, I uttered a loud and terrifying scream. As I waited for what seemed an eternity, I became conscious of



an incessant ticking in my ears. I broke out with a cold sweat and could feel my goblin ears twitching as they always do when I am afraid. I put my hands over my ears, trying to shut out the horrible ticking noise, but it was of no use. I knew I was going to die shortly, because I was told on the moon that everyone can hear his last minutes ticking away before death. Just as I gave up hope, I heard scurrying footsteps which I knew had come to take me away. Suddenly, the grave burst open and everything was filled with a warm and blinding light. Standing over me were my mother and daddy, both hurriedly asking what was the matter and if I were all right. I was dazed, but realized, to my surprise, that I was in my own room, on the floor by my bed, with my covers partly over me.

As I Remember Him

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word the old man knelt beside the stump, and as though it were the most natural thing I had ever done, I knelt beside him, but I had never knelt to pray before in my life. I cannot remember the words of his prayer; I doubt if I heard them, for my mind was confused in the newness of kneeling in the woods to pray. When he finished, I asked him if I was supposed to kneel whenever I prayed. I had never been told. The Scotch came out in his eyes and he tried to suppress a smile as he told me that someday my prayers would mean a great deal to me, and I would feel God's presence so strongly that I would kneel in humility and no one would have to tell me. I asked him about praying the woods. It seemed almost wrong to pray anywhere other than church or in my bed. He looked around him with great reverence and my eyes followed his. After a time, he asked simply, "Is God's presence more deeply felt anywhere than is a temple built by His own handmaiden?"

His rough hands and sun-burned face showed he was a man of the soil, yet there was something in his carriage that showed he was also a man of God. One could see he had been a farmer and a preacher for a great many years. His knowledge of the soil had come from his father, and his knowledge of theory had come from the Bible and perhaps from God Himself. He had only what literary knowledge he had been able to give himself, and yet he was the wisest man I have ever known.

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The "Snapper"

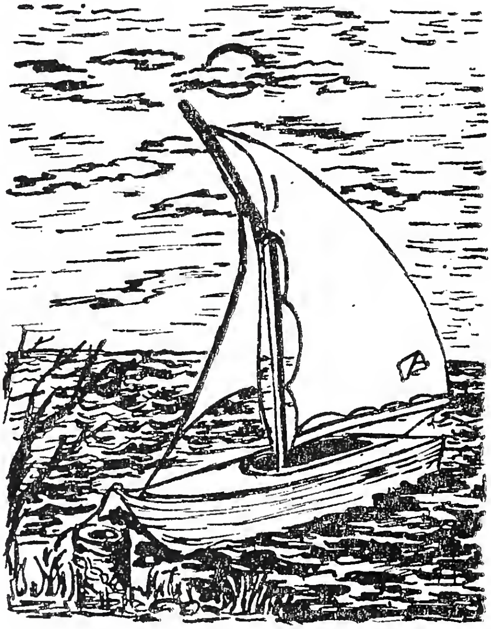
By Anne Frederick

Even at mooring, the sailing sloop "Snapper" was queen of all the boats in the bay. Her graceful white hull rested on the water like an immense sea gull pausing from flight, and her slender mast reached high into the air, adding a quiet dignity to her aristocratic aspect. On the serene waters of a sheltered inlet she lay in silence, waiting for the times when, with lines uncoiled and sails hoisted, she glided forth upon the open waters.

In full regalia, the "Snapper" was no longer a quiet queen, but a triumphant conqueror. Running before the wind with sails filled, she was the lake's greatest beauty and the pride of Mallett's Bay. She seemed to proclaim to all the world "I am the swiftest sloop on Lake Champlain. I can take the calmest waters and the roughest winds in my stride and leave the others far behind. Until my timbers rot and I sink to the bottom of the bay, the race and the victory shall be mine."

The "Snapper" *was* champion of the lake until the day of her great misfortune. Caught in a high wind with an inexperienced sailor at the tiller, she was swung before the wind with tremendous violence. The great force of this sudden impact cracked the high mast and left the boat too crippled to make her way back to port. The illustrious "Snapper" was towed back to her mooring place by a motor boat.

Now, lying useless in that sheltered cove, she is still a breathtaking sight. Like a wounded warrior she waits, and in defiance of her disability she calls a challenge to all comers.



Chastelot

By Kicki Moss

Over the tumbling, torn terrain of the moorlands, over the mountain where sleep the gods, across the arid plains where dwells no man, and beyond, there lies the kingdom of Chastelot. Beautiful and serene, it lives idly by the waters of the river Larrod; the land of a thousand myth . . . mysterious, haunting Chastelot. It is as an oasis between two steaming deserts, invincible to the might of wind and sand and storm, eternity-old, with an eternity to come. Polished by the weather of ages past, it stands gaunt and fearless, calm, carefully cultured by generations of its people. Within its realm are fertile lands and rich crops, nursed through their growth by coarse, peasant hands. A melody is played by the wind as its fingers of spring stroke gently the waters of the river and fill the overhanging willows with song. Chastelot is magical, for it is happiness; it is mighty because there dwells within a contented people; and it is mythical because no one attains true happiness. It is a fairyland of color, of mystery without intrigue, of dances with skirts swaying in rhythmic motion, of sullen faces closed to intruders who might wish to force upon them something better from the outside world. Chastelot is mysterious, for in the hearts and minds of its people is truth. One seeking happiness must first know truth, but he rejects it, pushing it aside, because it is not always what he wishes it to be. Chastelot lives, girded in splendor and surrounded by an endless stretch of grey sand desolation and purple mountain mysticism, guarded well from hate and wars, uninterrupted by changes and time.

Shops line the sides of the wide streets, and vendors go about their business. The market place thrives, and life continues unimperiled as it has for centuries. Hamil, a realistic, weather-stained farmer, carrying a load of fruit, grins fondly at a harassed merchant and staggers up a slight incline toward a group of women. As he lowers his basket from his shoulders, they pass him, laughing and chattering, their sandals flapping the ground with scuffling sounds of loose stones. Mule carts thread their way through the idly moving afternoon gatherers. Men with bundles and women with sleeping children crouch against the scarred walls of the streets, shading their eyes with thin, brown hands, squinting into the crowd of passers-by, immobile.

Looking down upon the people and watching over them is the monument to Gabon-the-Wise, wizard-advocator of the customs and of the solitude in which Chastelot lives. It stands, ageless, as a symbol of the strength that has enabled this land to exist through centuries and civilizations. Chastelot is a city, a land, of simple people, from whom come no great scientists or writers or musicians. Their only science is that of living; the only writing that is done is in the form of logs or diaries, which are passed from generation to generation. They have no music other than that of a lute, one wood pipe, and the wind and rain. Their only belief is that living should take place in the heart, and that gives the key to their philosophy and happiness.

They pray to the gods Zeus, Apollo, Venus, and they, watching over Chastelot from their home in the wind-swept top of Olympus, send Mercury with messages to the winds: blow gently, for that which is dear to us lies in your paths . . . to the thunderheads of white majesty: let not thy tears fall too roughly, for a queenly land doth dwell in thy sight; . . . to my

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Another Man

By Margaret Ann Funk

Woe is me! Life is a problem. I just know that everything happens to me. I'm the type who steps on a banana peel, or the type who dives into an empty swimming pool, and of course the person who had to fall on her head when a wee child.

Seriously, though, I did fall on my head when I was a child, and it pushed my neck out of joint, not permanently of course, but just bad enough so that it would come out of place at the most embarrassing times. It is one of these times I should like to relate to you.

Once upon a time I had a date with the most handsome man imaginable. He was so tall and strong, and I was a wispy little thing that barely came to his shoulder. One moonlight night we were sitting down in the park looking at the moon together, when all of a sudden he took his arm and pulled me close to him. Because he was so tall, I had to put my head back to look into his beautiful eyes. Just as he bent down to kiss me, my neck came out of joint, my pearls broke hitting him in the eye, then on the nose, and finally falling to the ground.

There I was, my neck out of joint. This deformity was slight since it only threw my head back at a 45 degree angle. I didn't mind that except that I looked as if I were searching the sky for a rare species of bird. There was no more romance that night. Never did I wear a pearl choker again. Never did I see my handsome man again. I was still picking up pearls.

As I Remember Him

(Continued from Page 27)

There may be other men who could fit his description up to this point, but I have not finished. There were his eyes. They had a blue German fierceness and a lively Scotch twinkle. They seemed to see and understand everything and more often had sympathy than anger at what they saw. I have never seen any eyes to compare with his and I doubt if I ever shall. His eyes were the windows to the mind behind them, and I doubt that there will ever be, within my knowledge, another mind like his.

When he died in his eighty-fourth year, it would be an understatement to say that he was mourned. There were those who cried at the news of his death, but theirs were humanly selfish tears. No one could be sad at his passing to his reward, and no one could doubt that he was in the presence of his Lord. His earthly realm was as small as the few hundred people who loved and trusted him, but I daresay his realm in the Kingdom of Heaven is more vast than many men of world-wide good report. He was the greatest man I have ever known; I only wish I had known him better.

The Light

By Joanne Jeans

Slowly a hand raised high a light
And held it up through the dark of night,
A lantern, the rays of which might show
The path of life to the child below.

The tiny child, at the door of life,
Whose road would wind through care and strife,
Looked hard and long at the wondrous glow
That came from heaven to his world below.

What could it be, this heavenly beam?
A silver-winged bird, a key to a dream,
A prism of crystal, a teardrop of pearl,
A crown full of diamonds upset on the world?

It guided his footsteps along ways of right,
This glistening glow from afar in the night,
Until his pathway of life branched out
And in his mind there arose a doubt.

Did the light from above show the *only* way
His feet could tread from day to day?
He raised his hand and lowered the glow
To guide *himself* on the path below.

A rutted and rocky way it ran,
For the tiny child was now a man.

Play Ball

By Priscilla Bailey

Early November brought crimson-yellow leaves tumbling to the ground, bushels of Johnathans into the fruitroom, and basketball into Bill's life. The three were strangely related as he found out the evening he was late for dinner.

Dad had just finished carving. The family waited eagerly for him to push aside the platter and pick up his fork. Just as he looked up, Bill slid sheepishly into his chair to be confronted with a stern, "Young man, do you what time it is?"

"Sure Dad, I'm sorry I'm late, but you know what? The neighborhood guys—"

"Boys, Bill, boys." The exasperated correction came from Mother.

"Boys then. Anyway we've got a basketball team. We're goin' to enter the Scout League and golly, we've just gotta' make a good showing against the other guys—boys, I mean."

Dad forgot his parental scolding; something of his own love of basketball was reflected in the shining eyes and freckled face of his son, and his mind slipped back thirty years to the time when he had first told his dad about the team at District Number 13.

Bill's words tripped over his tongue as he explained about the team, the league, training, and trick plays until Mother's watchful eye noticed that his favorite mashed potatoes were soggy, his vegetables cold.

"Bill, you're not eating. Forget basketball for a minute, dear, and finish your dinner. Will, why do you encourage him to talk so much. You'd think basketball was the most important thing in your lives."

"Gee, Mom, I'm not hungry. Honest. Can I be excused to go over to the gym to practice?"

"May I, dear. No, you haven't touched you dinner. Have you been eating this afternoon?"

"All I had was some apples."

"Well, I see now. You probably had more than 'some.' If you're going to be on the team, you'll have to eat more substantial food than that. Better make it no more than two apples after school. Oh, and after school reminds me. Bill, would you please take care of the lawn for me tomorrow afternoon? The leaves are all over it."

"Aw gosh, Mom, we start practice tomorrow afternoon. What do the old leaves matter anyway—the grass is dead."

"Bill, you heard your mother." Now Dad was remembering milking and gathering eggs which had gone with his basketball season. "It will only take a few minutes; you rake them and don't forget."

The next day was one of those trying ones for Bill. When he came meekly to the dining room that night, his woebegone face said, "I'm in for it."

Dinner was halfway over before it came. He had been toying with his food and avoiding his father's eyes. He was forced to look up as Dad questioned, "More potatoes, Bill? Look here, son, you haven't eaten anything again. Have you been in the apples?"

"Yes, sir, I uh—"

"What did your mother tell you about that? Bill, you disappoint me; besides that, I noticed you neglected to do something else."

"Gee, I was so busy I forgot all about the yard."

"It seems to me you're forgetting too many things lately. Mother told you last night about the apples, and we asked you to rake the lawn. I guess I'll have to insist that you come home after school and look after your jobs."

"But, Dad, they start practicing right after school. They'll put someone else in my place if I'm not there."

"I know that, Bill, but you can still make it if you work harder. If we can't trust you to keep your word, the team won't be able to either."

Those words rang in his mind. Dad was being unfair; he didn't understand at all. He couldn't play if he wasn't there all the time. His team had a good chance, and he wanted to be in on it. Raking leaves wasn't important—the important thing was to learn how to plav the game.

He wouldn't obey him. He was unjust, so why should he. He'd come home every afternoon, tell Mom he was going out to rake the lawn, and then cut across the alley and back to school. The leaves blew all over anyway, and he'd never know he hadn't raked them.

For a month he reported home every afternoon, pulled on his jeans and gray jersey, and disappeared. He managed to reach the dinner table just as Dad bowed his head each night; his breath would come in sharp pants during the blessing. During the meal Dad would question him about the team, but Bill would keep his eyes on his plate and answer with a brief "Yes" or "No." After dinner he would go down to the basement to practice. Last winter Dad had helped him put up a wire basket in the game room, and they would laugh and shoot baskets together. Now Dad wanted to be asked for advice or coaching but Bill avoided him. Both tried to act as if they were unaware of the change, but Bill wore a defiant look which didn't quite cover the different one in his eyes and Dad often puzzled over the change in his son.

One night in December Bill didn't appear until the meal was almost over. He intended to slip upstairs, but Dad's "Bill, dinner," forced him to come to the dining room. It was a full five minutes before he appeared in the doorway—a pathetic figure in dirty, torn corduroys and a feded plaid shirt. His face was dirty and streaked; he blinked his eyes hard and rubbed a grimey hand across his cheek.

"You're late again, Bill. Have you been playing? Say, wasn't this the day of the big game?"

Bill could only nod his head. He didn't trust himself to speak.

Dad had forgotten the restraint of the last month and was questioning Bill about the game, but the answers could not squeeze the lump in Bill's throat. He dug first one toe and then the other into the rug and blinked his eyes even harder. "What happened, Bill? Did you make any baskets? What was the score?"

The only reply was a smothered gulp, and then he choked out the words, "We lost."

The tears he had tried so hard to control were tumbling over his cheeks, and he was pouring out the whole miserable story—the desire to win, the stolen practices, everything.

"I couldn't be on the team if I didn't come after school. Mostly the guys just fooled around and didn't really work. I tried to tell them about the plays we worked out last year—"

The tears had stopped, but the words came between convulsive sobs.

"I remembered about working together, but the team just didn't. I didn't play right either, nothing went right, and we lost."

When had the older man first learned the same lesson? Thirty years seemed like yesterday, and the heartache of that first loss was as real as that of the boy.

(*Continued on Page 43*)

The Soil Is Your Heritage

By Kicki Moss

Tim parted the swaying branches of the firs and lowered his head as he stepped through. His nose quivered and his eyes brightened, and he made a small leap over a broken limb. He glanced at the sky and started humming, for it was a day made for singing. The sky was that delicate blue that inspired all poets, but for children it was a day of dreams of pirates and adventure. Tim paid no attention to the chattering squirrels or to the little white flowers that gasped for life through a tangled jungle of weeds. He saw instead a heavy-chested man coming down the path toward him. Tim ran to him and threw his arms around his waist. Together they turned and walked up the increasing incline of the hill. Tim skipped and danced beside the older man.

"When did you get here, daddy? How long you gonna stay? Why didn't you come by school for me?" Tim laughed happily, and his father's coarse face relaxed as he looked at him, but the body inside the sergeant's uniform twitched nervously. He interrupted his son's stream of questions and said gently, "I was just sort of passing close by and got permission to come see you for a few minutes. I want to talk to you, Tim." Tim gazed at his father questioningly and held his hand tighter.

"You mean you can't stay, daddy? Even for tonight?"

"That's about it, son. There are things a person can't help or change. I'm lucky to get here at all."

Tim nodded, but he did not understand. It wasn't fair. After two years of waiting his father had come back, and now he had to leave again.

"W—will you be back soon?" He looked at the ground so that the tears were hidden that spilled from his eyes uncontrollably. There was a deep, painful sigh. "No, it won't be soon, Tim. It won't be very soon." They were silent then. Tim bit his lip and his father looked, unseeing, toward the birds that arose from the ground as they approached.

"Here, Tim." They jumped together off the path down a small embankment into a world of thistles and briars that caught at Tim's blue jeans and knotted themselves in his shoe laces. He knew where they were going. He'd stopped there often on his way from school. They walked single file, Tim behind his father, who brushed away spider webs with the back of his hands and held aside the drooping branches. There was a barely noticeable path that they followed. In the shadows of the trees they stopped and looked down into a valley filled with sunlight. Below them grew the tall golden corn with its red heads that moved gracefully in a circle above a lone Rhode Island Red. Farther over was the orchard that Tim proudly called his own. Even from this distance could be seen the yellow and red specks that were oranges and apples sprinkled over the trees. And then there was his home, painted a white that glared blindingly is the sun. Tim's eyes sought his window and he saw the ivy growing on the trellis, almost reaching into his room. He saw the old barn, recently reshingled, and Dick, the hired man, getting the milk ready to take to town. He saw the road and followed it until it was out of sight behind the cliff where he stood.

The two did not speak as they gazed down at the farm they both loved. Tim's father put his hand to a tree and leaned against it, and his eyes never wavered from the scene below. Tim looked up at him and was startled to find an extraordinary expression on his face. He could not describe it accuartely, even to himself. In a way it was the same expression Tim had seen before whenever his father looked at the farm, but it was more than that now. He did not know what it was; he only knew he had never seen it, even when his father went away the first time. He glanced away quickly. The older man shifted his weight and cleared his throat.

"This isn't anything new to you, Tim. I . . ." He stopped and then continued in a soft voice. "God put this land here for us, and we've got to take care of it, son. Remember that. Man is a part of nature. Some feel it more than others, and those are the ones that work with it and live close to it. We are that kind. You know what I mean, Tim. You feel it too." Tim nodded silently, his eyes fixed on the Rhode Island Red below. He knew what his father was talking about, yet he was puzzled. They had never mentioned such things before. It had always been as if there was an understanding between them that needed no words. Why was he saying this to him now?

"I never said much about this to you, Tim. There was never any reason to. I guess you know anyway how much this farm means to me. I've loved every crop we've raised, and every chicken we've sold. I loved coming back to the house at night with black soil under my fingernails and knowing that I had done a good day's work. All this because it was the work I was born to and needed."

Tim was quiet. He hooked his thumbs around his belt and listened to the words. In his mind he was picturing his father as he used to look in faded overalls hoeing the garden or pitching hay. "You'll take care of the farm, I know, son. I'm not worried about that. I'll miss being with you when harvest times come and when you plow the west acre. I'll remember how I could look out the bedroom window and see the sun coming up over this cliff. I'll miss lots of things, Tim, but I won't worry, because I know you are here. And because you love them as I do, you will take care of them."

There was another silence, prolonged until Tim became uneasy and wished his father would slap him on the back and lead him home for supper. He wondered if he was expected to say something. What could he say? He looked up expectantly to his father and felt tears come to his eyes again. He brushed them away quickly with the sleeve of his yellow flannel shirt. What a time to turn sissy. His father had not seen the movement, yet he must have known, for he said gently, "Don't be ashamed to cry, Tim. All that stuff you hear about men not crying is nonsense. Men cry too, only they don't always cry tears. I cried the day my mother died, and when the barn burned, and the year we lost all our crops. The important thing is not the tears but in being strong enough to continue your life and trying to overcome the setbacks."

The wind rustled the trees and Tim became aware of the silence when his father finished speaking. He had never thought of his father crying. He had believed that men never cried, and for that reason he had always tried to hide his tears. What he hadn't realized was that there was more to being a man than that. Perhaps that was what his father was telling him. He looked at his shoes and scratched the earth with his heel. These were his last minutes with his father and he wished desperately for something to say. He would have liked to change the mood that had covered them, yet he did not know how. He reasoned that this was not solely his time, but that it was the few minutes left for his father. In a little while he would be gone. For how long, Tim did not know. For another two years, maybe, and to him, two years were forever. He could not know.

"Daddy . . ."

"Yes, son."

"When you come back I guess Mandy'll have had her colt. It might even be grown, won't it?"

"Might be, son. What are you going to name it?"

"I don't know. Dick wanted to name it some crazy name, but I sort of thought of 'Bobbie Jo.' That can be a girl's name or a boy's." He stopped and then went on. "There's a girl at school named Roberta Joanne, and everybody called her Bobbie Jo." He flushed darkly. His father was serious.

"I think that would be fine, Tim. Bobbie Jo would be a great name."

Tim grinned. He hadn't meant to tell about Bobbie Jo, but it was all right because his father didn't laugh. It was all rather silly anyway. Bobbie Jo was just a friend. Why, she could play football better than lots of boys he knew, even if she was younger.

Abruptly he was snatched from his thoughts back to his father. It was time, and suddenly he was afraid.

"Daddy, who'll take care of Mandy?" he almost cried.

"You and Dick, son. You don't need me. Come on now, chin up. We'll walk back to the road together." Tim was sick with despair, still he knew that his father could not stay. They scrambled up the embankment, sending an avalanche of pebbles down. Tim put his hand in his father's, hung his head, and kicked rocks out of his way until they reached the road.

"We'll say good-bye here, Tim."

"Aren't you coming back to the house, daddy?"

"No, son. I said good-bye to your mother a long, long time ago. I'll wait here until Dick comes by in the pick-up and ride to town with him."

They stood looking at each other, not knowing what to say. Tim followed his father's eyes as he turned suddenly and scanned the mountains and the sky.

"It's getting late. You'd better go home before mother gets worried about you." He put his hand out to Tim, but Tim's arms came around his neck and a wet face pressed his momentarily. Then his son stepped back, smiled, and gave a salute. "I'm still the man of the family until you get back, Dad. Dick and I will take care of Mandy all right, and I'll help drive the plow. You won't have to worry." He came forward and shook hands with his father.

"Good-bye, daddy." And then he was gone, down the road toward home that they both had traveled so often. The older man watched him until he was out of sight around the curve of the hill. Tim was almost grown up, and his father was proud. His eyes were fixed on the curve, as if hoping to catch one more glimpse of his boy. He remembered a poem he had once read. Most of it he had forgotten, but it was written in the voice of a dead soldier, who said, "We are the shadowy whispering rows of unplanted fields of corn. We are the thousand glorious things that living hands would have done, but we perished there on the battlefield, between a sun and a sun." The tall, heavy-chested figure paused on the edge of the road and looked in the direction his son had gone. There was, as Tim said, no cause for him to worry. Tim was his son and he would plant those rows of

(Continued on Page 43)

His House

By Barbara Thorne

A lonely valley held the little church
To which the tiny folk of Ireland came
To worship Him by Whom their bread was given.
Inside this tiny structure was the beauty
Of the world, collected by the fairy folk of Erin.
The smallest flowers of the forest green
Were used to seat these charming fairy nymphs,
And mosses from the clearest woodland springs
Took place of heavy carpets of the rich.
Thin cobwebs, spun by artists, hung in folds
About the stained glass windows filled with light,
And from the nearby singing, tumbling streams
Came music for the organ's golden chimes.
Upon the sheltered altar lightning bugs
Provided candles as an everlasting light.
And many multicolored petals formed
The sweetest picture painted by a soul.
For Nature put into this masterpiece
Her heart's contests and ever-cherished aim,
And like a human mortal showed her love
For that so holy virgin of the earth,
The mother and adorer of our Christ.
And here the reverent came from far and near
To pray and seek His guidance through their lives,
So when their summons came that they in awe
Might enter to His honored house above.

Book Reviews

The King's General

By Daphne du Maurier

Reviewed by Kay Keggin

Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1946. $2.75.

To a generation aching for a real peace comes the book, *The King's General,* a story in which life is once again driven by a conflict, the Cromwellian Wars. However, the fact that the realism dwells in another almost unknown era of 300 years ago combined with the fact that Daphne du Maurier uses almost the same style of her famous *Rebecca,* weaving into her tale the fascinating part a house can play in the lives of those who live within it, the element of almost fictionalizing a shattering event, not only redeem her book but also make it one of the most popular recent publications.

The King's General is above all a romance, a romance which has much of the suspense of *Rebecca,* the depth of *Hungry Hill,* and the swashbuckling of *Frenchmen's Creek;* yet stands apart, a different story, an unknown story, and one in which the author has succeeded in making the reader feel as if he were a part of the plot—a minor character moving in the series of events which seem always to build upward.

The characters stand as does spring—undefinable, poignant, with a great unrecognizable force behind. A clue to the General, Sir Richard Grenvile, lies in her dedication, "To my husband, also a general, but, I trust, a more discreet one." Sir Richard Grenvile, the King's general in the West, born to a heritage of resent and pride which remained bitter to the end; Honor Harris, the woman he loved, whose youthful injury which made her a cripple also turned her precocious love of nature and kindness to a patience which alone could bear these traits of her lover—these two alone share the secret hidden by the ivy covered walls of Menabilly—a mansion standing desolate on the Cornish coast.

In 1824, Mr. William Rashleigh of Menabilly ordered the buttress on the northeast corner of his home to be demolished. Masons knocking away the stones came upon a stair leading to a small room in which they found the skeleton of a young man seated on a stool, a skeleton dressed in the clothes of a cavalier as worn during the period of the civil wars. Consultation of family records led to the belief that the young man might be one of the Grenvile family who had taken refuge at Menabilly before the uprising of 1648. These circumstances led Miss du Maurier to her exciting blend of fact and fiction.

The entire work has the beauty and depth of sea descriptions though the sea lies only as an imperceptible element that removes Grenvile from England only to return him once again in a strange uneven flow of time. The novel is one of deep blues and violets emerging at times into a bright, white light—once read, one is certain that it is a story which can stand alone. It does not need the inscription which lies on the cover, "A novel by the author of *Rebecca,*" for *The King's General* is a story in itself.

Cannery Row

By John Steinbeck

Reviewed by Priscilla Bailey

New York: The Viking Press, 1945. $2.00.

Cannery Row is just a few blocks long —it is backed by the rolling, blue Pacific and the sardine factories which gave it a name. It might have been nameless—it might be anywhere, but it so happens to be in California. It is the setting for John Steinbeck's new book. *Cannery Row* is another Steinbeck novel; this statement will be quite clear to those who have read his other books, and those who haven't will find that it is not a great book or an exciting book. But *Cannery Row* is worth the time that it takes to read it.

On this street there is the grocery store of Lu Chong where almost everything can be found—food, clothing, firecrackers, a four-month old whiskey, Old Tennessee, commonly referred to as "Old Tennis Shoes" by those who live in Cannery Row. There is the Palace Flophouse inhabited by Mack and the boys, "True philosophers who know everythnig that ever has happened in the world and possibly everything that will happen. In a time when people tear themselves to pieces with ambition and nervous covetousness, they are relaxed. They are healthy and curiously clean. They can do what they want." There is the busy house presided over by the orange-haired madam, Dora—coarse, vulgar, kind. Then there is Doc, about whom the story centers, with his face "half-Christ and half-satyr." He runs the marine laboratory, collects frogs and tomcats, plays Gregorian music, administers to sick puppies and children and souls.

Steinbeck has given another picture of a world set apart from our everyday one. It is much the same sort of picture as *Tortilla Flat*. It has a warmth, an understanding, a knowledge of human values, and in places it is hilariously funny. The readers will chuckle long over the frog hunt which Mack and the boys, aided by corn whiskey, stage.

Cannery Row in Monterey in California is "a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream. Inhabitants everybody."

Captain Caution

By Kenneth Roberts

Reviewed by Bomar Cleveland

Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1940. $2.50.

Kenneth Roberts, well-known historical author of New England, has portrayed accurately in this novel sea life during the War of 1812. In doing so, he has made use of many sea terms which may prove tedious to the landlubber, but are enlightening at that.

Elihu Marvin, better known by his last name, was dubbed "Captan Caution" by his friends rather ironically. Although he was cautious, he would attempt the most foolhardy ventures after carefully weighing all considerations. Many French terms and passages, used in connection with Lucien Argandeau, Marvin's faithful though bragging friend, and their stay in France prove intriguing to the connosieur. French customs, such as the calling of women "pigeons" and "rabbits," prove prevalently amusing. The very powerful, dramatic writing which pictures the British hulks, the prisoners, and their escape sets Kenneth Roberts apart from the rest of the historical novelists, of whom there are not a few. *Captain Caution* can only add laurels to the wreath Mr. Roberts has won from his attempts to set forth chapters in the history of his country with which every American should be acquainted. On the flyleaves, this book is made even more enchanting by a map of the English channel surrounded by diagrams of the then existant ocean-going vessels.

Captain Caution is not as well known as many other of Roberts' books, but it is very fast reading aside from the nautical terms previously referred to. In fact, the deepest thing included is the following quotation from George Washington, "It is a maxim, founded on the universal experience of mankind, that no nation is to be trusted further than it is bound by its interest; and no prudent statesman or politician will venture to depart from it." In relation to the foregoing, the corrupt relationships between the United States, France, and Great Britain at that time are revealing, as well as pertinent.

The Black Rose

By Thomas B. Costain

Reviewed by Priscilla Bailey

New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1945. $3.00.

Heading the best-seller list for many months has been an exciting historical novel, *The Black Rose,* by Thomas B. Costain. Mr. Costain has depicted that colorful period following the Crusades, and the setting of his novel moves from England after the Crusades to the Orient of Kubla Khan. This period of history has always appealed to the imagination of men, and *The Black Rose* has succeeded in capturing the color and romance of the thirteenth century in this story of a young Englishman who fights his way to the heart of the Mongol empire—Cathay—and returns to find that he must choose between an English heiress and a girl of the East.

After hearing the foremost thinker in England, Roger Bacon, lecture on the advancement of civilization in the East, Walter of Gurnie and his best friend, a tall, blond archer, Tristram Griffen, left Oxford in 1273, and set out to discover the mysteries of that legendary land. They gained the favor of a rotund, omnipowerful merchant in the Middle East, Anthemus, who arranged for them to travel in his camel caravan to the borders of China where they would meet Kubla Khan's great general, Bayan of the Hundred Eyes, who would take them to the emperor himself. With them as presents to Khan was a harem including Maryam, daughter of an English Crusader and a Grecian woman.

As the journey progressed, both men found themselves falling in love with the beautiful Maryam. In helping her to escape, Walter was captured and tortured by the ingenious Rope Walk of Khan's armies. However, his courage and his success in overcoming this punishment restored him to Bayan's favor, and he was made emissary to Kinsari.

Here he found Maryam again; they are married, but in escaping from the city, they are separated, and Walter and Tristram made their way back to England where they are welcomed as heroes. For years Walter waits for Maryam to find her way to England, and then almost gives up and turns to his childhood sweetheart. How he solves this conflict of double-love climaxes a stirring and dramatic novel.

The Black Rose is one of the best historical novels to appear in the last few years. It is beautifully but not sentimentally done. The period could easily lend itself to a highly imaginative story, but Mr. Costain has woven a picture of the period with warmth and tenderenss. Here is the Middle Ages in a thrilling yet realistic light.

The Signpost

By Eileen Robertson Turner

Reviewed by Bomar Cleveland

New York: The Macmillan Company, 1944. $2.50.

By means of two closely woven plots, this book portrays the factions contending in neutral Eire. The central theme of the story, which is a love affair, connects the whole tragi-comedy which unfolds in Kildooey, a fictitious, though realistic, hamlet.

Tom Fairburn, the recipient of the D. F. C., is on brief leave from the Battle of London. Being Irish by providence, he goes to neutral Ireland, hoping to restore his nervous equilibrium. On the way, he meets Denyse Messagere, wife of a French banker who has "gone" collaborationist, leaving her to provide for their child and to escape through the horrors of the refugee-crowded road. The two in an old car head for Donegal. They camp in a quarry on the outskirts of Kildooey, which enmeshed them in the village life.

There is a signpost in the village which points toward Dublin, and that is the symbol of the Irish domestic woe. The young long to escape the narrowness of their environment, which, nevertheless, they love. The goal may be the heaven which the boys and girls of Kildooey imagine Dublin to be, or the hell that Father Keith says it is.

Birdie, a well delineated character, is to be married to Sean, a fanatic Irish nationalist, but she first desires to see the great world, which to her is Dublin. Helen, her sister, has tragically returned from her Utopia, America, at the command of Father Keith to fulfill her marriage promise by marrying one for whom she still cares, though her longing for Boston is greater. Wallace, the Gambeen man, also affords interesting character study, because his position of loan shark combined with an inflated ego allows much for controversy between him and Father Keith.

Hospitable Aunt Mary Sullivan infinitely prefers talk to food or money. She excels even the villagers in supplying Tom and Denyse with the daily groceries next to gratis. Her cabin is the unofficial assembly place for the nightly telling of ghost tales and tragic memories of the Irish Republican Army's futile sorties.

Father Keith learns that Tom and Denyse are unmarried and rationally asks of them not to affect by their presence the status quo of his villagers whose morality is more important to him than even the crisis of the world outside. The good priest did not realize how much of the impossible was his request. For Tom and

Denyse had brought life to the cramped existence and limited horizon of the village, set Birdie on the right path, won even Sean's respect in showing him how he could have plumbing in his new cabin, and protected the helpless against the Gambeen man.

The story's freshness and vigor lies in the fact that it deals with the picturesque lower class of a too long exploited country, which endeavors to maintain a neutrality against the world while at the same time it is seething to annex the Six Counties. The narrative points out many little things not only about Ireland but about England and France as well which should interest the American reader. One learns for instance that the British "queue" instead of "stand in line" and that they refer to their domestics of both sexes by their last names. The Irish peasant like the American dirt farmer is slow in coming to the point of bringing forth a request for information, but unlike his American contemporary, the Irish agrarian literally lives next to the soil. It may also surprise the reader to know that the Roman Catholic Church encourages the study of Gaelic by the young in order to further its domination among the peasantry, that today Cromwell is more hated in Ireland than was Hitler, and that seals inhabit caves on the east coast of the Emerald Isle. Although the plot at times becomes a trifle far-fetched, the atmosphere and human interest more than compensate.

There in the Doorway

(Continued from Page 19)

June 8.

"Pa-Pa" came in late last night, but he was up and out at six as usual. That means that we were all up and out at six. He insists on having his whole family around him at breakfast, and in spite of the enticing comfort of the big beds upstairs, we are quite flattered and always appear, curlers and all. He is pretty set in some of his ways. We don't mind a bit.

June 15.

I was going to bed early tonight, but instead I indulged in one of my favorite pastimes . . . going "on a call" with the Doctor. We went to two completely different places, but he did not change with his surroundings. The first was Walnut Ridge, the old family mansion of the law firm executives. The second was a negro tenant's hovel. "Pa-Pa" ministers to them all . . . and he loves it. I'm sleepy, but I like to go along and see real people.

August 4.

It is almost time to go home again. My journal has been neglected . . . too busy having fun. But I shouldn't say that because I'm not the least bit busy compared to grandfather. I'm afraid he's working too hard. But that is his life, his love, his peace.

Front Row

(Continued from Page 25)

off two of his three heads, and whispered gleefully, "So he's really gone. So that little squirt's really gone!" With that Dr. Johnson, for it was indeed he, drew the real Cerebeus out of the electric cooker and restored his heads. Then, in leaps and bounds and singing "I'm a little tea pot" at the top of his lungs, he disappeared in the distance.

I was astonished.

Play Ball

(Continued from Page 33)

Would he be able to say the right thing; would his son meet the test; would *he?*

He shook out his handkerchief and offered it to Bill. As Bill blew his nose on the big, comforting square, Dad cleared his own throat and it was several minutes before he began.

"You know, son, you really didn't play that game all the way. That's why you feel so bad—not because you lost but because you didn't play fairly."

"But, I tried—I went to all the practices—"

Then he knew. He knew why those practices hadn't gone over, why he had such a sick feeling just like he had when he'd eaten too many apples. He hadn't been playing "square" with Dad, and somehow Dad had known it all along.

Suddenly he knew that Dad hadn't been talking about the game at all.

The Soil Is Your Heritage

(Continued from Page 36)

corn and do all the things he would do if he were there. He sighed, but it was not a painful sigh this time. He felt rested and light and good. His body seemed to weigh nothing and he almost floated down the road toward town. Then once again he stopped and looked back as if he had just remembered something.

"It is time to leave," he said. "I had almost forgotten. My time is up and my truce with Death has ended."

He stepped off the road just as Dick came by with the milk. And Dick, homely and honest, as he bounced from side to side on the shredded grey that covered the seat, felt suddenly as one does who looks up to discover an unexpected guest, who answers, unseen, unheard.

"Queer," he muttered. "Mighty queer."

The rattle of the old car was the last sound the sergeant heard as he stood there, unseen. He smiled after it and waved his hand in a final gesture of respect to something that had helpd him faithfully for many years. A feeling of peace and happiness settled upon him and throughout his body surged a relief unbound by fear and pain. He knew no anger or sorrow, only peace and contentment. His eyes were bright and he began to hum, for it was a day made for singing. The sky that had been a delicate blue was darkening as the uniformed figure climbed a hill and disappeared forever into the shadows of the trees.

Chastelot

(Continued from Page 29)

lord Death, messenger of Pluto: stay thy sting from striking too sharply, for a sinless people lie within thy might.

Thus is preserved the beauty of a land called Chastelot, forever endurable, forever enduring, lost from a world because of its remoteness, but focused in a world of its own; a rare, rich jewel, set in a mounting of brass, but encased in a protective coating of goodliness and godliness.

Chastelot . . .

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THE CHIMES

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

November and the autumn season have almost passed, and a new school year at Ward-Belmont is in full swing. With these events we are bringing you the first issue of your 1946-47 CHIMES, containing the best writing done by you and your fellow-students during the past three months. We of the staff have tried to put into this first CHIMES essays, short stories, and poems that will make you wake up to the fact that there is quite a bit of ability in the literary field right here on campus, maybe sitting next to you in math class! We want to make you laugh, think, and appreciate—appreciate the fact that the very word "literary" doesn't of necessity mean something dry, boring, or dull. Quite the contrary! We want you to read CHIMES for fun, and then we'd like for you to think, "If reading can be so much fun, maybe writing can be that way too!" It is, and we want to see more and more of *your* work . . . CHIMES is yours, and your contributions keep it going . . .

We think we've managed to include in this issue something which will appeal to every reading taste . . . Just a few examples: Ruth Marie Walls' "Liagiba" is especially designed to endear itself to the heart of every ghost story lover, and for you people who savor dramatic endings we recommend Marion Frederick's "But Then There Was The Girl Back Home" . . . Guaranteed: that Nancy Fuller's essay on the typical small town will provoke quite a few heated discussions . . .

But please don't think that CHIMES is all prose! Camille Hancock has written some fine poetry for this issue . . . "Midnight Phantom," as an example. Jane Ellen Tye's "Because You Understand" has expressed for many of us that which we could not say ourselves, and Bob Needs' "Outlook" will leave you with a contemplative feeling of having discovered something.

The reviews for this issue are certainly worthy of your notice, also . . . Two guest reviewers, June Michelson and Ruth Marie Walls, have given us their opinions on a recent book and play, respectively . . .

Here, then, is the result of those many Monday night meetings in the Publications Office: your new CHIMES! We hope you like it!

SHEILA

CHIMES STAFF

SHEILA KENNARD . . . *Editor*
CAMILLE HANCOCK . . . *Poetry Editor*
EILEEN SPRINGSTUN . . . *Exchange Editor*
MRS. PAULINE SMITH . . . *Faculty Advisor*

ARTISTS

JANE ERWIN . . . *Editor*
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PAT McGAULY

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Editorial

"Nothing is constant but change."

This statement was once made by one who saw, who understood, the fact that even in the most radical of human beings there is some reactionary tendency, a need for something definite to cling to when everything about us seems to be shifting in the never-ending kaleidoscope of time. This person named the one thing on which we can depend through any and all things—change. During our early years we, in the security of our homes, do not feel or understand the perplexities which the "grown-ups" seem to regard as beyond all hope or remedy; and even through our adolescence we find it difficult to believe that in only a matter of a few short years our homes, our families may be taken from us, our values of friendship may change, our ideas may be forced to adjust themselves to different surroundings and conditions. With the coming of our first years in college, away from all familiar things and under new influences to which we must fit ourselves, this realization strikes us for perhaps the first time. It is this sudden comprehension which, I believe, leaves people of our age with that "mixed-up" feeling spoken of by psychologists as characteristic of anyone passing through this period. ". . . this sudden comprehension . . ." In reality, it is not so sudden; it is a transition, a transition from the period of childhood, untouched by serious problems or thoughts, to the period of adulthood, which is in itself a security against all that we could not understand before and are just barely beginning to discover now.

This is only *my* opinion. What do others have to say on this subject of change and transition? What better place to turn than literature, where men and women through the ages have expressed and preserved their ideas? John Ruskin well expresses his views in his essay against the coming of the machine age. Far from reconciled to progress with its many portents, he is one lone individual battling against an irresistible and overwhelming tide of change, change from the old way of doing things to a new, strange manner.

It was this same attitude toward the subject which caused Milton to say,

"In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

It was this which caused Robert Browning to write,

"I detest all change,
And most a change in aught I loved long since."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's idea was quite different, however. It was she who wrote these lines from "Autumn":

"Come autumn's scathe— come winter's cold—
Come change—and human fate!
Whatever prospect HEAVEN doth bound,
Can ne'er be desolate."

Robert Frost supports this view and goes even one step farther in denying the true existence of any form of change:

"Most of the change we think we see in life
Is due to truths being in and out of favour."

And Marcus Aurelius says, "Observe always that everything is the result of a change, and get used to thinking that there is nothing Nature loves so well as to change existing forms and to make new ones like them."

Change is all around us now: our surroundings and places of living have changed, our ideas may have already undergone change . . . the very season of the year is changing about us. Nowhere can we look without daily seeing some difference from the day before. Change is hard to accustom oneself to; reconciliation seems to be the only answer. Change is a rebirth; autumn becomes winter, which blossoms into spring. Who can say which is best?

"The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it."

The Squirrel Hunter

By Jane Erwin

Of all the unnoticed creatures which madly run about us on the Ward-Belmont campus, the most unnoticed is the squirrel. Therefore, in deepest sympathy with these ungloried animals, we have dedicated this first issue of *Chimes*. But wait, this is not all I have to say of squirrels. Besides being the most unnoticed creatures on campus, they are also the most modest. When our most worthy staff decided that a portrait of a squirrel was to grace the cover of our magazine, I mentally reserved the following Saturday afternoon for the sole purpose of observing squirrels. With my copy of *The King's Henchmen* to fill in the empty spaces between squirrels, I planted my sketch book and me in a swing well surrounded by trees, the logical habitat of the creature under discussion. For two long hours I waited and watched. I saw people, dogs, cats, even birds, but squirrels—no! Not one squirrel, not even a nut appeared upon the scene. And what's more, I have not seen a squirrel until this day and the magazine is going to press this afternoon. So now, kind readers, if you see some vague impression, but no actual resemblance to a squirrel upon this cover, please treat us kindly in your minds and take to heart this lament of an unsuccessful squirrel hunter.

Introduction

By Jane Ellen Tye

I'd like to live with myself awhile
And kind of "get acquainted,"
To hear the songs I've sung, and see
The pictures I have painted.
Little black footprints in the white
Wandering over time,
I see them and I wonder if
Those patterns could be mine.
I cannot take mistakes apart
And set them on a shelf,
But just the same I'd like to get
Acquainted with myself.

The Strange Liagiba

By Ruth Marie Walls

• Ruth Marie Walls, Pembroke Hall president from Bristol, Tennessee, is majoring in English and plans to devote her time to writing after she finishes school. She "just *loves*" dogs, all sizes and types . . . but woe be unto the person who talks in a movie and tells the plot before Rufus has a chance to figure it out for herself!

PROLOGUE

I, Dean of Women at Memorial College for Women, after a year's leave of absence from the school, place on paper the facts I have discovered during this year that are connected with the story I am about to tell. I am sound of mind, at least the doctors say I am, but sometimes, when my thoughts dwell too long on the story, I wonder. Neither am I a superstitious soul, but all the facts point to only one answer. After I have finished this statement, I am going to resign from my office of Dean of Women and take a tour around the world hoping to rid myself of the awful fears that are ever around me and even invade my dreams. I am writing this because I hope by putting it on paper, it will leave my mind forever.

First, I will tell you the story as it was told to me and as I know it to be true.

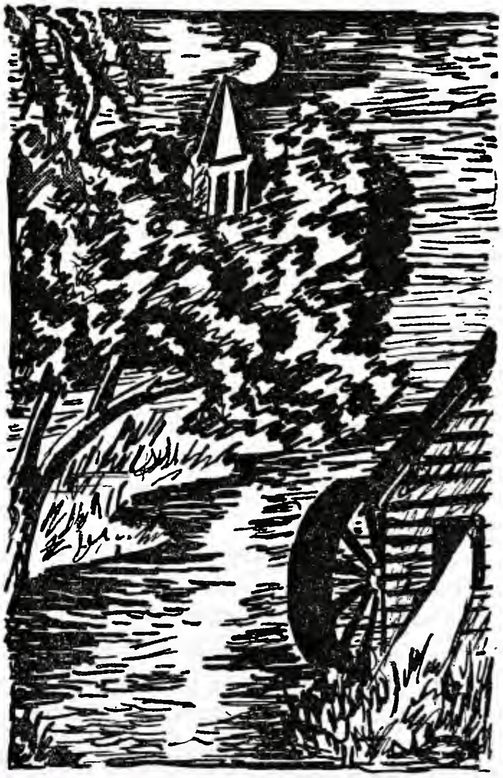
Jane Parker sat quietly on the banks of the old stream. She knew she was well hidden behind the bushes that grew along the banks, and crept down to touch the creek; so she remained still, waiting and watching the old mill.

But while her body was motionless, her mind ran at a break-neck speed. Why? Why? Her mind just seemed to ask questions to which there seemed to be no answers.

Everything had been queer since Jane's best friend and room-mate Dorothea Allan, had been murdered. She had been killed right there on the campus of Memorial College, a New England school for young women, which was located outside of Salem, Massachusetts. The school was an old one, and though it did not date back to the early seventeenth century as did parts of the mill, it was old and stood proud and ancient in the cold moonlight.

The death of Dorothea was unusual. She had been strangled, but beyond that nothing seemed to be known.

Jane sat up a minute and listened. It was just a wandering rabbit that she had heard; so she sank back to the ground. She knew it was still too early to expect Liagiba Grey; so she just waited quietly, her mind busy.



Why she suspected Liagiba, Jane didn't know. There had been something strange about Liagiba since she had first come that fall. That long black hair which was always worn in two neat, thick braids, those wild black eyes! Yes, there was something strange about her. But why Jane should connect her with Dorothea's death, Jane herself couldn't tell. Perhaps it was because, though Dorothea had never seen Liagiba before the beginning of the school term, Liagiba seemed to know Dorothea and hate the very ground she walked on. But Jane believed it was those visits to the old mill that first made her wonder. Nearly every Friday night since the beginning of school Jane had seen Liagiba creep out and visit the deserted old mill. How she had escaped notice so many times Jane didn't know, but Liagiba always seemed to be in her bed asleep when the teachers passed.

The deep-voiced clock from the tower rang out. Jane could clearly see the clock from where she sat, because, though the old mill was some distance from the rest of the buildings, it was still on the school grounds, and the large clock could be seen from anywhere on the campus. Jane could both see and hear the clock strike twelve. The hour was midnight, and she knew that soon, if Liagiba did as she usually did, this girl would be making her visit to the mill. Yes, even before the last tone of the twelfth chime faded out, Jane saw her. Through the dark Jane could barely make out Liagiba's form stealing through the bushes, up the bank to the old mill.

The old door creaked open, and Liagiba entered. On silent feet Jane followed, until she reached a shuttered window. She could see a dim light shining through, but a light so dim that at any distance at all it could not have been seen. Silently Jane opened one shutter and peered in. What a sight met her eyes!

By the dim light of the lantern Liagiba had lighted, Jane could make out the form of the girl, but she was so different! Her hair was no longer in neat braids around her head, but was loose and wildly fell below her knees. Her eyes seemed to be alive with hate and fire.

But it was the other occupants of the mill that made Jane stare unbelievingly. There stood around the walls eight other girls all about eighteen. The resemblance between all of these girls was striking. Their features were all very similar, but their clothes were quite different. Each dress was from a different period, each about thirty years apart, starting with the Purtain dress of the late seventeenth century and continuing to the modern clothes of 1946.

The girl dressed in modern clothes caused Jane's heart almost to stop, for that girl was Dorothea Allen! But Dorothea was dead! Jane knew she was, because she herself had found the small crumpled body. But Dorothea stood there. A quite different Dorothea, however, for there was no expression on her face and no color in her cheeks.

Jane then noticed the girl that stood next to Dorothea. She was dressed in the clothes worn around 1914, and Jane was sure she had seen her before. It took several minutes for her to remember, but when she did, the results were startling. Dorothea had once shown Jane a picture of the girl that now stood so white and silent. She was Dorothea's aunt for whom the girl had been named, and who had died very mysteriously when she was only eighteen. Jane had noticed when she saw the picture that Dorothea resembled her aunt a great deal, and now she saw six other girls who had similar features to the dead Dorothea Allan.

The eight girls stood silently as if chained to their places, and there was no

(Continued on page 24)

Summer Storm

By Camille Hancock

It is late afternoon in the country, and suddenly the distant black clouds are no longer distant. The thickly moving overcast and cooling air indicate rain. Trees bend in the wind, and little twists of dust rise from the dirt road in miniature cyclones. Everything is noiseless and expectantly taut. The wind becomes stronger, and light pellets of rain begin. Lightly, lightly, and then harder and quicker. The moss-balmed creek dapples with them, the dirt road lies thirstily—slowly becoming satisfied. The foliage becomes greener. From the distant farmhouses come sounds: the lowering of windows, the bringing in of freshly laundered and drying clothes off the line; menfolk busy in the barn. The rain becomes more insistent. Harder, quicker. Thunder rumbles in the distance, and suddenly a blinding flash of lightning rips its jagged path across the sky. Harder, quicker; harder, quicker. Minutes pass. The earth is wet and green. Inside the house children play games among themselves. The women prepare supper. Perhaps there is one dreamer, one poet in the household. He slips carefully away—to some distant window where he will be undisturbed, and watches the rainfall. Torrents of it. Something loosens inside his frame. Cool air and rain melt into his being. He watches the gushing flow of the drain, the moist verdure of the pear tree by the window; and when the beauty becomes a poignant longing in his soul, he slips back to the every-day world.

The rain slows. It is no longer hard and quick. Now it is soft and softer. Slowly it ceases. The outside world is bathed in a yellow-green light. The rain is over.

* * *

Rainbows

By Eileen Springstun

Music blares loudly from a box on the wall.
Dancers sway drunkenly.
The clink of ice in glasses is heard.
Laughter rises and falls in waves.
The bartender, wise and bitter,
Is oblivious to all.
He cares not for the drunk sprawled over the bar,
Nor the sleek woman with the vermeiled mouth.
In the midst of this leather upholstered sordidness,
He calmly pours the scotch and soda,
His sad eyes intent only
On the rainbows caught in the small cube of crystal.

For Magazine Readers

One day while we were sitting on the proverbial train enroute to Nashville we began to wonder what those intellectual people who are so absorbed in the Encyclopedia Britannica would read in the privacy of their boudoir. Across the aisle was a tired businessman in a crumpled pin-stripe suit chatting with a psuedosophisticate in a sleek black ensemble described in last month's *Vogue* as "*the* thing" for traveling. Facing these two was a window-gazing man with his bedraggled wife who wore a "good black dress" she had obviously bought instead of the red-checked curtains the kitchen needed last spring. Our imaginations began to place them in their own surroundings, but these thoughts would never have crystallized had it not been for Dr. Myhr's assignment in advanced composition class.

S.E.N.

The Woman's Home Companion

By Eileen Springstun

Julian lighted a fresh cigarette from his glowing stub and leaned back in his enormous chair. He stared at the copy of Schopenhauer his finger was caught in, and contemplated suicide. Plato, lying on the floor by the side of the chair where he had been so cruelly dropped, was being utterly ignored. No, suicide wouldn't do. Julian abruptly shut off Schopenhauer's flow of words and condemned him to share Plato's fate of utter silence and uselessness on the floor. Julian tried to relax; he let his heavy lids drop and made a vain attempt to think of nothing but green grass. It was no good. A shadowy figure with shaggy gray hair kept creeping into the space between his closed eyes and his brain. The shadowy figure had unknowingly lost his shoe in the mud puddle he had plodded through. He was carrying something in his hand. Instantly a clear, quiet lake floated into view, and the shadowy figure began to empty the contents of his hand into the lake. He was holding pebbles, and he thoughtfully dropped them one by one into the water causing series of small circles, which grew larger and larger, to disturb its calm surface. Quickly Julian opened his eyes and scowled. Damn Einstein! Why didn't these philosophers leave him alone? None of them were any good anyhow. They made a good pretence of possessing wisdom; they all propounded ideas they thought would cure the evils of humanity; Schopenhauer even went so far as to suggest that we completely rid the earth of it's horrible disease life, but none of them were any good. Everyone of them had plagarized and re-hashed somebody else's ideas. As a matter of fact, a few of them had even stolen Julian's ideas! And actually, what did any of them know? Absolutely nothing. Julian smirked.

He sat there. Having rid his tormented brain of the wandering Einstein, Julian began to think of his wife. It occurred to him that she had suggested it was time for him to come to bed several hours ago. Wives. Always nagging. Never content to let a man think. They always fretted and fumed and worried if they didn't get the dining room dusted every morning. What did it matter? In a few years she would be dust like all those philosophers, dust like that on the dining room table. Julian chuckled. But his wife didn't realize that. Even if she did, she wouldn't appreciate the joke. Besides, women don't think, at least Julian had seen little evidence of it. But occasionally he had found his wife reading, and people, even women, find it difficult not to think even when they read good books or good magazines. Slowly, Julian became intrigued by the idea that his wife might think. Now, where was that magazine she had been reading today? Perhaps he, Julian, would find it interesting too.

With an effort, Julian pryed himself loose from the carressing arms of his chair and stepped on his glasses. Unfortunately, he had not put them far enough under the table. Oh well, he never thought to put them on, anyhow. Aha! there was the magazine. He recognized it by the screaming colors and the insipid looking girl whose picture adorned the cover. It looked extremely uninteresting. Gingerly, Julian picked up the magazine and sank back into his chair. He began to examine it. Across the top of the cover, in large black letters, were the words, *Woman's Home Companion*. Julian began turning pages; he saw the advertisements, the hints to the housewives, the recipes, and the clothes. Julian was not impressed. Finally, he turned to the stories and stared at the illustrations for a few minutes . . . then he began to read. Julian's eyes grew larger and a startled expression crept in. He read a few more lines. He was horrified! It was inconceivable that anyone could have written that, and even more preposterous that his wife, although she didn't think, would read it. Julian was stunned; again he closed his eyes to shut out the grotesque figure of the girl in the yellow bathing suit who, from the page, looked at him from under droopy lashes.

His eyes were closed. It was dark and quiet. Peace descended. Out of the darkness, a shadowy figure wandered into view. The figure had shaggy gray hair and he was carrying a handful of pebbles. Julian sighed. Welcome home, Albert.

The Man on the Bus and His Time

By Jane Erwin

Of all the people who push off the bus at their respective stops after having survived the madly mutilating five o'clock rush, the slumped, bedraggled man with his I-work-in-a-successful-office suit, desperately trying to maintain its air of importance in spite of its wrinkled seat, is the most unnoticed. Regardless of which of the various paths his weary feet may take after descending the steps of the public vehicle, his walk is always the same. His steps are measured to a never varying length, his torso merely floating to keep up with his moving feet, his head alone turns slightly from side to side serving as a retainer for his dull, expressionless eyes. Under his arm is tightly tucked his weekly purchase from the newsstand in the office building lobby—*Time* magazine.

For no particular reason let us follow

the venerable Mr. L— as he walks away from the unindividualistic mob, non-car-owners, to the one spot on earth where he is lord and master—his home. I refer to him as the venerable Mr. L— because that is exactly what he is. He never fails to cast his vote in the most unimportant election, he never puts the paper boy off until tomorrow, and his garbage fee is the first on the street to be paid. Most important of all, he feels it his civic duty to keep up with the affairs of the day, and this he does religiously by means of—yes, you guessed it—his weekly edition of *Time*. By this time his respectful though modest dwelling is in sight of his unseeing eyes. As he entered the yard via the driveway, he is gently side-swiped by his devoted son who respectfully asks his usual question: "Hi Pop, you home?" With this event, the one and only family town car, a faithful 1940 Chevrolet, though faded, sets out on its three-block journey to the corner drug store. As the lord and master of the house, the venerable Mr. L— enters the door of his family dwelling, he is greeted by—utter silence. He places his hat on its habitual spot in the hall closet and moves across to the living room, pausing only to deposit his copy of *Time* on the table beside his personal armchair. His consecutive steps carry him into the kitchen where he is met by his wife's embracing words: "Henry, did you call the plumber?"

After running several errands, pedestrian style, for his doting wife, he is informed by his watch-pocket watch that it is six o'clock and time for dinner. He leaves his personally-repaired light switch with a feeling of satisfied completion, and proceeds to wash his hands for the forthcoming meal. The dining room is inhabited by his son, recently returned from the drug store, who is already consuming a ridiculously buttered slice of bread; his wife who is still bringing in dishes from the kitchen; and, in a matter of seconds, his daughter wears her new black dress into the room and becomes the first articulate member of the family with an original exclamation; "Hi Pop!" The dinner proceeds in its customary fashion of complete silence with the exception of a few remarks from Mrs. L— who is kindly guiding her husband's actions for the coming day.

After dinner, the son leaves for the movies, the daughter swishes away with her most recent swain, and Mrs. L— aids her husband in washing the dishes. Eventually, Mrs. L—'s mother arrives to take her daughter to the bridge club, and Mr. L— is left alone with his armchair, his slippers, his glasses, and *Time*. From this point until eleven o'clock he is lost in a series of reminders that there is another world outside his happy home.

The next morning, the wrinkled-seated suit, containing Mr. L—, made its appearance in the bright world at precisely seven A. M. The floating body and moving feet, topped by the oscillating head, made its way to the bus-stop to await the arrival of the mob, and the moment it would join them and dissolve into obscurity. Only his now rolled copy of *Time* reminded him that after a day of taking orders from another man, he could return to his home and be lord and master again. He put his dime in the slot and became one of the bus-riders.

Madame Davis

By Frances Newport

The most unlikely of habitats for habitual readers is a beauty shop. Contrary, however, to first impressions, these are literally packed with a divergency of readers. The reception room of a semiexclusive salon is decorated usually in some bizarre fashion. Zebra stripes madly chase each other around the room, while brightly colored chromium chairs squat frigidly against the walls.

Leaving the jungle-like decor of the reception room, one sees the less comforting, individual shampoo rooms. Under the helmet-shaped dryers of the salon, heads bristling with bobby pins are bent in fascination over the slick-papered fashion magazines. *Mademoiselle, Harper's, Vogue* . . . these three are at the very peak of their field. They command respect and utter devotion; their word is indisputable.

Pseudo-sophisticates flock weekly to the Mecca of beauty . . . the sleek salon. A typical member of this set is the young married woman. Her name, perhaps Jill Davis, connotes no special manner or no outstanding attribute. Her husband is a "rising young business executive," but the rate of his rise is considerably lessened by the amount of money necessary to maintain Jill in the desired state of stylishness. High on her budget is an allotment for beautification. One morning each week is devoted to this process. She arrives punctually at nine and remains until eleven. The mechanics, such as shampoo, set, manicure, facial, and arch, are dispensed with as soon as possible. Her greatest enjoyment is derived from *Harper's*. On its pages are found the ultimate in sophistication. Jill awaits her turn under the chromium dryer with eagerness, for while under it she forms the ideas with which she later bombards her husband.

Slowly turning the slick pages filled with fashionable clothes, Jill assumes an attitude of relaxed boredom. To one unfamiliar with the financial position of the young Davises, it would seem that she could have any or all of the clothes she is admiring. Indeed, her casual tweed suit does not betray its lineage of pre-trousseau days. But the beauticians know. Through long hours spent discussing the affairs of their clients, they are aware of the exact standing, both financial and social, of Jill Davis and her promising young husband. The know that often she does not tip them well, and that the Davis bill is one difficult to collect. They know that the Davises are attached to the outer fringe of the "smart set." And that Jill is striving always to advance the position she holds. The know that beautiful clothes are the betraying weakness of Jill Davis. What they do not know, however, is the struggle with which she attains those clothes.

An operator approaches Jill's dryer. After feeling her hair to determine its dryness, she turns off the current and directs Jill to a small table. The uniformed girl dexterously slides the pins from Jill's head and combs the curls in place. If she pulls a trifle hard, Jill does not notice. She is contemplating the best technique to be used on Steve that evening. The *perfect* dress for the Club dinner next Saturday has been discovered. One quick trip into the city with an increased allowance is all that would be necessary. Surely, Steve won't be difficult. And besides, doesn't he like to be proud of her?

As Jill deposits a dime and four pennies on the table, she concentrates worriedly. "I wonder if I can find two nice T-bones for dinner?"

Poor Wretch

By Eileen Springstun

In spite of her wretchedness, a wife is the most necessary of all the essentials of humanity. She is the spinal column of the nation, the perpetuater of mankind, the slave to drudgery, the respected citizen in the community, the envy of frustrated old maids, the scorn of successful businesswomen, the shoulder to cry on, the gossip, the idol on a pedestal, a comfort to her children and husband. A wife rises early to cook breakfast for an irritable husband and children; she washes dishes, grimy clothes, and diapers; she irons; and she dusts, cleans, and scrubs. She plays bridge in the afternoon with dishpan hands; she is a solid and dependable member of the Thursday literary club and the Tuesday home economics club. She rides in the back seat of the family Ford on Sunday afternoon outings. Over the back fence, she discusses the morning headlines, her husband's business, financial affairs, and distinguished friends, little Susie's popularity (Susie is going on 16, has problem hair, bowed spindly legs, and wears braces), and the young and handsome divorcee who has just moved into the old Watson house. The wife tolerates and occasionally admires her husband whose advice she follows second only to the wise counsel of the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Although the wife is recognized on the street by the nondescript black hat she bought seven years ago on sale in the basement of Waltham's Department Store, and to which she added a new red bird's wing last fall so that it would blend with the red nasturitiums on her new dress; she is most characteristic when surrounded by the four walls (newly papered last spring) of her home. Her home is her sun; the center of her small and compact universe around which she, her husband, her children, and scant interests revolve. Here she dwells, in a domicile which through years of loving, patient care has acquired her characteristics and fused with her personality.

A wife's work is never finished, but frequently, after the noon meal is eaten, her husband has driven back to the office, and the children have dashed back to school, she leaves the dirty dishes on the table and sinks into her husband's chair in front of the radio to absorb the contents of this month's *Woman's Home Companion.* Even this is relevant to her guiding purpose. The *Woman's Home Companion* is part of her life—her friend and adviser, her method of escape. The magazine is gleaned for new recipes and suggestions for preparing leftovers which are then put on mental reserve until Wednesday when the family ominously ignores last Sunday's baked chicken. She picks up suggestions by an unknown psychiatrist on how to rear children to be well-balanced and upstanding citizens, and constantly she is amazed when she finds that Dr. Wulfstein's suggestions will not apply. The magazine also tells her that she can cheaply and ingeniously redecorate her bedroom to look like Hedy Lamarr's simply by knocking out several walls and buying a complete new set of furnishings. The wife can also *look* like Hedy Lamarr if she will try the 14 day Palmolive plan, use Pond's, enroll in the DuBarry Success course, and the Singer Sewing Center where she can learn to make all the latest styles in clothes shown in the *Woman's Home Companion.* At this point in the reading, the wife, realizing that her old brown coat is not only frightfully out of date, but also badly worn in the elbows and seat, begins to devise means by which she can subtly convey to her husband her need of a new winter coat.

Yes, the *Woman's Home Companion* is the housewife's bible. From it she gets information on how to be a better housewife, rear her children, and keep her husband in love with her; but more important, it provides a channel of escape from the everyday drudgery and monotony of her life. It brings romance and adventure into an existence that is devoid of it, because through the pages of her magazine she experiences the more exciting life of fiction.

Mrs. Brown, who lives in the second house from the corner on Maple Street, is an avid reader of the *Woman's Home Companion.* By the time the first of the month rolls around and the postman with her new copy is due, last month's magazine has been perused beyond recognition, and Mrs. Brown is in a state of perpetual concern over the fate of Judy Eliot, the principal character in the continued story "Summer Romance." Each month the postman arrives with the *Woman's Home Companion* on Monday, the day Mrs. Brown does her washing. So on that Monday afternoon, after lunch is over, the baby is in his crib for his nap, and the clothesline is dressed in rows of wet diapers, Mrs. Brown tucks her precious copy of the *Woman's Home Companion* under her arm, and droops to the armchair in front of the radio. With her shoes off, and her plump back comfortably ensconced in the chair, Mrs. Brown begins to read. A far-away look creeps into her eyes, and a slight smile adorns her plump, nondescript face which is surrounded by a new permanent. Her ample bosom under the faded flowered print dress, which clings desperately to her plump shoulders, heaves a sigh of contentment which indicates her transference from wretched, insipid reality to the beautiful land of make-believe via the *Woman's Home Companion.*

This is the full-blooded American of today—the housewife, poor wretch.

Midnight Fantasy

By Camille Hancock

No shape, no vague unsettled forms
Pervade my deep, my silent langour.
An opiate weariness I find in this, the cloistered hour.
Somewhere, far back in depths I cannot fathom,
The unreal world its orbit turns
But I am far from there.
A spirit, I, half dreaming, half awake, half sleeping.
My eyes are heavy lidded, soon my consciousness shall die.
In space far-reaching I shall sweep the stardust
And let the chilling winds of space moan by.
White light shall penetrate my being, shall freeze my blood—
Yet it will pulse, nor cease to flow;
A gentle, wafting wind return me,
As all dream children, to the earth below.

The Purse

By Shirley Nickols

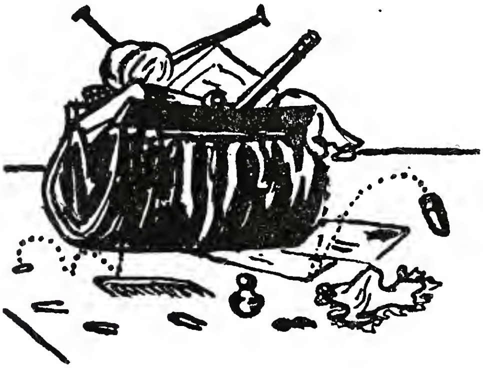
• From Shenandoah, Iowa, comes Shirley Nickols, who flatly says she has no plans whatsoever for the future . . . When asked about her major, she assumes a contemplative frown and says, "English, I guess . . . but my composition teacher is really going to be surprised!" Nicki likes apple pie, and hates dishonest people . . . "sneaks," as she calls 'em.

One often hears that food, clothing, shelter, and perhaps even the can opener, are the principal factors in sustaining the life of man; but for woman, there is another and equally important factor, which is rated superior even to a can opener—her purse.

From childhood, our existence has revolved around a purse. Early in life we tottled off to Sunday School in a frilly organdy dress and a little straw hat, always clutching a small purse clumsily in our chubby hand. Being deceived at that time by the idea that it was more of a nuisance than a blessing, we bowed down to our inevitable fate with a smile and grimly kept the purse in our unwilling grasp. Later, during the know-it-all period of early adolescence, the purse was looked upon as an abhorred object, carried only by the very dainty type of girl whom we, being essentially tomboys, passionately despised. Gradually, however, the mist in front of our eyes and mind cleared, and once again we turned to a purse, only this time as a sacred belonging in which we placed our comparatively few needs of the moment. It became again a necessity. Science prevailed. Everyone in our highly-active civilization is acquainted with the fact that our universe is governed by physical laws. The purse being no exception to the rule, we find that in accordance with the Law of Direct Proportion, as we have grown older, our purse has grown in size and importance.

Thus being brought up to the present moment, we see that the purse has captured enough importance to have necessitated the buying of more and more purses which now overflow dresser drawers, closet shelves, and cedar chests. Afternoon tea-purses, formal purses, go-to-work purses, and sport purses are put under the heading of That Which We Cannot Live Without. The apprehension the masculine mind holds for the increasing number of these monstrosities is not entirely without reason, for though many purses are added to our wardrobe, few are ever subtracted from the collection. Never should woman be guilty of the crime of discarding a purse, for no matter how worn or battered it may look, no matter how many battles it has survived, whether it be a shopping tour, a bargain basement raid, or a good beating from an active puppy, there is always one more occasion on which it may be revived before the public eye. May I mention here that there is only one deviation from the aforementioned sacrament? If there is no way of closing the purse, if the bottom acts as a sieve, or if the sides are not connected to the top, socially acceptable is its destruction, or at least it may be given to the maid.

Assuming, however, that our purse is in a healthy condition externally, we will turn our attention to the dark, mysterious



caverns of its interior. Sometimes we have jokingly noted that if the need arose, we would be able to keep alive with only the contents of a purse to aid us. Considering this problem seriously, however, there is more truth in the idea than fiction. I once was traveling on a train with a girl who had lost her luggage. Undaunted, and holding her purse more closely to her, she lived from its contents for two days until her luggage caught up with her.

Not long ago I attended a party at which, for the sake of entertainment only, the guests were asked to write on a slip of paper the items each one's purse contained. One of the typical lists consisted of the following items:

1 check book
1 address book
3 match books
1 fountain pen (no ink)
1 cigarette case
cleansing tissues (no number given)
1 comb
1 compact
2 tubes of lipstick
1 mascara brush
car keys
shoe repair check
4 letters (unanswered)
2 3-cent stamps
change purse
small collection of snapshots
1 pencil (point broken)
1 pair of glasses
1 nail file
driver's license
1 pair of gloves
1 pair of earrings
billfold

Was Shakespeare so wrong, then, when he said, "Who steals my purse steals trash"?

Leavetaking

By Camille Hancock

I'll leave you gently—so I can't disturb
The quiet, self-composure of my heart.
I'll smile, and say it had to be,
And gaily we will drift apart.
You'll never see my bitter tears,
Or know how slowly hearts can mend;
Or how the first faint twilight star
Conjures your face to me again.
Oh, gently, tenderly I'll leave;
And softly turn the final page.
Regretfully, I lay aside young love
And grasp the solitude of age.

Rhyme and Time

Outlook

By Barbara Needs

I saw a little girl with pale, fragile face,
Leaning 'gainst a railing
That was wrought like iron lace.
Apartment house child with daffodil hair,
Seated near the bottom of a steep, stone stair.
Rusty brick buildings, shutting out the sky,
Summer turns to winter,
Who's to know why?
Wonder in her eyes, hands about her knees,
Who's to know the spring, when you never see the trees?
Lonely little girl, heard a sound far up the street,
The sharp metallic ring of a heavy horse's feet.
He jogged around the corner,
Proudly stepped with care,
The flower vendor's suffolk
Had violets for its ware.
I saw a little girl, who knew the song of spring,
Because she held the secret that lonely hearts may sing.
March was flung before her,
As if she walked a country lane,
For the vendor's shining horse had flowers in his mane.

Because You Understand

By Jane Ellen Tye

Eyes that penetrate my deepest thoughts,
Lips that speak the words I cannot say . . .
Knowing my heart better than myself,
For we only follow our secret dreams half-way.
How can you sing the song I made myself,
And find the melody I lost one time?
How can you understand my heart and know its longing?
And understand its complicated rhyme?
I smile, and yet you see the tears behind it,
And still the throbbing with your tenderness;
You tell me that a tear is not of sorrow
But is the jewel that falls from happiness.
How do you know the times when all I need
Is the simple touch of someone's gentle hand;
And when I need a moment's silence
How can you know? How can you understand?
How can you be a friend and ask not friendship?
Loving and yet you ask me not for love,
Grasping my hand when I am falling downward,
Helping my careless feet to walk above.
Teaching me in simple ways life's meaning
And on the darkest road taking my hand,
Two hearts entangled, mine and yours together . . .
I love you so because you understand.

Nothing to Do?

By Nancy Fuller

• Nancy Lou Fuller, or just "Fuller," as she prefers to be called, is a Senior from Quincy, Illinois . . . and an ambitious one, too! Our Hail Hall prexy is an English and creative writing major, and wants to write books, poetry, or just *anything*. Her hobby is people, and she's extremely fond of dancing and eating . . . BUT, her pet aversion is any species of cockroach.

"We hate this town! It's dead! There's nothing to do!"

They cry impatiently, the young and hurried, and their mouths droop with discontent while their eyes turn and return to the vividness of the bright cities. They hurry off as soon as they are able, new dreams carefully packed with last year's suit and some gay new coat in a suitcase, a trunk, or perhaps only a box tied with string. And so a small town huddled on a river bank echoes only faintly to the sounds of youth, and wonders why.

The small town wonders why the bright cities call so compellingly, and what it is that causes it to be forsaken by the hurrying feet of youth. Is it a driving urge for knowledge? Is it a search for new horizons? Is it ambition? Is it discontent? Is it perhaps the eternal search for life? But life pulses as deeply through the veins of the little town as through the steel girders of the city. The echo remains in the still air, "We hate this town! It's dead! There's nothing to do!"

Nothing to do. A clover-covered hill facing the mighty river stirs softly in the breeze. Blooms of clover, blanketed with bees, bask in the torrid summer sun, and grow more closely over the narrow path leading to the crest of the hill. It is a path so neglected that its lines are hard to find between the flowers. Soon the white blooms will have covered the path and will have hidden the dreams of many years; for youth has forgotten a clover-bordered trail. Too few feet seek the narrow lines of earth between the flowers; too few hearts remember a hill white beneath the moon, and fragrant in the sunlight. And so the hill stands, forgotten.

Nothing to do. The river slumbers on, dreaming of boats and swimmers, rousing itself perhaps to look for the boats, to look for the swimmers. Only rough barges with their black loads of coal and their sweating, burly masters interrupt the peace of the river. Turtles splash along the banks, undisturbed, and sun themselves on the rotting timbers of small boats, neglected and discarded. Driftwood floats aimlessly in the old swimming hole, and the only poles tempting the fish are held by old men, who wonder too, perhaps, why the air is not gay with young voices and rippling with young laughter. The paddle-boat sits at the dock, with its skirts drawn tightly about its stocky

figure, waiting for the crowds to throng aboard as they did in years past. The paddle-boat grows old and the river slumbers on.

Nothing to do. The main street of the town lies quiet at the noon hour, listening for the echo of young feet, released from work or school. Businessmen tramp slowly towards their lunches, housewives teeter along the hot walks wondering why last year's dress seems snug. Stores shine with displays of necessity and luxury. An occasional bicycle rolls along the streets, dodging cars and turning corners against the light. There is a dog asleep in front of the corner bank building. But the feet of youth come slowly, turning ever toward the hurry of the city. With their passing the small town stops to wait for their return.

Nothing to do. An old stone fireplace beside a creek looks disconsolately down at long dead ashes, practically disappeared into the earth. Squirrels play merrily along the arms of the grill, occasionally displacing a stone, which drops to the ground and is forgotten. A rickety hayrack sits in a barn, dreaming of October moons, and cider, and laughing people. The music droops from the door of the town's night club, coming slowly because only youth can follow the gay new tunes with dancing feet. The hamburger stand's shuttered eyes stare out at the blank street. The three good theaters seem to wear their gaily colored advertisements less brightly since the lines at the ticket window have grown shorter and more stooped. A fudge recipe in a housewife's cupboard stays fresh and unsoiled, and electric logs have been installed in the old smoke-blackened fireplaces. Christmas trees are silver now, with blue lights, or are small artificial trees with almond-shaped dots of color on the tip of each branch, geometrically arranged. Only the young spend hours decorating an old-fashioned tree.

Nothing to do. And so youth hurries off toward the bright light and gay sound, leaving behind a small town huddled on a river bank that echoes only faintly to the sounds of youth, and wonders why.

* * *

The momentary fusing of one soul into
another . . .
The perfect alchemy of minds and feelings . . .
An insight into divine wisdom and forgiveness . . .

UNDERSTANDING

SHEILA KENNARD

Arthur Q. Dillon

By Betty Neil Sheppard

● At the present moment, Betty Neil Sheppard claims Beckley, West Virginia, as her place of abode . . . She must like Nashville pretty well though, since she plans to start to Vandy after finishing W-B this year. She admits her favorite pastime is a picnic, or even numerous picnics . . . and her future? She wants to be a psychiatrist!

Dr. Martha Brewster, striding purposefully up the grey stone steps of the Academic Building, felt springy enough to be a freshman. This morning the humblest underclassman received a sparkling greeting from the Dean of the College. On the top step she paused. Loquatious coeds drifted by in a swish of gay plaids. She decided that the family of birds raising such a hub-bub in the old magnolia tree were disputing the itenerary of their approaching trip south. Side-stepping, she escaped being run over by an aspiring football star whose eyes blinked searchingly into the face of an open book which he carried. Filling her lungs with the good air, she started for the interior of the building.

"MERRITT UNIVERSITY: Health for Mind and Body"—the words chisled in stone over the doorway bolstered her feeling of well-being with a dependable confirmation.

In the anteroom of her office, Dean Brewster stopped to review the day's schedule with her personal secretary, who informed her that the new teacher was waiting.

Shutting the door of her office behind her, she pounced over to throw open the window and let the shade fling to the top. Her eyes followed a beam of sunlight to a corner, in the vastness of which it lost itself. The ray expired on the slight figure of a sickly-looking young man. The startled dean stood back a step, hands on hips, to inspect the unexpected visage. He sat on the outer half of a straight-back chair, his feet placed flat on the floor. His well-manicured hands clasped a portfolio which stood upright on his bony knees. When her eyes traveled up to his face, she was certain that the man was sick. There was an unnatural green look about his mouth, and his eyes looked too vague. With a concerned little gasp, she pulled him up from his chair and ushered him to one beside the window. Running to a stand in the corner, she poured a glass of water which she shoved into his hands on her way out the door. Dr. Brewster fairly galloped from the first-aid room with the hastily prepared dose of ammonia. Her visitor had moved back to his original chair in the corner; and when she approached he barred both semi-transparent hands in front of him in a gesture that said, "Halt." With an impatient little twitch of the nose and in a surprisingly masculine voice, he informed her, "I am not ill. I always look like this."

The possibility had never occurred to Dr. Brewster; therefore it took her a few minutes to regain her composure.

He went on, "I am Arthur Q. Dillon, your new professor of mathematics." Dr. Brewster threw back her head and gulped down the ammonia.

"You shouldn't go around frightening people so, young man," she observed. Continuing her scrutiny of the mathematics teacher whom she had hired for a year at the small college, she took note of his conservative navy blue suit and a black tie that constricted his neck under a small but prominent Adam's apple. He seemed to have done to his hair whatever it is that old matrons do to make themselves look so prudish. She concluded to herself, "He looks too clean to perambulate in the atmosphere."

Mr. Arthur Q. Dillon, totally unruffled by his unorthodox reception, said, "And now, madam, if it is satisfactory to you, I shall repair to my quarters where some very intriguing mathematical problems await my attention."

At dinner that evening, Mrs. Brewster's manufacturer husband and her nineteen-year-old daughter Cynthia listened with vague interest to her description of Mr. Dillon. "He looks as if his last four years have been spent in a cellar," she told them with concern. "It might help if he could get his mind off mathematics. I must have him out for dinner some night."

"What a bore!" Cynthia remarked. "And I'll have him for algebra." Dr. Brewster was afraid that the young woman would not appreciate Mr. Dillon.

Arthur Dillon's classes at Merrit College couldn't have been more properly conducted in a morgue. The nearest he ever came to intimacy was a curt introduction of himself the first day, after which he launched immediately into a discussion of the beauties of his chosen field. The young professor's manner was as precise, as cut-and-dried, as one of his algebraic equations. Aside from a certain windiness caused by a slight malformation of the upper teeth, his diction exhibited not a flaw. The scant, ram-rod figure seemed almost ethereal, an illusion emphasized by the black-board on which he demonstrated problems. He pushed the chalk across the board with great prowess. From day to day he proceeded deeper and deeper into his abysmal subject, apparently oblivious of the increasing number of crap games that flourished under his nose, never affected by flirtatious remarks made by attractive coeds. Cynthia Brewster, a girl of no little determination, seemed to be the best student in the class. Accurate observations ventured by the young woman were rewarded with, "Quite correct, Miss Brewster."

Dr. Brewster fulfilled her conjecture of entertaining the scholarly lad, in whom she had developed a somewhat maternal interest. She invited him to dinner, one evening, along with several of Cynthia's school friends and Mr. and Mrs. Max Catweiler. Max Catweiler was a taxidermist who had recently come to work with the Merrit department of natural history. The booming stalker of animals certainly was not the pride of Merrit cultural circles; but Dr. Brewster always entertained her personnel. Dillon, sitting between Catweiler and Cynthia, made a quite affable dinner partner. Cynthia, who seemed to have acquired a rabid interest in mathematics, had engaged Arthur in a discussion of the fifth dimension. Before the soup course was over, however, Max Catweiler had captured Arthur's attention and was describiny with relish a trip which he was planning. It seemed that the boisterous gentleman was consumed with the notion of visiting Egypt where he would study ancient taxidermy methods.

"The Egyptians that we see today as mummies," he explained, "used to have their favorite animals stuffed when they died and the pets went right along with the master to the tomb. There are secrets in those tombs that would revolutionize my game." He paused, intent on a huge T-bone steak which he had divided in one operation into six or eight slightly larger than bite-size portions.

Stabbing a piece of meat, he declared, "Ah, the taxidermy game in the States is too crowded with stuffed shirts. Besides, I feel cooped up in this college atmosphere—too much inactivity! "Why, right now," he roared, "I would like to grapple with a tiger! Do you ever feel like that, Dillon?" The slap on the back which accompanied the query was sufficient to divert the water traveling down Arthur's esophagus and to send him into a spasm of coughing. Cynthia insisted on taking him out to get a breath of fresh air. The rest of the evening Cynthia concentrated on monopolizing Arthur, who seemed to prefer staying with the crowd. When it was time to leave, Arthur made a curt little bow to Mrs. Brewster, saying, "Your hospitality has been charming."

If Cynthia had expected any change in Arthur's class-room behavior, she was disappointed. He made no allusion to her personally or to the evening before.

It was commonly known that Cynthia Brewster, the tall, comely daughter of the dean, was very interested in the "prissy" math teacher; but few saw any hope for Cynthia. As one "joe" put it, "She might expect to get somewhere with a confirmed bachelor, a woman-hater, a mole-hill, or a rock wall; but with Arthur Dillon—not a chance!"

One morning, before Mr. Dillon had arrived at the classroom, Cynthia and a good friend, Marg, were talking quietly in a front seat which they occupied. Marg with concerned finality declared, "Honey, that ghoul doesn't know that you exist—or any other woman for that matter. I don't know how he ever got this far along without waking up, but that algebra book is the love of his. . . ." She stopped short. Mr. Dillon had entered the room. Only it was not the usual pale Mr. Dillon who stalked in; it was a bright red one. It was quite apparent that he had had a scorching encounter with a sun lamp. Guffaws of laughter were concealed by sudden fits of coughing. When the buzzing in the room subsided, Mr. Dillon, with a strained expression on his face, resumed his lecture from where he had stopped the day before. The red-faced Mr. Dillon seemed to have much more success in holding the attention of his students than the old, pale Mr. Dillon. Maybe it was the questions which were running through their minds. Had Cynthia brought the old boy around? Was he making a bid for attractiveness?

The day that he appeared with his formerly plastered-down strands shorn into a crew-cut, their suspicions were confirmed. Cynthia, like the others, couldn't quite fathom the happening. Soon, however, an expression of triumph was hers. She heard a boy half-whistle, "Say, he's going to be a regular fellow yet." In the middle of his lecture, that day, Arthur slammed the beloved algebra book down on his desk. Stomping to the rear of the room, he virtually stood up two crap players on bended knee.

"Get out!" he shouted. "I don't allow such activities in my classes." The boys were too startled to do anything other than creep humbly out of the door at which Arthur pointed murderously.

The greatest surprise of all came the day when Arthur faced the class to announce, "Young ladies and gentlemen: It is possible that you have discerned slight changes of appearance or attitude in me recently. These are possibly the manifestations of a trip which I have been anticipating. I have a friend who is interested in the taxidermy of the ancients, and as you might assume, I am vitally interested in their mathematical knowledge. My friend has invited me to join him in his expedition. Tomorrow, I leave for Egypt."

But Then There Was the Girl Back Home

By Marion Frederick

• Marion Frederick from New York City is a Senior transfer and an English major also . . . She's interested in writing—"just writing. I plan to be versatile," she says . . . She not only dislikes oranges, but is alergic to them, and thus can't bear even the *color*. She doesn't care for coffee either, "except for the Arabian coffee I found once in a little Armenian restaurant in Boston." She thinks very simple clothes are *the* thing . . . but unfortunately, they also have to be very expensive.

There I was trapped like a rat in a trap. There was a big, fat one next to me and I couldn't open a window more than three inches. The bus churned along Constitution Avenue picking up heat from the pavement and government girls from the lines of civil servants broiling on the sidewalks. Two of them finally got settled behind me. Then my tender ears had to bear the brunt of a high-pitched, mid-western twang along with the insideously grating city sounds already driving me to drink. They were old friends who hadn't seen each other since either one had left that small town all government girls seem to come from. After gushing news for awhile, they started to talk about a brother in the Air Corps. There was a time when I felt quite firmly that every girl who had a brother had a brother in the Air Corps. Then I met a boy in the Air Corps who had no sister; but that was beside the point then and is now.

Well, anyway, the girl's brother had been drafted. He kissed his girl goodbye and left to fight for God and country. College was where the girl went. Cadet school and pilot training began to take up the time of the brother. The rest of the time he spent thinking that he wasn't good enough for her and that he would be spending the best years of *her* life going through college after the war. Unfortunately, as you will see, he didn't let her know the result of his deep and serious thinking. She received simple newsy letters devoted to the topics of the day instead of to what she had been accustomed. He just thought she would get the point. (Apparently college is supposed to do everything for a person.) But from what I could gather (and still be sitting on the seat in *front* of them), he still loved her but was biding his time until the future seemed more certain.

"Biding his time" is an old Army expression which means, "Let's see what the U.S.O. has to offer." The U.S.O. at Elgin Field offered a rather attractive solace in the very pleasant form and shape of a bit of talented local talent. I began to worry less about the poor, befuddled boy and a great deal more about his girl stuck away in some female seminary. He went out with the girl from the U.S.O. steadily and took her to the cadet graduation dance.

But, there comes a time when all pilots get a leave and then are shipped overseas. This girl's brother was no exception and he wired the family to meet him in New York for ten days. He said he had a big surprise for them. (Oh, Brother!!) So . . . the brother and the girl from the Elgin Field U.S.O. started for New York. And . . . the family with the old girl started for New York.

On the way up the brother received a cancellation of his leave and was ordered overseas immediately. The D-Day plans were calling for more pre-invasion pounding and, hence, more pilots. So, the wonderful brother in the Air Corps sent the girl from the U.S.O. on up to New York telling her that the family would just love her and that she would be simply crazy about them. And he took off for England.

"And now," my nasal friend concluded, "nobody knows what to do, which girl he wanted, or if we're obligated to the girl from the U.S.O. in any way. He never said anything *definite* to her, you know."

"Why doesn't your brother straighten things out?" her friend asked. "Why doesn't he write and clear things up?"

"Oh, dear, I thought you knew. His plane went down on the trip over. He's been dead for six months now."

I was shocked into a blank void along with a lot of passengers on that bus as it hit a bump and lurched.

The Strange Liagiba

(Continued from page 6)

Liagiba Grey stood before them laughing. It was a long, low laugh, a hideous, mocking, and frightening laugh!

Jane had never seen nor heard anything to compare with the terrifying sights and sounds in the old mill, and she turned and fled back to her dormitory. She was not far from the building when, in her panic, she tumbled over the unseen root of a tree and fell exhausted on the grass. How long she lay there in a dazed state she never knew; but when she finally picked herself up, she saw the shadowy form of Liagiba returning. Her hair was again in neat braids around her head, and she didn't look like the same girl Jane had seen in the mill.

Jane knew she must have it out with Liagiba. She must know what it all meant. Slowly she walked toward the mysterious girl.

"Liagiba." She spoke softly even though her heart pounded within her. "Liagiba Grey, I must know the truth. I've seen you leave your room to go to the old mill. I couldn't help but know since your room is so close to mine. Tonight I decided to watch you. I saw you enter the old mill, and I looked through the window. Those people were all dead! I know they must be. Tell me what it means!"

Liagiba looked at her with her wild eyes flashing, and then she smiled, a crazy little crooked smile. "Jane." Her voice was menacing in its very quietness. "Of course they're dead. And I have power over them because I killed them. Yes, I killed Dorothea, and I killed her aunt, and within the last two hundred and fifty years, I've killed all the other Allans in the mill. But," Liagiba laughed as she continued, "you can't do a thing to me, because I am dead too. I was killed two hundred and fifty years ago, but I return to kill those I hate, the Dorothea Allans, and those who get in my way."

Jane waited for no further words but fled, and Liagiba was right behind her. Where she was running to, Jane didn't know. All she knew was that she must get away, or she too would join those girls she had seen in the old mill. Liagiba was getting closer behind her, when Jane saw the chapel. It was a small church, that had been built on the campus for the girls to worship in during the week, and the door always stood open. Like a frightened deer, Jane ran up the path, crossed the doorway, and then sank exhausted on the floor of the chapel. She could go no farther, and she waited expecting any minute to feel the cold hands of Liagiba about her throat. After a few moments Jane looked up and saw Liagiba standing at the doorway but unable to enter the church.

"Sanctuary," Jane mumbled. "I have sanctuary."

Liagiba stood a minute or two more trying to cross the doorstep, but finding herself unable to do so, she, before Jane's very eyes, slowly vanished until there was nothing there except the gray stones of the path and the cold moonlight shining down.

When consciousness returned to Jane, she still lay on the floor of the chapel, but it was morning. She slowly raised her tired body and walked out of the church. The clock in the tower said seven, and Jane realized that she must have fainted after she had seen the strange Liagiba vanish.

In the light of morning, the events of the previous night seemed too fantastical to be true; so Jane told no one of what had happened and tried to consider it a dream. But everything seemed to prove that it really had happened, for she had awakened in the chapel, and when she returned to the dormitory, she found that Liagiba was gone, clothes, furniture, everything gone! The teachers were so worried over this that they failed to notice that Jane had been out all night.

Since it was Saturday, Jane was free after her few morning classes, and she decided to go to Salem for lunch and to see a movie in an attempt to forget the things that had happened. As she walked slowly towards town, she passed by an ancient cemetery. Many of the people who were believed to be witches and were killed during the period of Salem Witchcraft were buried there. Now the graves were all being removed to another graveyard, since this land was needed for the expansion of the city. All the graves had been moved except one, and men were working at this one when Jane passed.

Jane noticed the name on the gravestone. ABIGAIL GREY—a witch—died 1692." Abigail Grey, Jane knew had been a witch, but where had she heard that name before? Grey. Liagiba's last name was Grey. Liagiba—Abigail—the same, just turned about! No. it couldn't be, and yet, Liagiba herself said—! On a sudden impulse Jane walked into the cemetery and toward the digger.

"Pardon me," she said, "but is that the grave of Abigail Grey?"

"Yeh," answered the digger. "I am sure of this one. That's strange, but this is the only one of these old gravestones you can read. This one is quite plain. On the others, you couldn't even tell where the words had been."

The only one that was plain! Why should that particular one be clear unless—. Jane sat down on a nearby bench and tried to gather her senses. The diggers left to bring the truck to move this last grave, so Jane was in the graveyard alone with the casket of Abigail Grey.

Suddenly Jane felt she must open the wooden box and look in. Why she didn't know, but she must. Her common sense told her that after two hundred and fifty years there would be nothing but dust and bones, but something else told her, something made her feel, that there would be more. Jane lifted the lid and stared in!

There in the box, in ancient Purtain clothes, was the perfectly perserved body of Abigail Grey. It was also Liagiba Grey! Jane would recognize that black hair, which lay in two thick, neat braids, anywhere. Liagiba was Abigail Grey who had died, had been hanged for a witch, over two hundred and fifty years before!

Jane's mind began to go in circles. She shut the lid and sank down on the bench. She knew there should be just dust in that grave. But yet how —?

The diggers returned and carried the box out of the cemetery. It was then that Jane heard it again. The diggers didn't seem to hear it, but Jane heard it clearly. Yes, it came from that very box! It seemed to be mocking Jane's struggle to clear the tangled thoughts in her mind. It was that same low, long laugh, that hideous, frightening laugh.

POSTLOGUE

This was the story that a very frightened Jane Parker told me ten minutes after the incident in the cemetery. I know, without a doubt, this story is true.

I sent Jane home for a much needed rest, and I told no one of the happenings. I received a year's leave-of-absence from the school, and during this past year, I have found all the facts I could on the period of Salem Witchcraft.

Tucked back behind some volumes of long forgotten books, there was an even older and dustier book called *The Trials of Salem Witches.* In this volume I found an account of the trial of Abigail Grey, the facts that led up to the trial, and her sentence and execution. According to this book Abigail Grey and Dorothea Allan, two Purtain Maids, were very close friends, until they both fell in love with the same lad. Because this boy loved Dorothea, Abigail Grey bewitched and killed her friend. The Allan Family brought the girl to trial, and without hesitation, she admitted she was a witch. She was tried and found guilty, and when she was sentenced to be hanged on Gallows Hill, she made this statement before the entire court.

"I am a witch, and I place a curse upon the Allan family. I shall come back from the grave and kill the oldest daughter of the oldest son in every generation of the Allan family."

The next day she was hanged on Gallows Hill.

After reading of the amazing curse, I traced the family tree of Dorothea Allan, the schoolgirl, and found that she was the oldest daughter of the oldest son and a decendant of the first Dorothea Allan. I also discovered that the oldest daughter of the oldest son in that entire line had met a mysterious death when eighteen. These are the facts, the unchallengable facts.

Was it really Abigail Grey, or better known to us as Liagiba Grey, fulfilling her curse, or were all these deaths just accidents, and these happenings just coincidents? I don't know, but I do know that I must leave and get these awful happenings out of my mind, for now, even in my dreams, I too, hear that low, mocking, frightening laughter of the strange Liagiba.

* * *

State of the Union

By Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse

Reviewed by Ruth Marie Walls

One day, out of a war-torn sky, a post-war world swam into our ken. We welcomed it; but it was not the rosy-colored, peaceful world of which we had dreamed. Instead it was a prospect challenging us coldly and honestly to examine ourselves and to take stock of both the good and bad. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have found a most enjoyable and effective way of making us brave this future. Their current play, *State of the Union,* gives us a good look at ourselves, an understanding look which makes us laugh and at the same time fear for our fate unless we change. In this comedy of politics, we, the American people, are paraded across the stage, analyzed and dissected with penetrating humor and sympathy; and we love it. *State of the Union,* Pulitzer Prize Play of 1945-46, merits its long run on Broadway.

Grant Matthews, portrayed on the stage by Ralph Bellamy, might be any one of us who wants something out of life. Though his ambition is no less than that of being President of the United States, essentially he is one of us, a victim who is pulled and pushed around by those who achieve their own selfish or unselfish ends. Again, he is urged by others to compromise and straddle the fence on all issues. It won't hurt, they agree, to subdue principles for just a little while.

Grant, however, is aided in his fight by his wife, who might represent every man's instincts, the deep-down desire to follow the honest way. Ruth Hussey, currently appearing in the role, makes the modern, clever, and witty woman very vivid, and true to life.

State of the Union is a play about politics. All the clever and underhanded methods used by our big-time political bosses to unite or divide a people are exposed. But we are all in this play, for, as the authors want us to realize, we are all in politics. A powerful appeal is made for us to get out of our armchairs and do something about running this country, *our* country. Politics, we are to remember, is the art of governing ourselves.

Against the background of a light comedy, with its real living characters and clever dialogue, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have presented serious problems. These authors have tossed grave truths over to the American public. Yet how delightful is the lesson!

Thought

By Eileen Springstun

What can this mean, this mad race?
Why do you hurry? Is it so important
That you make a successful bid for fame?
Don't you know that soon you will die,
And then in that eternal darkness it will
Not matter if you caught the eight o'clock bus?

Book Reviews

The Stranger

By Albert Camus

Reviewed by Eileen Springstun

Albert Camus, one of the leading writers of the French Resistance which has developed into the pessimistic philosophy called Existentialism, has written a short novel called *The Stranger* that is the essence of the philosophy he embraces. Camus, who lectured in the United States last year, is the editor of *Combat*—formerly an underground paper, now an important Paris daily. The fact that he is in a position to influence the thinking of the French people makes his book and the philosophy embodied in it frighteningly important to the French people and to the people of all countries where this creed is spreading. Existentialism is especially dangerous because no one understands completely its meaning, including many of the Existentialists themselves. Even those who profess to understand it have arrived at varied conclusions.

The Stranger is the story of an ordinary little man living quietly in Algiers. Slowly but relentlessly life begins to stalk him. The pace quickens until the little man commits a useless murder. The climax is reached after his trial. Camus presents an indelible picture of a helpless human being drifting through life without volition. From the very first sentence of the first page of the book it is apparent that the hero, Monsieur Meursault, is *not* alive . . . alive, that is, in the sense where living consists of taking advantage of and using to the fullest extent those potentialities latent within man. Monsieur Meursault experiences little more than the primitive impulses of "Birth, copulation, death." He merely exists. But existing, living one's own life in a certain way, is not enough to satisfy others. The power of public opinion and the uncontrollable circumstances in which the hero becomes enmeshed are too great. The fact that Monsieur Meursault had impulsively killed an Arab is of no particular concern to the jury and the people. Meursault's stoical attitude and his unassuming way of drifting through life are the evils that the people see. After the jury condemns him to hang, and he has refused to see the priest, Meursault muses, "I'd passed my life in a certain way, and I might have passed it in a different way, if I'd felt like it. I'd acted thus, and I hadn't acted otherwise; I hadn't done x, whereas I had done y or z. And what did that mean? That, all the time, I'd been waiting for this present moment, for that dawn, tomorrow's or another day's, which was to justify me. Nothing, nothing had the least importance, and I knew quite well why. From the dark horizon of my future a sort of slow, persistent breeze had been blowing toward me, all my life long, from the years that were to come. And on its way that breeze had leveled out all the ideas that people tried to foist on me in the equally unreal years I then was living through. What difference could they make to me, the deaths of others, or a mother's love, or his (the priest's) God; or the way a man decides to live, the fate he thinks he chooses, since one and the same fate was bound to "choose" not only me but thousands of millions of privileged people who called themselves my brothers. Every man alive was privileged; there was only one class of men, the privileged class. All alike would be condemned to die one day. And what difference could it make if, after being charged with murder, (a man) were executed because he didn't weep at his mother's funeral, since it all came to the same thing in the end?"

Perhaps Existentialism is incapable of being understood or explained, but it is not incapable of being felt. The first sentences of the book are perhaps shocking at first to the reader, but the feeling of calmness, passivity, and resignation from the very first sentence begins to permeate the consciousness of the reader and enables him to sympathize with and sense the essence of Camus' philosophy. The opening paragraph is this: "Mother died today. Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure. The telegram from the Home says: YOUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY. FUNERAL TOMORROW. DEEP SYMPATHY. Which leaves the matter doubtful; it could have been yesterday."

Camus has power. He has given us stark realism. He has a gift of description and a gift of telling a story that is little seen in the best sellers of today. Camus puts the story in the mouth of the hero, Monsieur Meursault, who tells it in the only effective method . . . stream of consciousness. What more will Camus and the Existentialists produce? They show great promise in the field of literature, and the world is waiting to judge.

All the King's Men

By Robert Penn Warren

Reviewed by Jane Erwin

"For his poetry and two earlier novels, Robert Penn Warren has had popular acclaim, but with *All The King's Men* he emerges as probably the most talented writer of the South and certainly as one of the most important writers in the country. . . ." Sinclair Lewis reflects in this statement the opinion of any reader who is capable of receiving with any degree of invigorating pleasure the shock of stark realism contained in Mr. Warren's novel. Robert Penn Warren, one time Rhodes scholar who has studied at Vanderbilt, Yale, and Oxford in close association with such men as John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson, is a master of realism. Any reader who has felt the power of *All The King's Men* will admit that the boldness of the language would be unadulterated vulgarity were it not for his profound understanding of his subjects and his masterful way of interpreting his understanding. Herein lies the worth of this story about human beings great and small, but always essentially human beings.

This is the story of corrupt politics in a backward state of the solid South. It is the story of two men, the observer and the observed, the insignificant and the great. The insignificant observer is Jack Burden, a sardonic, cynical newspaperman who has become the Boss's right-hand man in a number of left-handed dealings. The Boss is the giant, half villain, half saint, the observed Willy Stark.

We see the story through the thoughts of Jack Burden, the narrator, as his stream-of-consciousness goes through a series of flashbacks. He reviews his life and Stark's life in an anti-chronological order which holds the reader in suspense to know the "why" of things. Burden's dialogue is of the coarse, vulgar variety one expects from a man of the pressroom, while his thoughts are the intelligent, intellectual words of a man who has had an excellent education, even becoming poetic at times (a feature the author can hardly omit). This contradiction is explained by Jack Burden's strange life. He was born with family background, money, and opportunities. His childhood was full of the companionship of Anne and Adam Stanton, the daughter and son of Governor Stanton, and of Judge Irwin, who taught Jack to shoot, read, and appreciate the arts. His college life was normal; but as the time to face life approached, his fear forced him into graduate work, almost attaining a Ph.D. for him. When we first meet Jack Burden, he is a hardened newspaperman with more disgust than love for life.

Willy Stark is a country red-neck who gets mixed up with a group of crooked politicians, thinking they are agents of the Lord who has called him to be Governor of the State. He is being used by the politicians to split the rural vote, insuring the election of the machine's candidate. When Willy learns he is being framed, he withdraws from the race swearing to come back someday and be governor. He does.

In connection with a political intrigue, Starks sends Burden out to find something shady in Judge Irwin's past. After six months' research, he uncovers the information which brings about the climax of the story and consequently the end. The Boss is shot on the capitol steps to end a striking parallel between the fictitious Willy Stark and the late Huey P. Long.

Although political corruption is the most obvious feature of the novel, Mr. Warren does not try to preach. He merely accepts the situation as the reader unconsciously accepts the coarse language. Every line is bold realism, even to the fact that the characters themselves are idealistic. Were it not for the strange order in which the story is presented, sometimes anti-chronoligical and sometimes with no pattern at all, the marked amount of repetition would bore the reader. It is necessary, however, to repeat for the sake of coherence between the scattered events, and the scattering of the events is part of the charm of the book.

This is a story of blood and thunder, of men who live in the pages of a truly great novel and in the conscience of the reader long after the last page has been turned.

Geoffrey Chaucer of England

By Marchette Chute

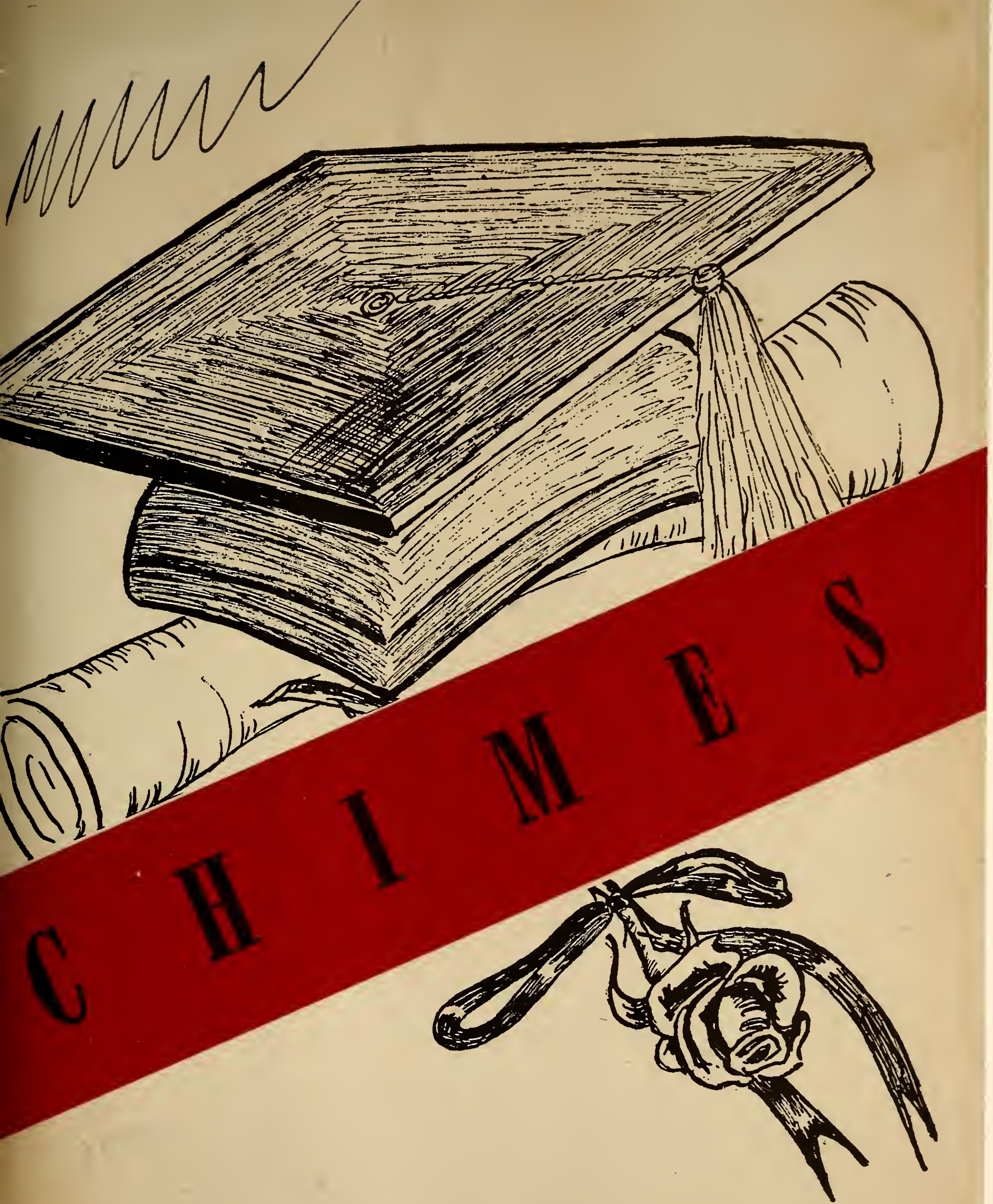
Reviewed by June Michelson

As interesting as fiction, Marchette Chute's biography is significant for both the student of history and the student of literature. Equipped with an extensive bibliography and footnotes as colorful as the actual text, the narrative is rich in humorous ancedotes and comments. Especially interesting historical sidelights are the accounts of the little-known economic freedom of medieval women, the extremely well-advanced sanitary conditions, and the position filled by members of the king's household in the affairs of the nation. The influence on the poet's development by writers such as de Machaut, Froissart, Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch is clearly presented. Of much historical value, too, is the account of Chaucer's relations with his contemporaries Gower, Strode, and Wyclif.

Henry Noble MacCraken in the Saturday Review of Literature objects to certain disfigurations in the quotations used. The average reader, though, satisfied with detailed information as to sources, meaning, and style of Chaucer's work, will note few flaws. However, since the book was designed for popular audience, one is tempted to wish that Miss Chute had given more appreciative study and less argumentative detail.

For the college student who hesitates to plunge into non-fiction for fear of boredom, here is an ideal start.

* * *



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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

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THE CHIMES

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

EDITOR'S NOTE

WHEN the month of May rolls 'round, it is generally conceded to be every editor's prerogative to become a bit morose about what been and is no more. To the editor of CHIMES this takes the form of an omission of the customary "Foreword" in favor of a line or two of personal sentiment entitled "Editor's Note."

The "baby elephant," as the staff has affectionately called this last *monster* issue, is in your hands now . . . and out of ours. I suppose you might say it's the culmination of a year's work . . . a year of hopes and prayers and playing around in the office . . . a year of watching the skeleton staff of three grow to one of sixteen. It's been a year of laughing at Freddie's shaggy dog stories and being intellectual with Sprung, of watching Camille's inspirations put themselves on paper and urging Fuller to "please read that." It's gone by in never-failing admiration for June's dependability de-luxe, for Newpie's ability to make us believe it was "an All-American" issue. . . . It's been a good year, and we won't forget it.

As someone else once said, it isn't easy to type this last bit of CHIMES copy; and it *was* fun living our ambitions before they were fulfilled.

Thanks muchly . . . for your help, your appreciation, and for everything.

SHEILA.

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The Seed

By Betty Latham

It was raining outside—a slow drizzling ooze. Dark shadows crept about devouring each object slowly, savouringly. The moon was hidden by a thick, swirling mass of blackness, and the stars had been frightened away by the rat-gray rain and the sultry, evil air. Even the katydids had crept into their dingy hideouts for refuge. The night was ugly, gloomy—forbidding.

But inside the wide, high ceilinged gymnasium it was gay. It was gay with dazzling white lights dimmed only slightly by their ivy shouds. Ivy was being used to decorate the gymnasium for the dance that night. Ivy and bright red cardboard hearts with frothy wisps of delicate paper lace—the kind you always get on your first valentine. Your first valentine is quite an event, and this, the Valentine Ball, was going to be quite an event, too. At least the frothy laced red hearts and dark green twining ivy were sweet promises of a beautiful evening. It would be beautiful with swishing pink net and rustling black taffeta and yellow satin whirling about slender hips of slender, fresh-cheeked young girls. It would be gay with the scent of dewey gardenias perched in floating, sweet-smelling hair that has probably just been washed. And it would be gay with tuxedoed young men smiling from one fresh-cheeked, floating-haired young girl to the next. It would be a gay and beautiful and thrilling as Valentine balls with frothy lace and ivy always are. And the girls with the swishing skirts, and the boys with the newly-pressed tuxedoes, and both with their bright, flashing-white smiles would be happy.

But the boy who sat at his desk in his little average college dormitory room would not be happy. The boy who sat at his desk and gazed blankly out of the window hardly seeing the rat-gray rain and black, moonless sky would not be happy because he would not go to the dance. He would not go because he could not dance. And if you cannot dance, you might as well not go to a frothy laced Valentine Ball. So the boy

sat at his desk and gazed out the window at the rat-gray rain and thought his rat-gray thoughts until his dreary reverie was interrupted by one of the smiling young men who would don his newly-pressed tuxedo and dance with the floating-haired young girls. It was his roommate, Drake England.

"Hi ya, boy," Drake greeted with an absent-minded slap on the frail-looking back turned toward him. "How's Homer making it these days?"

"Homer?" Philip was vaguely puzzled.

"Yeah, your pal there," Drake indicated the open book on the desk in front of Philip Snell. For that was the frail-backed young man's name. But he evidently did not expect an answer for he went on. "Sure you won't change your mind and come to the dance, fellow?"

The frail-backed young man turned from his occupation of scrutinizing the dark landscape spread out in front of the window, and his face was as frail-looking as his back. He turned his hungry, black eyes on Drake but ignored the question, watching the struggle in which his friend was engaged. He wondered dispassionately whether the wayward bow tie (the kind that comes already tied on a piece of stubborn elastic) or Drake would come out the victor. The tie did, and Drake cursed.

"Dammit t' hell! These things aren't ties, they're th' devil. Damn! See what you can do, will ya?"

So the hungry-eyed young man fixed the tie and queried, "How's the gym look? The spotlight get here?"

"Yeah. Jack brought it up while ago. Was over at the Phi house. Damn Phi's."

"What's th' matter with the Phi's?"

"Damn Phi's." That seemed to be all Drake thought was necessary to describe the fraternity, and it satisfied the hungry-eyed young man because he really did not care what was the matter with the Phi's. He, himself, was a Sigma Chi (because of Drake's influence he supposed), but he really did not care. He really did not care whether he was anything at all—Sigma Chi, Phi, or the devil.

"You be over at the house for the breakfast?" Drake brought him out of another reverie.

"I dunno." But he did know. He wouldn't go to the breakfast. He might not even finish the Homer assignment. He might just sit there. Sit there and stare at the darkness and the rat-gray rain.

"Oughta come," his friend advised. "Gonna have some swell chow—eggs and stuff. Say, you seen my other shoe—oughta be around here somewhere. Damn! this place looks like hell! You couldn't find an elephant in it."

"You kicked it under the bed, I think—and if you wouldn't sling—"

"Yeah," Drake interrupted, "here it is." Then grinning sheepishly he added, "I'm a helluva roommate, I guess."

Philip wanted to say yes he was, but he liked Drake. He liked this tall boy with his lithe, compact body so different from Philip's own, and the long, straight legs that moved like quick silver. He liked the funny, whimsical, little-boy smile that did not fit the bold frankness that was Drake. But he especially liked the long, straight, strong legs. Legs that could dance, play tennis, jump hurdles, and run a football over the goal line. (For the now-tuxedoed young man was as at home in a football uniform as a tuxedo, and, from his momentary grimmace, perhaps even more so.) And the legs could go for long walks when the leaves were yellow, red, and rust-colored, and the crocuses were peeping out of the black earth without getting the least bit tired. Those legs—those long, straight, strong legs—those legs belonged to Drake, and he did not find it a bit extraordinary or wonderful that they were long and straight and strong. He just took it for granted. But Philip, the frail-backed, frail-faced, hungry-eyed young man, found them extraordinary and wonderful. Philip found them wonderful because he did not have long straight, strong legs. He had thin, bony, twisted legs. And his thin, bony, twisted legs could not do the things that Drake's legs could do. So Philip found Drake's legs—that could do anything it seemed to Philip—extraordinary and wonderful. Drake had not had infantile paralysis at the age of nine. Oh, no. But Philip had.

The time Philip roused himself from his contemplations. "It's gettin' late—eight-thirty—aren't you—"

"Damn! Is it that late?" Drake interrupted and wrinkled his good-looking, untroubled face into a not-so-good-looking, troubled frown, and his long fingers fumbled with the shoe strings he was attempting to tie. "Judy's gonna raise hell —says I'm always late, but I'm th' one that always does the waiting. That girl'll be late for her funeral." But his face looked happy again as he thought of Judy. Judy was his, Drake's, own particular fresh-cheeked, floating-haired young girl. She wore his fraternity pin on her soft sweaters and clinging, black crepe dresses. And she scolded him, smiled at him, and kissed him according to the provocation. Someday she might have smiled at him over a morning cup of coffee, or scolded him about working late, or kissed him as they watched a little straight-legged Drake or a little fresh-cheeked Judy play—she might have done all this some day if only . . . But she would not. And this knowledge brought another look to Drake's good-looking face. It was not the smile that usually accompanied the thought of Judy, and it was not the wrinkled, troubled frown. It was a strange, sad, wistful look. A look that the face of a tuxedoed young man about to go to a frothy-laced Valentine Ball should not wear. A look that somehow touched the heart of one who saw it as even the bitterly despairing looks of the pitiful, frail-faced, twisted-legged young man could not. But the frail-faced young man did not see the look, for it was gone in a moment. Philip did notice, however, that his friend seemed to move with a little less exuberance, a little less vivaciousness than usual. He had noticed lately that sometimes Drake would change like that in the middle of a conversation, in the middle of a word, in the middle of a thought. Sometimes he observed the transition, and sometimes he just looked up, and all of a sudden there it was—a look in the snapping, brown eyes that had not been there before. A look that matched the whimsical, little-boy smile. The whimsical, little-boy smile that did not fit the exciting, fast-moving, carefree Drake, but with that look in his eyes all of a sudden did fit. However, the next moment Philip could not be sure that he had seen the look that fit the smile and made the smile fit Drake. He was not sure; so he forgot it. He forgot it and never wondered what caused it. And Drake never said anything. If it—the look—had been there perhaps he, too, had forgotten it. Perhaps. At least it seemed so now, for the look was gone, and the calmness that had suddenly descended on Drake was gone, too.

"Well, guess I'll be shovin'," he grinned, "see ya later, and tell Homer 'hello' for me."

"Have a big time," and a thin-lipped smile was offered by the frail-faced young man. Yeah, he thought, I'll tell Homer hello, and you'll have a helluva good time. Yeah, a helluva good time.

"Try to make the breakfast, fellow," Drake flung over his shoulder as he began to cover the distance down the dormitory

(Continued on Page 70)

The Unforgettable Professor

By Jane Ellen Tye

In a small country village in bluegrass Kentucky an extraordinary prodigy was born. A lad named Wayne Ellison Crawford, who in the early days of his youth showed signs of unknown powers and brilliant perception of ideas far above his age of knowing. He was equally gifted in several talents. At the piano, he was the wizard, at the violin, the artist, and at the catechism of science, the genius. He was as witty as Dickens at the pen, and as eager as Defoe at the brush. Besides these brilliant accomplishments, he was a philosophist, and the horizon of life to him was ever a goal to be achieved before the next horizon. He was constantly striving for the unknown, perhaps to capture some fantastic dream of the universe. He was indeed a dreamer, and yet, so rapid in thought that in the expanse of eight years he had been rewarded with his high school diploma plus several awards in the Study of Science and Art.

Being from a not too poor family, he entered Harvard University where he was graduated with highest honors. The decision of his life's work was at hand, and although he could have perhaps been widely known in Art, Music or Literature, he chose the field of teaching, and became a professor of Philosophy at Harvard. Still in the prime of life, he became more and more possessed by the yearn for knowledge, and studied continually the deep books of bygone centuries. His pupils became famous lawyers, doctors, and teachers under his wise guidance. And the next decade won him recognition throughout Northeastern United States.

Also human, the great and promising genius fell in love, and with the daughter of Kentucky's governor, an aristocrat of high education and rare beauty. It was a worthy match, and completely satisfactory to friends of the pair. Often he visited the mansion in Frankfort and the two had spoken of marriage. What a glorious and happy life the Professor had lying stretched in front of his eyes.

On one occasion when he was visiting his betrothed, he was bothered with a severe headache, possibly from his long hours of reading and concentration. The girl offered to find some remedy to soothe the pain and returned with some small, white capsules which she explained her mother had taken for the same disturbance. Several minutes after he had taken the medicine his head was relieved, and felt in the pink of condition.

A few days later when he returned, he asked for the name of the pills in order that he may purchase some for his own use. Producing the bottle it was without label, so he visited the family doctor to get the tablets which had proved such help. In the early days narcotics could be purchased without prescription, and so the educated scholar with a golden future began on the long, cold road that lead to destruction, and upon the indulgence of narcotic morphine lost first, his position at Harvard and second his beloved sweetheart. His ladder that had before stretched so high into the heavens of success, was slowly crumbling to later lie sober and dead upon the damp dark earth of reality.

From his handsome characteristics and strong athletic body he grew bitter and sad, and his eyes that were once so keen and alert took on the appearance of a man half dead and mentally unbalanced. With the thought that there was nothing to live for he indulged steadily in the dope and yet, in the few hours of soberness he could still outwit any other. He established a small schoolhouse in the mountain district and gave several mountain boys an education and start that today makes them high-class citizens in the state and country.

The pupils that studied beneath him had days when they would accomplish an unbelievable amount of learning, and then there were days when the professor would nod and fall asleep on his desk in the shoddy schoolhouse.

The years went by, slow, weary years for the professor. Soon his schoolhouse plan failed and no longer would students pay the unusually small tuition to learn beneath his dim educated mind. His house, back in the green-gladed mansions of hills had the same appearance as he. Wayne Crawford, once the handsome, well-dressed leader, now the thin, bent, frail body of a human, wandering up and down the streets to be pitied by the folk who knew him. Here was a man, made in the Image of God, torn of garment and bitten of mind. Here was a human, perhaps who would have been President of the United States, or a million other things. He died, and his grave lies somewhere in these hills, marked only by a pine and rich blades of grass. He had not a friend or a penny to pay for the coffin in which he lay. Yet, this does not mark the end of our story, for our story has a moral that will live on in the hearts of the people who knew the professor, and understood his mood and thought.

I like to think of him as a lover of these hills, just as I, for he must have loved them, and the paths he made for hundreds of followers are today the highways of this nation. The banker, the grocer, the physician, the lawyer, the radioman, the teacher, yes and others have been given their futures by this man who lost his. I pity the great Wayne Crawford, yet I envy his youth and the chance that lay in the palm of his masterful hand. And although somewhere his bones are buried in the dust and ashes of this world, I cannot help but think that over the horizon, over his horizon he walks straight and tall, taking his second chance and making of himself all that he could have been.

Gone

By Barbara Smith

Yes, I left you. But only for awhile.
I left to seek a new sun, a world that
Was your rival. With pain and tiredness
In my heart, but a picture in my eyes,
I set out. Can I be blamed, that I did not know
The picture was of a home, and the world,
A dream that would turn to darkness
When the light left your eyes?

Buried Treasure

By Jeanne Bryant

The moon was rising in the East;
The sky was dark o'er head;
Another day was fading fast,
As on the Gray Hawk sped.

The Gray Hawk was a gallant ship,
And gallant crew had she;
For pirates all they were and bold,
For all their deviltry.

The hold was filled with treasure rich
They stole from kingly ships,
And on the deck they merry made
This song upon their lips:

"Sing, 'yo ho ho,' sing, 'yo ho ho,'
A gallant crew are we;
For pirates all we are and bold,
For all our deviltry."

The ship sailed on until the moon
Was waning in the West,
Then in a blue and calm lagoon
The Gray Hawk came to rest.

The buccaneers climbed overboard
Into a boat below.
They placed the loot beside them there
And then began to row.

Oh, what a dashing crew were they—
As brave as crew could be;
For pirates all they were and bold,
For all their deviltry.

On toward a strip of moonlit beach
They rowed, that stealthy band,
Until they landed with the chest
Upon the glist'ning sand.

"Heave ho! my lads," the Captain said,
"And do not weaklings be
For pirates all we are and strong
For all our deviltry."

They heaved and pushed until they got
The heavy chest ashore;
And then they took their knives in hand,
And at the lock they tore.

They raised the lid for one last look,
There in the pale moon's glow,
Of rubies red and sapphires blue
And pearls as white as snow.

Then with a sigh they closed the lid;
Far up the beach they stole.
And in the shadow of a palm
Began to dig a hole.

For hours they were at their work.
Long hours they did toil.
No sound was heard save lapping waves
And spade on virgin soil.

At last the hole was wide and deep.
They dropped the treasure in;
And with an "X" they marked the spot
To show where they had been.

They left the shore and back they rowed
To where the Gray Hawk lay;
And, as the dawn broke through the dark,
The pirates sailed away.

And makes the shadows long,
And on that beach, when moonlight wanes
Just listen to the evening breeze
And you will hear this song:

"Sing, 'yo ho ho,' sing, 'yo ho ho,'
A gallant crew are we;
For pirates all we are and bold,
For all our deviltry."

Atomic Power (To Be Sung)

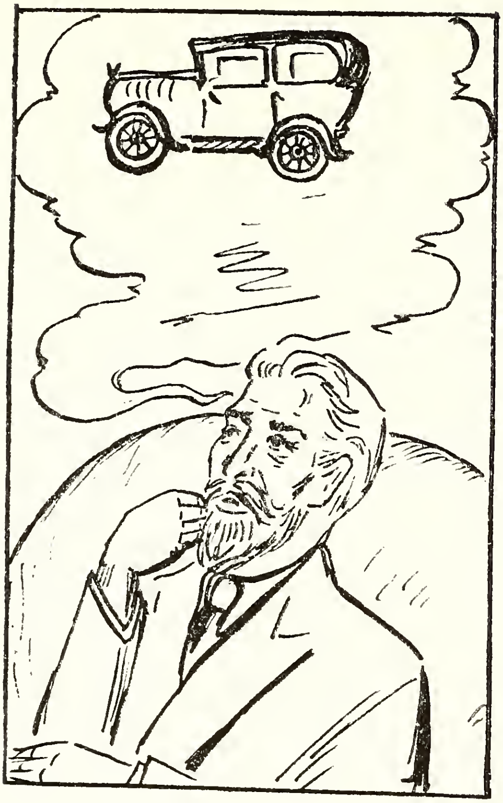
By Frances Newport

The age of the atom bomb has brought a number of perplexing problems to the average citizen of the United States. With the advent of a common knowledge of ions, electrons, and uranium, has come a new era of American progress that has gone beyond the earlier advancements developed by Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison. Not too long ago the electric light was considered a wonderful invention, the awkward Model T automobiles were thought to be without equal, the radio was a fearful instrument. During the present time, however, these have been far surpassed, and the post-war period has brought startling changes to our mode of living.

The most startling of the changes to occur in my immediate family has been in my grandparents. Long before my birth, my grandfather, who was much younger at that time, was in charge of the entire Middle West branch of an important implement supply company. His duties required that he own his own automobile and that he travel to each branch office of the company at least once a month; consequently, he drove a good deal at a time when the conditions for driving were not their best. The rules for driving were not as demanding as they are now, and my grandfather was not required to pass any kind of a test before receiving his license. The economic depression brought about the failure of the company for which he worked: grandfather was forced to sell his car, and my grandparents retired to the small town in Missouri where they are living still. For eighteen years they have lived in Malden, and no especial problems have arisen during their sojourn there. But recently new developments have occured which have disrupted completely the pattern of their lives.

Throughout the war years my grandparents rented the upper floor of their home to the wives of army officers stationed at the Army Air Base which was located nearby. Having no needs or desires that could not be supplied by the money that had been retained from the pre-depression days, they thriftily saved the money from their "boarders", and when the air base was closed they had accumulated a relatively large amount of money. This money was saved for the "rainy day" which was to come in later years; now, however, they have discarded the idea of saving the money. The atomic age has revolutionized the thinking of my grandparents, especially the thinking of my grandfather. Subtlely appoaching my father one day last week, he casually mentioned that he and my grandmother had decided to spend their carefully guarded "nest-egg" and were contemplating the purchase of a new automobile, 1947 model. An atomic bomb could not have had any wider repercussions than those which that simple statement brought forth in my family.

My father was at first amused by the idea and gently suggested that the money be spent in a more appropriate manner. Had daddy said exactly what he was thinking, my grandfather would have been furious at the idea that he and his wife were considered old at seventy-six and seventy-four. Hoping that the idea would be either forgotten or abandoned, my father said nothing more about the new car. The next day my grandfather again approached my parents and informed them that steps were being taken to procure the vehicle. With that information my father threw discretion aside and became quite upset; not only did he lose his discretion, he also lost his temper and intimated that he thought my grandfather had reached the age of senility. To explain my father's action and opinion it is necessary to describe briefly the manner in which my grandfather drives a car; with, perhaps, one hand on the wheel, he looks first at the occupants of the back-seat and then at the countryside. Never does he look at the road. I have ridden only once with my grandfather, and that trip is implanted firmly upon my memory. I was being taken to the hospital to have my left arm X-rayed; if it had not been broken before the trip, it *was* broken upon our arrival at the hospital. The fracture was due, I am convinced, to the carefree manner in which the driver progressed over the gravel road leading to the place of medical care.



To return to the feud which had now sprung up between the first and second generations of the Newport family, I must relate the steps which my father took to prevent the purchase of a new car by my grandparents. He visited every car-dealer in Malden, told them of the conspiracy, and received promise of their aid in the disillusionment of my grandfather. Finding all channels in Malden closed, Mr. Newport, Sr., wired his second son, who lives in Flint, Michigan, and is associated with the Chevrolet plant in that city, and asked his aid. But my father had anticipated such a move and had previously spoken to his brother via the long-distance telephone.

At the present time my grandfather is both frustrated and furious. *He* thinks he is being treated without the respect due him; my *father* thinks that both my grandparents will be killed if they *do* purchase the new car; *I* think the excitement involved in the quarrel will kill them anyway. It's a vicious circle! Unless a solution is reached within the next few days, the atomic age will have completely disrupted my family, and atomic power will have brought an early demise of both my grandparents. Does anyone have an old horse-and-buggy that you aren't using?

* * *

Christopher Smart

By Betty Neil Sheppard

The mind of a poet is a noble work of God. It differs from the average intelligence as a raging torrent differs from a still pond. Almost all men contemplate the same ideas and emotions; but in the poet's mind, they burn and glow, and cannot be extinguished. The poet's mental experience is so intense that it becomes obsession. The outlet for this obsession comes in creating poetry. Byron said that poetry is an overflow of lava from the mind that keeps the volcano from erupting. Poetry not only perpetuates ideas and emotions that perish in non-creative minds, but it purges the writer of undesirable passions that linger to contaminate the inarticulate majority.

Thus, an insane poet is a curiosity. To be called insane and yet have the merit to be called a poet is almost a paradox. Such was Christopher Smart.

Christopher Smart, like Cowper, Blake, and many other eighteenth century men, was hounded by a religious mania. Although he was periodically confined to Bedlam Mental Hospital during the last nineteen years of his life, Smart was not a dangerous case. Dr. Johnson staunchly declared that he was not socially noxious, even though (as Boswell records Johnson's remarks) "he insisted on people praying with him—also falling on his knees and saying his prayers in the street or in any other unusual place; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen and I have no passion for it."

Nevertheless, Smart's stubborn adherence to the word of the Bible made him an object of pity and disdain.

Smart has left us a remarkable poem, "A Song to David," that testifies to the power which the poet could command when he was rational. Daniel Gabriel Rossetti has called it "the only accomplished poem of the last (the eighteenth) century." It was Browning's opinion that " 'A Song to David' stations Smart on either hand with Milton and Keats."

Even if Smart had been a normal person, "A Song to David" could not be called an ordinary poem. It is not a poem to be read with ease. The difficulty of comprehension lies not in any intellectual obscurity but in its peculiar phraseology and sentence structure. The poem adheres faithfully to its six-line stanzas rhyming a a b c c b, but some of the sentences are as long as eighteen lines. Another characteristic of this peculiar diction is the over-burdening of verbs. Nine stanzas depend upon a verb in the fourth stanza. The deliberate and unassuming repetition of key words is suggestive of mental derangement. Every phenomonen for twenty-one stanzas exists "for adoration." Everything in the next three stanzas is "sweet," in the next three "strong," in the next three "beauteous," in the next three "precious," and in the final four "glorious." Perhaps because of the unique and widely varying images that glow from each stanza, the repetition does not become monotonous but adds to the wild strangeness which magnetizes the poem.

Although commencing with an apostrophe to David, the psalmist, "minister of praise at large," the design of the poem is to enlist all creation, animate and inanimate, to the praise which David sang and which burned in Smart's breast. He saw all creation enraptured even as he, with praise unending. He combs the earth and probes its crevices to discover these creatures whose existence breathes an eternity of praise.

"Praise above all—for praise prevails;
Heap up the measure, load the scales,
And good to goodness add:
The generous soul her Saviour aids,
But peevish obloquy degrades;
The Lord is great and glad."

With naive simplicity, he catalogues God's works: "the seraph and his spouse," (a peculiar conception), "Man, the semblance and effect of God and love," "the clustering spheres he made," "choice gums and precious balms," "every beak and every wing which cheer the winter, hail the spring, that live in peace or prey," "fishes, every size and shape, which nature frames of light escape devouring man to shun." His extensive roster does not exclude lizards, vultures, and martyrs.

In the beginning of the poem, Smart referred to "this wreath I weave" and it is a good label for his strange brain child. He waves a wreath of deep and intense colors which never flash but glow darkly. The images appear one by one out of the darkness; soon the reader finds himself in the midst of a growing host of strangely unworldly beings. In order to capture the intense array of colors that smolders in the twenty-one "adoration" stanzas, Smart turned to the flora and fauna of tropical climates. He is not a craftsman of elaborate descriptions; with a few words he studs the "wreath" with beautiful sights as sweet, rich, and fresh as they are seen in nature. Each re-reading of the poem renders it more weird.

"Rich almonds color to the prime for Adoration;
Tenrils climb and fruit trees pledge their gems
. . . With vinous syrups cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
For adoration springs . . .
For adoration repining canes
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrims staff; . . .
. . . The laurels with the winter strive;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snowclad earth. . . .

"A Song to David" is the work of a devout heart and a capable mind. It is evident that Smart had a copious knowledge of natural science. Although Smart was rational when he wrote the poem, it reveals itself as a vehicle of his life-long obsession. It is all a catalogue of natural phenomena saying the same thing; the Almighty is the king of beauty. The mental disorder must have rendered Smart's mind insensitive to the noxiousness of repetition.

Kit Smart used to scribble on the walls of his cell with charcoal. Some time between 1756 and 1763 while interned in a madhouse Smart made a unique contribution to literature: a poem written by an insane person. If "Song to David" was strange, "Rejoice in the Lamb" is extraordinary. Each of its seventy-five lines begins with the word "for."

The lines of the poem are pitifully inane. The poet must have had a cat as a companion in his lonely cell. The poem begins, "For I will consider my cat Jeoffery . . ." The cat is represented as a creature of God glorifying his Maker by his nature and abilities. The cat performs his morning worship by "wreathing his body seven times round in elegant quickness." His prayer is answered by a musk for his breakfast. Then, the cat begins to groom himself. The ten steps of operation are crudely designated first, secondly, thirdly, etc. The saintly cat does not commit brutal murder: he gives his prey a chance to escape.

"For he counteracts the powers of darkness by his electric skin and glaring eyes" . . . "For he is an instument for children to learn benevolence upon" . . . "For English cats are the best in Europe"

. . . "For he is a mixture of gravity and waggery" . . . "For he knows that God is his Savior."

And thus he chants on, wandering in a maze of observations, pertinent and senseless. The rhythm of this poem is suggestive of the motion of a rustic wheel endlessly employed in an incomplete rotation. This effect may have been instilled by some constantly recurring noise in the prison such as a slow drip-drip. It is interrupted once when a rat bites Jeoffery's throat. But the holy feline is healed post haste by the Divine Spirit.

Jeoffery was a versatile cat; he could sit up on his rear, fetch and carry and even dance. The poem ends:

> "For he can swim for life
> For he can creep."

Smart's senses may have been absent when he wrote this poem; but not so the obsession which ruled his life and fathered his poetry. This pathetic litany of a disordered mind carries a forceful impact. Perhaps the reader is impressed by the fact that the poor fellow, having lost his senses, retains the sincere adoration for the Lord.

If few appreciated Christopher Smart, there are two who did: Samuel Johnson and God.

Only The Night

By Jane Ellen Tye

I dreamt I felt her chilling fingers
Touch my hand. How cold and white
They seemed, and I awoke to find
Only the black and empty night.

The moon shone silver through the window
Casting shadows on the wall . . .
And far across the hills there came
A voice. I knew her call.

I swiftly rose and to the window.
Salty tears ran from my eyes.
But only the moon lay still and silent
On the cloud-banked starless skies.

Many times I hear her calling,
Feel those ghostly fingers white . . .
Yet nothing lies outside my window . .
Nothing but the starless night.

"For I Have Learned To Look Upon The Theatre . . ."

By Betty Neil Shepherd

Wordsworth contemplates how the spirit of nature transformed the "coarser pleasures of my boyish days and their glad animal movements all gone by" into a "more sober pleasure". As we depart from the delicious pagan shores of childhood, harnessed in the restraint imposed by civilization, is not all our pleasure whetted down to a more circumspect emotion? Take me and the movies. In the grip of the spirit of the cinema, an influence in our times more potent, I fear, than that of nature, I evolved from a savage to a sober dilettante.

I was six years old when I first came under the spell of the moving, talking picture. My father took me to the little one-horse movie theatre which nightly drew a full house from the six thousand inhabitants of a Kentucky mining town—white collar workers from Oak Street, coal miners from Mud Town, and occasional wide-eyed mountaineers who tramped, muddy-shod, out of the surrounding hollows. Because everyone knew everyone else and knew more about the other's personal affairs than would seem prudent in a more urbane society, the theatre had an intimate atmosphere. Here one could mingle with neighbors that in every-day pursuits he might not "meet up with" for a week. From seven, when the doors were opened, until seven-thirty, when the movie began, the rapidly-filling theatre was a score of a neighborly "confab." Inspired conversation was often carried on with four rows of seats separating the conversants. My father, *the* doctor, was inevitably seeked out by grateful patients. "Doc, that was powerful good cough syrup you give me last week", he might be told; or perhaps, "Doc, what do you think of turpentine for a beeled finger?"

The lights in the theatre went out in two operations: the back of the house was darkened first, then the front. The lowering of the lights eventually became a ceremony to me. It reminded me of a beaching ocean wave: the first undulation lapping the rear into twilight, the partially hushed moments of expectancy and the ultimate billow that drowned the whole place in darkness and silence. When the scintillating moment came, all activity ceased; the pop-corn-chewing crowd settled back in their seats. Abandoning thoughts of the greasy dish-pan and the drudgery in subterranean coal mines to devote their energies to the vicissitudes and triumphs of Clark Gable, they gave themselves to the movie.

It was only after five or six trips to the theatre that my father was able to convince his naive daughter that these people who laughed, cried and died before us were not real flesh-and-blood creatures. If I remember correctly, all this blood-and-tears was quite harrowing to me until I, like my hard-shelled colleagues, learned to take it with a grain of salt.

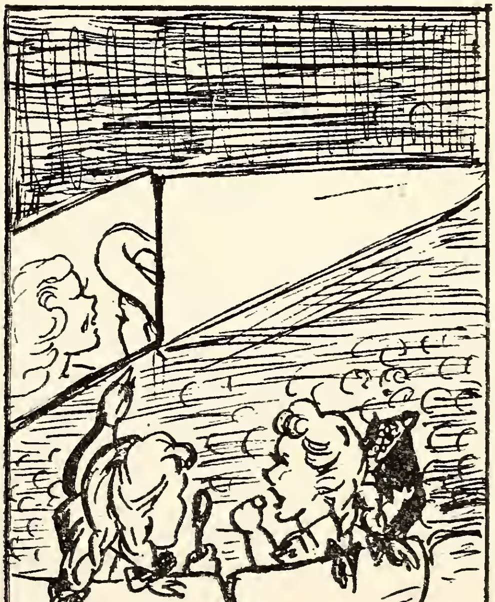
If one were of a mind to go to the movies Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday night, there was no way to avoid the inevitable rip-roarin wild western horse opera. A classic Samuel Goldwyn production with Bette Davis usually kept the audience glued quietly to their seats shedding reserved tears; but when the fare was a wild-western, they were "in there pitching" every minute. If the advice and prompting of the audience were of any aid to the hero, there was no chance that he should fail to apprehend the dastardly desperado. Often the din of hoof beats was drawned out by shrieks from youngsters crouched on the edge of their seats, waving clenched fists in the air. "Watch out, Tex! He's *behind* you!"

"Run, Tex, run! Not that way! Oh-h-h-"

Of late, for years in fact, I have been trying to reconstruct the subtle humor of an incident in one of these dramas that put me literally in the aisles. It was during one of the rip-snortinist scenes in the picture: A constant stream of bullets described a mortal Scapa Flow across the dusty, Main Street; on one side the sheriff's men crouched behind kegs and over-turned stage-coaches; across the street, the bandits held the bank in ambush. The outlaws seemed to be getting the best of the courageous defenders of the town. The audience, in a posture half-way between sitting and standing, winced as a deputy stiffened, then toppled over backwards. In the midst of all this, one of the outlaws ventured his head around from behind a barrel in order to take aim. The fleet-triggered sheriff took aim at the head, lifting the five-gallon hat "clean off". At this, I roared with laughter. I managed to stifle my paraxysms when I realized that the offended rooters were glaring on me with disdainful horror. It must have been the strain of it all relieved by the unorthodox incident of the shot sombrero that set me off.

During the first years of my theatre going, the movies were shown in an unpretentious box-like auditorium. One fall, when I returned to the mountains from a vacation in the city, my best friend, a galloping, two-fisted female in the sixth grade, told me that our adored theatre had been renovated. I remember our impatience to reach the interior the next night as we figeted in the line that wormed slowly past the ticket man at the door. At last, we reached the magic threshold. My friend, Rosie, beaming with pride, pushed me through the portal so I could get the full effect. I gasped—dazzled. I had never realized the magnitude of the place until I beheld its walls and ceiling coated in a chalky orange-pink. The whole effect was high-lighted by two nude bubble dancers which flanked the screen on either side. Rosie led me to one of the creaky wooden seats where I could drink in the beauty of the panorama until the lights went off.

But, the Wednesday matinee was the high-light of the theatre-going week to me and my beloved cohort. On Wednesdays, the "main show" was supplemented by the serial. The serial was a narrative of horror, or at best adventure in weekly installments which starred some awe-inspiring figure such as the Bat Man, the Green Hornet or Nancy Drew. The continued-next-week signal invariably flashed on the screen at some hair-raising



climax, leaving the Green Hornet sealed up in an air-tight chamber in a burning building or feverishly trying to extricate his fiance from a rail-road track in the path of an on-coming engine.

Sixth-grade pupils were required to stay in after school until we had written correctly twenty-five times every word we had missed in spelling that day. Because of this ill-conceived practice of our teacher, in order to arrive on time, we usually had to run the quarter of a mile from the school house to the theatre. Burdened with leaden text books and other essential paraphernalia such as a baseball bat, we reached our destination in some dishevelment. On Wednesdays when we had been especially discreet in our spelling, we arrived before the lights went out and were able to claim our seats in the first row. It was fortunate that the matinee audiences consisted solely of children, for we were completely uninhibited. At dull moments, which I must admit were rare, some of the little boys amused themselves by shooting spit wads at be-ribboned pig-tailed heads.

For two weeks preceding, a certain Wednesday, we applied ourselves assiduously to our spelling. The bill-boards posted on every other telephone pole in town had informed us that a traveling spook show was coming. We squirmed in our desks all day long; when three-thirty came, we burst out of the school and galloped to our front-row seats. The theatre rang with its usual cat-calls and chattering, but there was an added tension, (instilled perhaps, by the apprehension of being in the same room with ghosts.) When the room was pitched in black darkness, a tremulous moan that came from a hundred tense lips swept down the aisles. Suddenly, a host of luminous forms drifted on the stage. I realized that they were nothing more than painted baloons on long strings; nevertheless, I kept a wary eye on them. My companion was also too sophisticated to be duped. A miner's consumptive little daughter on the other side of Rosie was evidently less confident. With one spasmodic leap, the scrawny little creature transferred herself into my friend's lap, clasping her bony arms around her neck. When she had satisfied herself that she was not in the clammy embrace of a ghost, Rosie laughed gleefully. The little creature in her lap chattered, "I'm not afraid, are you?"

Now, ten years later, my trips to the theatre are less eventful. I humbly tread the deep plush carpet into a silent black theatre where I view the drama of human existence with detachment. An aggregation of icebergs, "it moves us not". I sometimes even doze. I have longed learned to discreetly wipe away my tears and restrain a vague impulse to confer with the disinterested stranger beside me.

Neither are my rare visits to the beloved theatre of my childhood as satisfying as those of Wordsworth when he returned to Tintern Abbey. Less fortunate than the poet, my dear friend is not here and the dancing figures on the pink walls are fading; but the memories will never be erased.

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The Resistance

By Eileen Springstun

It can be seen by glancing through the pages of the history of France that after every period of mental stress there has been an interval of fervent philosophical innovation. It is not surprising, therefore, that out of the confusion and chaos of Paris after the recent war there has grown a new philosophy of life called Existentialism. Synonymous with Resistentialism, this word that is the subject of so much debate and discussion bubbled up out of the depths of the French resistance against foreign occupation. It had its beginning, and is now centered on the literary Left Bank of Paris. The philosophy's influence is great in France, and its effects can be felt in the United States and elsewhere, principally because it is the philosophy behind most current works in literature. It is yet too soon, however, to determine the importance it will play in history. Perhaps time will prove that its only merit lies in the quantity and quality of the literary works it has fostered.

The leading personality behind the nationwide excitement over Existentialism is a squat, almost ugly, wall-eyed, exuberant forty-year-old individual named Jean-Paul Sartre. Philosopher, novelist, playwright, and essayist, Sartre was for thirteen years a humdrum young teacher of philosophy without any distinction. Sartre came into prominence when, after the war, everybody was asking how to save France, and many, especially the university students, disliked the idea of adopting the popular remedy, Communism. Sartre and his existentualist philosophy appealed to the discouraged, melancholy French people. The intellectuals of the Left Bank, having the uncertainties of postwar European life, think they have found in this new philosophy at least a partial answer to their problem.

Existentialism is difficult to define, because it is obscured by its followers with abstractions and paradoxical statements. If only the literary aspects of Sartre's writings were in question, the fact that few understand the principles underlying Existentialism would not be a serious matter. Some people think, however, that once the philosophy takes to stage and pages of fiction, it can be and is dangerous if not properly understood. Existentialism, however, like any other philosophy, is innocuous. It embodies ideas, theories, and courses of action that have been with us always, but only occasionally brought to view. It is a rare person who would think of Shakespeare's Hamlet as an Existentialist, but Wylie Sypher has recently shown us that the character of Hamlet can be interpreted as "existent".

The theory of Existentialism is not new. The progenitor of the philosophy is the Danish religious thinker Soren Kierkegaard, who lived in the nineteenth century. Kierkegaard sought a new philosophic basis for Christianity in an analysis of man's existence rather than in clear, abstract ideas of his nature. An atheist, Sartre merely revamped Kierkegaard's philosophy by discarding its religious kernel. One American writer on the subject says that Existentialism sweeps aside the moral and ethical values of all past philosophies, and takes as its departure the brute fact of man's existence. Man starts his existence as part of the one Universal Being. He is then a Fundamental Being, and there are latent within him a set of potentialities permitting him to develop in a variety of directions depending on what he does with his life when he becomes an

Individual Being. Man is born with potentialities, not traits; he is not properly a human being in the full sense, but he has the power of becoming such. Man remaining in the state of Fundamental Being can experience nothing but the primitive impulses of "birth, copulation, death." The springs of life are drawn from the necessary reaction between the Fundamental and Individual Being, and the relationship that exists between these two Beings is the sum total of human frailty. The Individual Being is constantly drawing strength to himself from the possibilities latent in his Fundamental Being. Only in this way can he *live* . . . think, move, act. Through no choice of his own, man is meaninglessly thrust into the world, and it is the responsibility of each individual to create his own finished character, his own "human nature", fulfill his existence, and complete his life which is absurd and meaningless to the Existentialist except as meaning is given to it by man and his actions. In existentialist terminology, this idea is expressed by the principle; "existence precedes essence." The whole philosophy rests on this distinction. Denying the usually accepted idea that essence precedes existence, Sartre says that existence precedes essence. Man, the only one who can chose his essence, must first exist. Because he recognizes his responsibility to make something of his existence, he is permeated with a profound sense of anguish, abandonment, and despair. He is anguished because he must act, and because he is judged by his actions. Man's sense of abandonment comes because there are no absolute values to which he can appeal. Thus, he is completely free. Man feels despair because of the obvious inadequacy of his psyche to cope with his environment and to understand the questions of life and death. Each man must act as he thinks all men should act. Thus he develops a concept of life as he acts.

What a man is, nobody can know until he is dead. Thus, man is without hope, because he cannot know the results. This sense of hopelessness is clearly illustrated in the person of Monsieur Meursault, who drifts through life without volition in the novel *The Stranger* written by Albert Camus, one of the leading writers of the French Resistance.

Death only may withdraw Man from all the possibilities open to him, and when Man dies he carries with him his Hell . . . the sum total of the events that have made up his crowded life, now irrevocably fixed and incapable of change or a shifting of emphasis. The picture of Hell that Sartre offers us is a Hell that is other people, a Hell of our own making, carried within us for all time, for "Nous sommes ensemble pour toujours! . . . Nous resterons jusqu'au bout seuls ensemble."[1] All man can do, therefore, is to face with a stout heart a situation of his own contriving. These existentialists are built solidly, their feet firmly on the ground. They are not pessimistic in the usual sense; they are realists. Their philosophy is austere and severe. It is a philosophy of free will. The truth of man's freedom is as he makes it; there is no platonic or Christian realm of perfection and justice, no naturalistic hope of progress or amelioration.

Let us examine more closely the principles of the Existentialist, and attempt to follow the process of thought that resulted in these principles that form the basis of Existentialism.

Existentialism asserts that if man has a life after death or has any relationship to an interested God (i.e. interested directly in him in the sense of guiding and making clear his fate to him), this relationship is not made known to him during his conscious life on this planet. He is asked to take it on "faith" by the church. But he finds, after trial, that faith does not supply the definite answers he wants. Then he considers the full array of all types of evidence during man's history against the possibility of a caring God and against the possibility of anything existing for him beyond the physical disintegration which seems to mark the end of his span of life. (He regards Christ's utterances more as personal opinion larded with propaganda than as the result of a direct message from the Godhead as to what awaits him.) If he abandons the Faith in an interested God conception, he is left with the naked consideration of his position in the Universe as presented to him by such evidence as science and philosophy are able to gather and correlate. This indicates that he is one unit of human species among several billion similar units following a basic life cycle of birth, life, death similar to his own. Over all these phenomena of Universal Being he has absolutely no control and is himself completely under the control of the same forces which cause and motivate the rest. His consciousness, his intelligence, his thinking processes, the existence of which instigate this analysis, apparently stand as a tiny isolated point of awareness in this sea of unknowing space and unknowing matter.

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[1] From **Huis Clos,** a play by Sartre adapted for Broadway by Paul Bowles and called **No Exit. No Exit** was a failure on Broadway, not because of lack of literary value, but because the make-up of the American people renders them unable to comprehend the French nature and the workings of the French mind. Most of the existentialist plays are austere and religious in tone, although not in content. In all, the moral choice, which influences everybody, is emphasized.

Now, the aware one (man) asks himself: "What is the purpose of my awareness in this vast frame of unaware balls of matter moving through the spatial extension?" Further thought leads inevitably to a further series of questions, the so-called "negative answers" to which form the basis of Existentialism.

One question the Existentialist asks is how much control he has over the processes of his "self" . . . self being the whole living organism, body and mind. He concludes that it is evident that at present the "I" has no real control over the processes of its body housing. The functioning of the "I", its process from moment to moment, goes on because of the initial energy drive bestowed on the organism at conception. The Ego has, it appears, a power of will, of choosing among alternatives when it becomes fully developed with the growth of the organism, but the Ego or mind cannot be considered to have a separate destiny from that of the body . . . a destiny which would give it independence and self-movement.

The next question that the Existentialist would ask is this: does man have an after-life, and if there is such a continuation of consciousness awaiting him, is there any particular course of action he can choose in this life to be sure of obtaining immortality and a desirable form of it? The Existentialist then reasons that there is an overwhelming lack of evidence on the likelihood of immortality, because the evidence of science indicates that death is nothing more than a deep, total, and permanent state of unconsciousness resulting from permanent irreparable damage to the brain, the organ with which consciousness is almost wholly associated. If such a continued state of consciousness does actually exist, the individual will fall heir to it regardless of the choices he makes in this life. The vast region of the after-life either exists for every unit of humanity on this planet (including possibly the so-called lower forms of organic life) or it does not exist at all. Moral choices, "the religious attitude", do not enter into it, nor is it the property of any creed or non-creed. The human unit has no more choice of whether he will go on into an after-life or not than he has over whether he will be conceived or not. Attainment of an after-life does not depend on whether he is nice to Grandma or goes to church on Sunday. (This is brought out clearly in *The Stranger* by Camus). There is no reason, therefore, to consider immortality as a goal-motive in man's choices. This, of course, eliminates one phase of the reason for the choice or conscious willing with an end in view of the organism during life. It removes the possibility of any deep motivation in this period of awareness between nothingness and nothingness.

Fundamentally, the Existentialist believes that the individual human unit is provided with no other purpose in entering this life than that of living through it until he is blotted out, either by his own hand or by factors beyond his control (disease, accident, war, and other flux factors), and that although there may be a God-head interested in some vast plan affecting the role of the whole human race in the Universe, He does not, in the smallest degree, play the role of a Guider and Protector of the myraid human units living out their individual spans on His planet. Such a belief automatically deprives him of the motivation to live a moral life synchronized with an ethical code handed out by a Superior Being. Theologians have used various devices to prove the assertion that the earth is merely a testing ground for souls, but one cannot escape the conclusion that if God both created and controls the flux of the Universe as well as *is* the Universe (Doctrine of Immanence) he must have known the results of the moral tests on each individual before he instituted them. He is in the position of a chemist or physicist who knows the results of all his experiments before he starts them . . . having predetermined the answers. If He has not this Absolute Control, then the Creation has gotten beyond the control of the Creator. Matter has taken on an Action (Quantum Theory) which amounts to an Intelligence of its own, and God is running faster than himself . . . a weird paradox.

The Existentialist then sees his position in the Universe as irrevocably limited to the phase of Nature. Within Nature his ultimate fate is no different from that of the plant or animal . . . a brief ride on the planet in its trips around the sun and then Nothingness eternally. The only thing that distinguishes him is his extended area of Consciousness. This heightened consciousness affords man a deep insight into his predicament, but to the Existentialist this occasions a mixture of despair and disgust. He focusses his consciousness on the real stages of man's progress through life, and he sees continuously the passage of youth and strength into senility and degeneration. He also sees the isolated position of man among the indifferent and ever potentially hostile balances of nature in which the Creator shows equal of no greater consideration for the smallest micro-organism as he does for man. To the Existentialist, man's possession of a heightened consciousness or intelligence, of a human type mind, is a catastrophe. Housing a knowing instrument within a mortal framework and providing it with the intelligence to watch and even predict the degeneration and eventual complete disintegration of its framework would seem to be the act of a most vicious Creative Intelligence. When man begins to speculate on Nature and his role within her framework, he approaches the state of an Overlord God, with some of the knowledge and none of the power. Even the fractional share of knowledge man has may be far from the reality because of the distortion produced by his limiting senses. The Existentialist, realizing this, turns bitterly on all metaphysical speculation, and abandons thought, because the act of starting to think introduces such fundamentally hopeless errors that it negates all his conclusions. We have seen how he has already abandoned all hope of an afterlife as a reward for higher ethical conduct. Now with the abandonment of metaphysical speculation, he is left with nothing except the ideals of the Western masses—happiness obtained through sensation dependent on prior economic security. He hates to admit this, being a philosopher to start. He is now in the position of a priest who cannot believe in God, a professional philosopher who does not beileve in philosophy, a thinker who does not believe in thought. The only thing left is a progress of action, action that in any way will make one happy; even though action is as meaningless as thought. Sartre, Camus, and other Existentialists stress this. But Existentialist *Action* must not be confused with action purposeful in an altruistic sense. The truest Existentialist life would be that led by the average wage-earner who works that he may live, satisfying his necessary appetites (Existentialism at the primary level), and schemes to rise in the world so that he may obtain more of the particular things that please him.

Existentialism viewed from its application to human effort and conduct, in which it has made a greater effort than previous schools, borrows a little from many and scrambles freely. Berkeley, Locke, and Kant of course begot the idea of the distrust in the senses and intellect as knowers of the Universe and speculators on metaphysical problems. The Existentialist's last bitter solution taken with such a highly publicized air of hard-boiled realism and courage is the centuries old solution of the Stoics, Epicureans, and Hedonists. One writer on the subject says that emphasis on the philosophy as an ultra-modern attitude, the final word, resulting from conditions that men's intellectual askance and progress have forced on him, is absurd. The same essential philosophy was held by philosophers in the Aegean towns two thousand years ago. The writer says that the Existentialists' greatest contribution to philosophy has probably been reemphasis on the probable lack of synchronization between reality and the human conscious awareness of it, with the transference of a knowledge of reality to organisms without mind or sense specialization . . . knowledge by mere fact of existence that might indicate a superior comprehension through being immersed unaware in the whole than by being endowed with the terrible duality of an heightened awareness housed in an unaware organism.

Practically all the followers of the philosopher Sartre are young, and it is doubtful that many of them actually comprehend the meaning of their philosophy. They vary between seventeen and twenty-five years of age, and are mostly students. A number, however, are musicians and painters, like Georges Patrix, a former Sartre student, who claims that the paintings he is now exhibiting in a Left Bank gallery are existentialist art. One of the leaders is Simone de Beauvoir, an intellectual who has been christened the “Queen”. Lige Sartre, she is a former professor of philosophy and, in addition to writing penetrating articles on ethics, sociology, and metaphysics, has produced a number of plays and novels. De Beauvoir is one of Sartre's extremely rare, mature disciples.

Since the followers of Sartre are considered the intellectual elite, sincere belief in the philosophy is not entertained by many. Some are intellectual snobs who have found in Existentialism a fashionable fad on which to cling. Whether sincere or not, however, the Existentialist looks like the traditional Left Bank Bohemian, long-haired and wearing a serene expression and baggy pants. Invariably he carries books or a manuscript under his arm which completes the portrait of the eternal student or the struggling, French intellectual.

It cannot be discerned as yet just what is the effect Existentialism will have on France and the rest of the world. Its worth is even more difficult to determine because, obviously, very few people, including many of the Parisian students who profess to be such ardent devotees of the philosophy, actually know what Existentialism means. It is difficult, and hardly fair, therefore, to express a personal opinion on the subject. Jacques Barzun, however, a professor of history at Columbia University, has set forth his evaluation of the Existentialists in his article *Ca Existes A Note on the New Ism.* Mr. Barzun has expressed himself very well by adding his version of the essence of Existentialism to the compact expression of Descartes' philosophy, "I think; therefore, I am." Mr. Barzun interprets this in the light of Existentialism as, "I am; therefore, I (occasionally) think."

The Hall Of Life

By Jane Erwin

I enter.
The hall is narrow, dark and gloomy.
My feet rush from its emptiness
Knowing not which way to go, for
There are doors on either side identical,
And here

I stop,
My mind confused and muddled.
There is no purpose here.
To the left is a room of madness;
To the right a room of sin;
But where do these rooms lead from them?
I am lost.

At last,
A holy light shines out
From the other end of the hall;
It shines through an opaque door.
My heart sings out and I am glad,
For at last I see my way.
There is one word above the door—
EXIT.

Lovable Eva

By Ann Morgan

"Good mawnin', Miss Ann. How ah you this fine fall day? Ah you ready to go to school down in the South? Have a good time, honey. Now where's Butch . . . Oh, on the line? I'se goin' to get him. Poor little dog, all tied up."

With this greeting, Eva Smith, our small, middle-aged, old-fashioned Negress, comes into our home every Wednesday morning to do all the housework and extra chores. After Eva had been with us a few weeks, I realized that my day would not be complete without that greeting and "my toothy smile."

Eva, an unforgettable character to us, would appear at the back door at eight o'clock, bulging shopping bag and umbrella in hand. A black hat, trimmed with a chartreuse ribbon, perched on her forehead like a bird ready for flight; her "killy green" Chesterfield is wrapped around her small, plump body; the conservative black dress with a white lace collar is underneath her coat; and on her feet she wears low-heeled, black patent leather pumps—all this makes up Eva's wardrobe which she wears on the street and to our house. Eva's blue umbrella is a constant companion, as is her shopping bag, the contents of which are still a mystery to me. Last but not least, she carries a black patent leather pocketbook, with her initials, "E. S.," in gold. That purse is one of her two prized possessions, the other being "my gold weddin' ring Wilbur gave me," which is too tight for her fat little finger.

Eva changed her dress from street clothes to "my uniform," with which she will never part until her last day in "dis ole glorious world." When she begins to clean, Eva usually has on an expansive black apron, to which she adds a pair of dusting gloves and her white bandana. Ironing does not require an apron, but Eva never pays attention to other maids' ideas: she therefore changes to a small white one, complementing her bandana. Then for cooking Eva again changes, this time to a huge white apron, which is always drawn tightly around her short, fat figure. Underneath this array of different aprons is the ever-present blue dress, with white collar and cuffs; and below, on Eva's feet, are a pair of old blue play shoes.

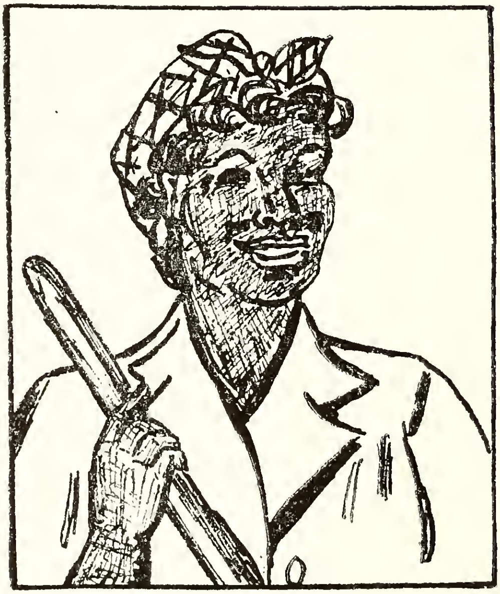
In addition to her funny little habits, such as the aprons, Eva has a large heart from which she pours out love and devotion. One reason why she loves our family is my dog, Butch, a large, red cocker. Wild but lovable, Butch adores the ground Eva walks one, and the same is true for her. From the minute she walks into our house until she starts for the street car at five-thirty, Butch follows at her heels. He plays with her dust rags, gets in the wash pails, and tries to catch the broom; but all these little annoyances are enjoyed by Eva, who, I think, really encourages Butch to play with her. Eva knows the three of us in our family and understands our big and little problems. I ask her advice about matters, such as what to wear on Saturday night, or what to take to spread; she always has the right answers. Therefore Eva enters into our daily conversations, for we would not want her any other way. Her opinion means as much to us as that of a close friend.

To get to a more serious angle, all Negroes are religious in varying degrees, and Eva is no exception. One could say she is the most religious person in her congregation. Her church choir broad-casts every Sunday morning, has a dinner on Wednesday nights, and constantly entertains for several outside organizations. The Negro spirituals floating through the air of our house reflect the enthusiastic interest that Eva has for "my choir" and "my church." She is constantly going to meetings out of town to promote religious organizations and to teach others what God and the church means to her.

In Eva's opinion, marriage is a private affair. Although she never talks about her marriage to Wilbur, Eva loves to tell us about Arthur, her only child. Arthur, an elevator operator in a large Columbus hotel, never does anything wrong, at least in Eva's eyes. She is very proud of him, but secretly wishes he would marry so that she could be a happy grandmother.

Equally as proud of her house as she is of Arthur, Eva never fails to tell us the least thing she has done to change or add to her furniture. Since we take Eva home on rainy days, I have seen her small, compact house with its spotless rooms and draperies at the clean windows. Eva has learned in her own home how to keep things neat, so it is no wonder that our house is spotless on "my cleanin' day at your all's house."

When I stop to think about home, I continually think of Eva, for she plays an important part in my unfinished book called "Life." I have enjoyed our many discussions, her romps with Butch, and her cooking; but more than all these, I will look forward to seeing her jolly smile, accompanied by, "Good mawnin', Miss Ann. Nice to see you back home, honey. Did you all's have a nice time in de South?"



Like A Little Flower

By Marion Frederick

He came into her room, drunk. Carefully picking his way around the edge of the fluffy rug, he sat down backwards, with great caution, on the gilded chair facing the ornate dressing table. The room was stuffy, smelling of the dainty, expensive Molyneux. It was too hot. She liked hot rooms, stuffy, smelling of perfume and expensive clothes, light with gilded furniture, and frilly with curtains and ruffled pillows. That was why she had a room of her own, filled with the furniture of a decaying, luxury-laden age. After two months of sleeping in the room next to hers with its windows open all night, the square, solid mahogany bedstead, with its scratchy, bold Hudson's Bay blankets (she had a soft, yellow puff now), had driven her to ask prettily for a room of her own. She had gotten it as a matter of course.

He looked at his handiwork and sobered.

"You are beautiful, my lovely, like a little flower. But you have no conception of love. Love, my dear heart, must come from within. It grows like a flower, too. But its beauty is more than superficial. Every soul contains the seed, but contrary to popular fiction it is watered and fed from within. In some hearts it grows on comparatively shallow ground, bursting like a sunflower, shining, gaudy, almost embarrassing, but spreading its joy and light everywhere. In others, more tortured, more twisted by unhappiness, love must fight its ways to the front and present itself to the conscious mind like the eidelweiss pushing its way through the granite crags of a cosmic eruption to bloom for a short while, startlingly lovely and alone. It is not seen by the masses, only the one who climbs high and hard to search for it. Its roots are hidden; it seems to spring from nowhere. Sometimes it is missed and then dies of its own accord. Sometimes it is picked by the hardy, unfeeling climber and worn as a trophy of great accomplishment. Why is the tearing of love from the heart to display until it dies in the soggy, lowland air the aim of some? Why not stay and admire the love while it lasts and, when evening brings a chill and a death to the high peaks, then retire from the freezing highlands to the heavy, earthbound life? Eternity for a moment is quite enough. The most perfect solution, of course, my dear, would be to stay on the mountain, being chilled and frozen to die with the love that brought you there.

"But enough of this Wordsworthian drivel, but a short preface that was necessary before I present the facts to you. You are perfectly aware, even in your own blank and beautiful way, that there is something wrong.

"I can forgive women for being sly. I think it enhances their natural sleek, feline qualities, and you know that I have devoted myself to the feline sophisticate, but there are some types of slyness I do not condone. This slyness is a form of brutality, which takes no account of another's soul; it plays with the feelings, with the innate dignity; this quality you have shown in a remarkable way. I have just discovered your duplicity. It makes me feel a bit foolish to have to explain it, even to myself, but people must not think, as they do now, that my adoration of you is still blind or still is an adoration. The fact of the matter is this: I hate you.

"I hate you. Hate is a strange, new emotion for me. I have always felt it to be a barbaric feeling, coming when logic fails to give reason for dislike or loathing. I hate you and I dispise myself. I feel that I should have seen through your scheme, but I didn't. Therefore, I hate you for fooling me: I despise myself for being fooled. I couldn't afford to let you tell people how you fooled me. They think of me as the bon vivant interested in first editions, fine brandy, and delightful conversation. I broke with them when I married the empty-headed, selfish child that you have shown yourself to be.

"After all, I take several things seriously. You knew what they were. Outside of my records, my first editions, my brandy, and my hunting trophies, there is my precious dignity. I am aloof and graceful. With your brutal slyness, you have destroyed that dignity. If I hadn't written to you as the daughter of an old friend, if I hadn't met you as a lonesome divorcee, if I hadn't read an intellectual rapport into your letters, if only I hadn't met you, loved your beauty, your fragility, and if I hadn't broken the even tenor of my life and married you (a large bunch of "if's", I grant you) but, nevertheless, if all this hadn't happened, you would have remained the beautiful selfish creature that you are. My peace would never have been disturbed. I might have met you, loved you, might even have married you. Then I would have come to dislike you. Then I would have ignored you and left you alone. I could have kept my position as a man of sports and letters to a certain extent. I could have remained the man-about-town, the aloof sophisticate. My sprezzatura would have been intact.

"Where was I?

"I did get tired of you, sick and tired. I began writing to my early confidant and again got myself on an even keel. I thought there was one woman who understood me.

"Today I went through the library. I found a book I had never seen. It wasn't one of mine. But it sounded familiar. Very familiar. They were letters. And then I found rough drafts and reworkings of those letters in your desk. (I didn't even think you could write.) You fooled me, tricked me. I am not a gullible man as a general rule. I am a lot less credulous than most men I know. But I am proud, too proud for my own good, as it turned out. That is why I had to act this way, dear.

"Your very existence was infecting me with a slow, degrading poison. But you will bow to my wishes in this last little matter. Your letters have been destroyed. My books are burned, my records smashed by myself, and a good percentage of the brandy has been drunk, the rest spilled.

"As I was saying, your poison was a slow one. I chose a quick one. You never knew what it was. They'll find you tomorrow morning when the maid comes in. They'll find me, too. I'll be in my room. There's a glass of brandy, flavored with cyanide in my room. And so I must go. Good night, my dear."

Dreams

By Barbara Smith

Dreams, shadows in time
Trees spotted by moonlight
Smoke curled about a chair
Words dimmed by white mist.

The Flight

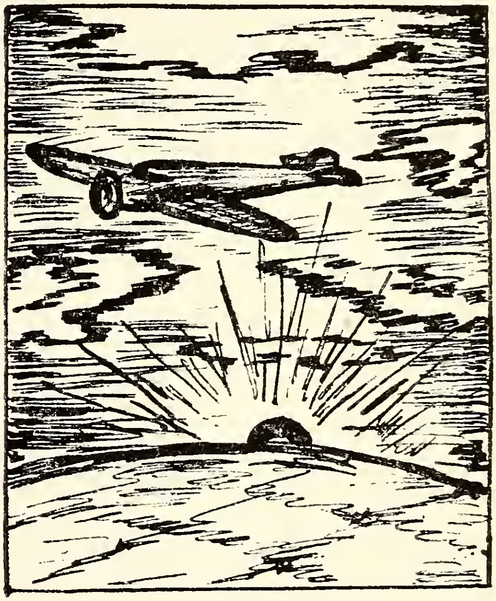
By Barbara Benson

As the plane rose from the ground, the humming of the engine increased and the whole craft vibrated till it shook. One could feel the struggle between the anvil hammers of the pistons and the jelly-like gasoline in the cylinders, each struggling to displace the other and take possession of the cylinder cases. The engine seemed slightly out of order, but as long as the gauges registered correctly, there was no need to be frightened.

The gauges stared out of the instrument panel like owls, each with its own bit of information to impart to the pilot. They were blurs of white; the black figures raced about them as if scurrying for shelter under the edges of the dials. The oil registered normal, the temperature was correct, the altimeter and r.p.m. gauges were functioning; yet there was something wrong inside the motor. The throb of the engine was jerky and irregular.

The plane gained altitude, and the earth seemed farther and farther away. Far behind the plane the runway, no bigger than a sidewalk for giant pedestrians. The toy houses became but cubes scattered here and there. The patch-work quilt of farms unfolded itself 'round the front and sides of the plane. The propeller of the plane cut through the smoky air and sent a back-wash of wind rushing past the wings and into the closed cockpit through the chinks and cracks around the door.

The sun peered cautiously through the clouds and gave a silver fringe to the bunched up bundles of black fleece hovering maliciously over the horizon. Then, in a blinding goldenness, it shone fully as it pushed aside one of the rain clouds. The bright yellow wings of the plane were touched with the brilliant light and their dull color became lighter. Flecks of silver flew from the propeller as if sparks from a plane. The light reflected on the oil spilled on the nose of the plane by a careless mechanic, and pinkish gold and green lights glimmered in the thick black fluid on the blue canvas nose. The sunlight even penetrated the dirty plastic windshield and illuminated the cockpit.



Shadows formed and jumped about inside the plane as it bounced about on wild and bumpy air currents. The pilot's features were clearly outlined; the light made him blink.

Outside, the earth was covered with the misty haze denoting several thousand feet of nothingness between the tiny plane and those grey-green and violet squares of terrain. The shapes of the plots of ground looked regular, each fitting into a sort of a pattern which was confusing to the novice pilot.

The plane turned in its course and headed for a bank of clouds, piled up like mattresses waiting to be robbed of their stuffing and washed. The sun had gone into its cave amidst the dark clouds, and the nebulous atmosphere closed in around the plane.

The wind became ever stronger; the craft swayed back and forth as if some playful gremlins were tipping it from side to side to see how far it would go before turning upside down. Wings flapping in the gusts of cold wind, the brave little plane still ventured on with the dimmed and hidden sun to its back.

Suddenly the ever-present odor of gasoline and rubber-cement was crowded out of the pilot's nostrils by a new and ominous smell, that of scorching canvas. A clanking set up in the nose of the plane; it sounded as if one of the anvil-hammers had broken loose and was flying about in the engine. The sound of grating metal reached his ears, and his heart stood still. Then all was quiet; the motor cut off and the noise stopped. The propeller still turned, its whir decreasing.

Gasoline from the carburetor escaped from the engine and burst through the seams of the canvas. Choking exhaust fumes swirled about the cockpit, almost suffocating its occupants. Gasoline sprayed against the windshield and flames climbed out of the silent engine; they followed the paths of gasoline which had soaked into the canvas body of the plane. The plane lurched forward and the nose dropped as if pushed down by some invisible force. The black clouds were impenetrable and thunder rolled by overhead. Drops of water came down and fell among the flames. The sky opened up and loosed a cascade of pelting rain. The orange flames ripped through blue cloth and hissed as the rain hit the plane. The pilot pulled back frantically at the wheel of the plane, trying vainly to lift its falling nose.

To The Stars

By Joan Hays

Stars of silver, stars of gold,
Stars of the ages, centuries old,
Stars that anchored in the sky
Watch countless eons rolling by.
Placid and calm through all the years,
So far above our hopes and fears—
Oh, stars, could I but be like thee,
Quiet and still through eternity,
I'd leave my home on this fretful earth
And circle the expansive heaven's girth
Till I found my 'pointed place;—
And there I'd stay
Forever, and forever, and forever a day.

A Laughing Soul

By Camille Hancock

I am a laughing soul;
City life is all I know, and I am not unhappy.
I live here, and the honking horns are not harsh to my ears
Nor the pursuing throngs and leering men offensive.
My rooms are gay, and I am gay,
But I like to walk in soft rain
At evening, when dusk begins to make afternoon a memory.
I like wind to blow the rain stinging across my face,
And whip it in my hair and lashes.
I like to climb hills, and see
The fresh green things, and smell
The rain-soaked earth, and the damp clover,
I like the grey sky, and the hush of the earth.
I like the darkened bark of the trees
And the drops caught on twigs
Making blossoms on the bleak limbs.
But I long to throw myself on a high hill
Above the city; where quietness exists—
Away from city sounds, and city faces
In the damp grass or clover, and lie
Motionless as stone, completely mute
Except for the singing of my soul;
And gather in the calm, and gather on the vastness of the sky.
And when the solitude becomes so integrated in my flesh and bone
That it is like a swelling pain within my breast,
I will return to life and sound, and people who laugh,
But I shall know that the greatest in me
Lies quiet on a wind-swept, rain-drenched hill.

The Living Things

By Eileen Springstun

For two years Charles and the others had religiously brought their poems and their plays and their stories to their favorite table at Henri's to eat and drink and play at being literary geniuses. They read what they had written, discussed it, and in mock seriousness praised one another for having produced the masterpiece of the century. They philosophized, criticized, and talked of material and ideas for new stories, which they were writing mainly for their own enjoyment, but always with a cherished hope in the back of their minds that someday one small bit of their writing would be published. During the two years, only Charles had been fortunate enough to see his name in print. The fact that it was only one tiny article in a third-class newspaper did not dim his joy and elation, or lessen the respect and admiration the other held for him. Instead, Charles was cheered and hailed as the "Johnson" of the group, and the magnificent honor of occupying the chair at the head of the table was bestowed upon him.

The skimpy, checked table cloths, the curling, picturesque wisps of smoke, and the heavy smell of wine at Henri's little French cafe provided an escape from reality for Charles and the others. Here they lived the life they dreamed about, here they set free their supprssed desires and their innate prsonalities. The cheap wine flowed abundantly; exhiliaration coursed through their veins; they became intoxicated. The told low stories; they whispered words of double meaning to the perfumed women nearby; they talked reverently of their hopes, desires, and dreams. They became intoxicated by the wine; they became intoxicated by life.

As the evening faded into morning, they would begin to leave their land of make-believe, and drift back into the world of harsh reality, back to their frugal rooms, back to anonymity in the mob of clerks in dismal offices.

For some time Charles had been reluctant to leave these meetings at Henri's. Each time his procrastination increased, because more and more he hated going back to his bare and lonely room; he hated leaving the warm companionship of his friends; he hated being alone with himself and his terrible headaches. The headaches had come suddenly, not bad at first, but they increased in intensity with the passing months. Now that winter was approaching it was even worse. The cold, dead winter with its piercing winds especially increased his aches and his anxieties. The snow whirling around his thin, shivering body seemed to penetrate into his head and melt the warmth left by the wine. When the wine was gone, only the terrific headaches remained.

Charles longed for the spring. Perhaps then the headaches would vanish, vanish with the snow, and once again he could enjoy the bright moonlight, the sunrise, the broad ocean, the noble rivers, and the soft summer evening air so sweet to breathe.

Charles had mentioned his headaches to his friends, and they had been concerned. They suggested that perhaps he was working too hard at the office, and prescribed their own personal remedies for alleviating the pain. They told him not to worry, and jokingly assured him that they would always love him although he did put a damper on the parties at Henri's when he was stricken with a particularly painful headache. Always at these bad times, despite his protests, one or two of Charles' friends would walk home with him, guiding his shuffling feet along the cold streets while Charles held his screaming head with both hands. Once in his gloomy apartment, Charles would thank God for his faithful friends. Without them he would be lost. He was like a fragile flower that withered and died without sunlight. The loss of the rays of friendship would mean living death for Charles. After the warm laughter of friends died away, Charles would curse the four gray walls that stared at him so coldly. Frequently the loneliness would become unbearable; and listening to the harsh whispering of the wind or the low moan of a distant train, Charles would again be drawn out into the night. He would shuffle along for hours, bumping into staggering drunks or dreamy-eyed lovers who also were wanderers of the night. The austere, dark hulks of buildings winked at him, like shadowy, mysterious women trying to seduce him into their warm arms; but Charles could not, would not, succumb to their beckonings. He had to walk, he had to forget that his head was breaking up into a thousand jagged pieces. But he could not forget. The pain was coming at more frequent intervals. It seemed always to be there.

Charles turned more and more to his stories. He picked up tales from the lips of his fellow clerks, strangers on busses, the women who were his companions at night. He began a story about a man who was haunted by his double, but it did not go well. Sometimes he laid aside his pen and waited and winced for hours until the darkness was swept away from his eyes. Frequently he took opium and nodded in its fumes and dreamed away his pain. And he bought little jars of drugs that ate up all the money he had set aside for a summer holiday. And always those terrific headaches! As they grew in intensity he spent hours looking into the mirror at his eyes. They were beginning to haunt him, haunt him as the man in his story was haunted by his double. The more he looked into his eyes in the mirror, the more disconcerted he became. His face was growing thinner as if the eyes by a law of their own nature were feeding on the flesh. As he shaved in the morning, a mist came between him and the glass. He put his hand to his aching head. Was he not suffering, perhaps, from the too ardent fatigue of lovemaking? The street-girl last night, for example, the stranger who had come into his life and gone out of it again in thirty minutes?

One night Charles took his story about the man haunted by his double, and went to Henri's to meet the others. His head seemed to be bursting open. The icy wind was cruel, but even it was kinder than his solitary room where his only companions were those strange eyes in the mirror that looked at him with that burning stare. The back room at Henri's was hot and stuffy. The wine was good. Charles felt its warmth slip down his throat into his stomach; felt the peculiar tingling as his invigorated blood coursed through his veins. The ache in his head diminished. He felt good. There was much laughter and joking, many obscenities. "Johnson" became very gay. It was good to be with his friends. It was good to be alive.

Soon the conversation turned to literature, and they were no longer clerks in an office. They were the budding intelligencia, bored with the follies of humanity, yet capturing those follies in the tip of their pens and making the mortal forever immortal. They were Bohemians, loving their wine, women, and song. They had in them that thing called genius, yet undiscovered.

They read their plays, their poems, and their stories, and listened to the criticism.

During the discussion of plots and ideas for writing yet to be done, Charles told them of his unfinished story about the man who was haunted by his double. The room was very quiet when he began to read it. Charles had had an article printed; so he was the logical leader of the group. His opinions were revered, and his work praised. From him they could learn. It was to Charles that they turned for guidance, just as he turned to them for love.

As Charles read, their interested silence became something more. At first they were intent upon the words, but soon the words faded into a blurred monotone. They were no longer listening. They were watching. Their scrutiny of Charles changed from nonchalance to interest to fascination. Those eyes. They had never seen them like that before. They were no longer a part of Charles—they were living things, living things with no soul. Suddenly the monotone stopped. The other started, embarrassed, as if they had been caught evesdropping, as if they had seen something shameful. Charles began to sway in his chair; his hand flew to his head. The others reached him in time to prevent him from striking the floor.

When Charles opened his eyes, a strange man was standing over him. The walls were lined with a blurr of faces . . . the faces of his friends. The strange man was speaking. The words sounded like ". . . coming out of it now . . . leave one of you help me get him home . . . " The mist began to clear, and the faces moved toward the door. The strange man and one of the faces supported him, and they moved slowly toward the exit.

Charles did not understand why he should be dying of a venereal disease contracted in a nameless, obscure moment—an adventure with a shadow. He did not understand, and he was terrified at the thought of death. Death was near, he knew. It was so near that he wanted to stretch out his arms to push it back. He saw it everywhere . . . in the insects crushed in his path, in the frozen sparrow in the street, in the falling leaves, in the white hair of a passing stranger.

Charles wondered that he had not realized the implication of those headaches. He wondered that the others had not detected the slow mental and physical evolution that was now, suddenly, terribly obvious to him. His mind no longer seemed to be imprisoned in the cell of his skull. It was something apart from him—something all seeing and all knowing. It saw into the atoms of things—could it be because it had broken up into the atoms of things during the torture of those headaches?—it saw beyond the realm of plausibility.

For Charles was no longer alone in his lonely room. One day as he was staring at his eyes in the mirror he turned quickly and found them staring back at him from the opposite wall. He turned again, but they were still there wherever he looked. The walls were lined with them, those inhuman things.

As the days passed the eyes disappeared, and with them went a little of the feeling of death, that monster that was spoiling for him all that he did, all that he saw, all that he ate and drank, all that he loved. The thought of his friends, ever present, loomed up above all else. He had not seen them since that last night at Henri's . . . that night he had fainted. Strange that none of them had come to see him. Charles could not understand their seeming disappearance. What were they doing now, what were they writing? Suddenly Charles felt an irresistable desire to see them, talk to them, laugh and drink with them. The desire was overwhelming. Even the terrible, cold snow wating for him outside his door could

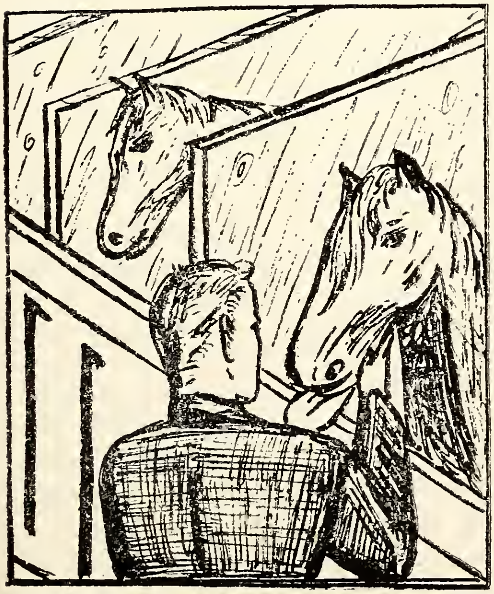
(Continued on Page 76)

Of Horses And Men

By Barbara Needs

When I stand in the field and study the "white barn", the old structure does not seem at all interesting. The roof sags forlornly like a swaybacked horse; the sides are patched with stray boards, covering ragged holes; and the barn is not actually white any more, but a silver grey, for seasons of rain, snow, and mid-western winds have peeled off the paint. Yet it has always been called "the white barn", and as far as I know, the name will remain the same until the last timber that supports the roof has rotted away. But when I step inside and close the sliding door behind me, something happens. Not in appearance, certainly, because the clay floor is scooped hollow in spots, and ancient cobwebs sway over the heads of the horses occupying the sixteen stalls; but there *is* something, a feeling of solitude, I believe, not lonely but thoughtful.

For many years the "white barn" has listened to the talk of the people who pass in and out of its wide doorway, and has taken to itself the ones who return year after year to the shadow of its eaves. I do not know why these people come back, I do not know why I go back; but I have become reconciled to the mystery it holds and no longer attempt to search out the reason. Strange, but these people are possessed by the old barn. After long years, it knows well the hearts of the boys and girls who grew up exploring its crevices and discovering every board in the loft. These people are not conscious of the overall dilapidated condition of the building. Inside, the "white barn" is strong. The ones who understand this truth belong to the barn.



When I am in the barn, I feel most comfortable slouched against a bale of hay or perched, like the stable cat, upon a partition between two stalls. And as I sit here alone, I often begin to think about horses and people. It is in the "white barn" that I have reached a conclusion, after some reflection and a great deal of analysis, that horses are like people and, if I may risk offending the delicate-minded reader, people are like horses. I have learned by watching the horses in the barn that they are as rich in character as people. Therefore I cannot understand the provincial human being who insists that the horse is a dumb animal. I venture to say this same person also finds endless fault with his fellow men. And why? He simply does not have the curiosity or will to try to understand either man or horse. There are horses and horses as well as people and people. I should no more condemn every horse as being a stupid creature than I should regard all human beings as being slow-witted or dull. Understanding grows from a study of character; and though character cannot be determined by definite outlines of black and white, consisting rather of shadows and shadings, one can usually find a tendency or distinguishing attribute that may serve to identify a person—or a horse. As far as I am concerned, it is the individual and his character that are important, nothing more, nothing less.

As I glance down the two rows of stalls in the "white barn", I have an image of each horse's character as it distinguishes him from his neighbor. Each animal seems as powerfully individualistic as any person possibly can appear. From time to time I have met people whom I have disliked, but I have never known any man that I have detested as violently as I do the red roan mustang in the end stall. Lazy and malicious, he will avoid anything pertaining to work. Perhaps he is repugnant to me because I suspect, but will not admit, that he is more intelligent than I. From years of experience he can sense exactly which rider can manage him and which person is hesitant when riding a horse. His usual reaction is to lag at a monotonous pace which neither man nor bull-whip is able to enliven. This horse fears man, but is constantly looking for an opportunity to outwit his two-legged opponent. He has been punished in every conceivable manner—excepting the shotgun method—but his wicked soul remains untouched. After one battle with him, from which I emerged shaken and broken in spirit, I faced the horse in the barn and noticed that he eyed me with cold and indifferent contempt. From that day to this I have not laid a hand on that animal.

Occasionally I have known people who have attempted to be nonconformists. In the second stall to the right there is a nondescript bay horse who tried, also, to be something different from what he and his fellow horses are commonly accepted as being. This horse wanted to be a man. A futile desire, true, but his frustrated wish is sad because Bud deserves to walk, talk, and think upon a level with men; whereas a great many human dolts, who think they are intelligent merely because they are fortunate enough to be included in the class of mammals known as human being, would disgrace the equine kingdom. This brown horse chews tobacco and is fond of Coca-Cola, but above all else he has a keen sense of business. In handling a group of horses and riders he is skillful and alert, needing no guiding hand in order to jostle a swerving horse back into line. With no signal from his rider, Bud has caught an escaping horse, brought him back to the group, and chastised the culprit with a nip on the shoulder. He minds his own affairs, however, and will do nothing under compulsion. If on rare occasions he does not wish to work, no man can force him to submit. Not long ago, in view of his extraordinary character, people began to respect this rangy brown horse.

In judging the character of these horses I do not wish to overlook the chestnut animal in the middle stall. His name is Hobo. He is an example of the rather stupid but friendly type of horse. I became acquainted with him when he accompained me on a camping trip. After a few days, when we got to know each other, he was friendly to the extent that he would have liked to crawl into my lap at the slightest encouragement. Since he stood head and shoulders above most other horses, he was not always aware of the fragile little people beneath his great pietin feet; and when he became affectionate, it required all my strength to push him away so that he would not follow me. He never did understand my vain efforts to discourage his approaches. Nevertheless I enjoyed his company because he really tried to please the people or horses he liked. Yes, he even fell in love with a little mare that was journeying with us; but in this situation also he was discouraged, this time by an arrogant piebald gelding. At the end of the trip, as I said good-bye to Hobo and walked toward the entrance of the barn, he stuck his nose over the top of the stall and whinnied loudly. He is the only animal, man or horse, I believe, that has seemed sad to see me leave. In contrast to Hobo, I should like to say something about the tiny bay mare in the stall beside him. She has the inborn beauty and grace of nature's creatures that no man can copy in his artistic attempts, but her character belies her beauty. She is anti-social. She dislikes other horses as well as all men; and though I call for her every day, she has shown no signs of accepting me. Since I own her, I thought we might reach an agreement wherein each of us would go half-way toward being friends, but she will have none of my schemes and continues to ignore me.

The old barn grows dim with evening, and soon I shall break the spell; but before leaving I should like to call attention to the two horses that stand directly opposite each other. These animals are the wise ones of the "white barn". The tall, bony, black horse with the lines of fine breeding in his delicate, withered head I shall dismiss by saying that his wisdom is derived from thirty years of work and experience. Unlike many persons whose life span is great, nearly every horse, if he lives as long as this horse and possesses an ounce of intelligence, will become wise. In the other stall stands Jim. His wisdom is not a result of age, but for some unfathomable reason he has a magical power that commands my respect. Often I notice him looking off across the horizon with his head held high. At these times he is aware of no activity going on nearby; rather he seems to be searching beyond the skyline, and perhaps seeing something far greater than mere horse or man. I believe I would trust Jim in any sort of situation, not because of his quiet strength and calm that remain steadfast despite any disconcerting turmoil going on about him. One day, after an afternoon shower, the trail dust had been changed to a slippery scum of mud. Intent upon completing an errand, I galloped Jim around a curve; when he struck the mud, he turned a half somersault and crashed onto his side. Dazed and frightened, I sat up. I expected to see the big horse injured, or if not hurt, then flying toward the freedom of a distant field. But instead he stood above me quietly, waiting, his head lowered a bit as if inquiring whether I had learned my lesson and was now prepared to proceed along the way.

These horses and their characters are about all I have time to tell about. As I leave the barn, however, I recall an incident which I overheard in the barn yard one summer afternoon. A narrow-faced man stood beside an alert little horse whose twitching ears belied a sense of humor. The gentleman was gesturing wildly and complaining of the stupidity and stubbornness of this animal which he had only recently purchased. This person then made the great mistake of asking a bystander how he could learn to ride on a completely dumb animal. The onlooker was one of the boys who belonged to the "white barn", and as he looked slowly and steadily at the angry gentleman, the boy drawled a reply.

"Mister, I don't know; but before criticizing, I'd sure like to hear that little horse's side of the argument. But then, I guess he's got manners enough to keep his thoughts to himself."

Rhyme and Time

Loneliness

By Barbara Smith

A hill set alone
A figure in the sun
Laughter in the distance
Bees close at hand
Warmth in the ground
Cold in the heart.

Parting

By Nancy Fuller

You talk, and in your talk there is nothing,
Only the empty husks of dried-up thoughts
That rustle vaguely as you sort among them
For the words you speak. I sit and listen,
Hearing scarcely half of what you say, while love,
Within my breast, darts frantically about
And beats its wings against the bars of reason.
Your voice flows on, around and through me,
Till your relentless words so permeate my soul,
That love sinks, finally exhausted, in my heart,
Too tried to struggle longer, and those wings
At last are quiet. So I answer, "You are right."
And watch the secret smile of satisfaction
Slowly spread itself across your empty face.

Night Storm

By Eileen Springstun

The seas of clouds that bathe the moon and wash
Away the dust of stars are angry soon.
The billows rise and sigh in ecstacy.
Fierce lashing, clawing, strangling in black foam
The sad, scared visage of the moaning moon.

I feel it first back of my mind—
Then the tingling, disturbing sensation at my fingertips—
I pause a moment, form the dream;
And here upon this sheet it finds its birth,
My poem.

—Jane Ellen Tye

Suggestion

By Jane Ellen Tye

I sit by the window in a classroom
So I can dream.
I try to follow words in grammar books
But I cannot,
They are so dull
I find my thoughts
Going back to the window every time.

On past the window to the hills
My eyes go following some happy sparrow
And I, too, am winging through the skies
On past the dim and dead reality.

Out where wild honeysuckle thrills the woodlands
And greenest grass goes blowing in the wind . . .
Where morning glories, dipped in dew, go climbing
Up the rafter to some wonderland.

For my imagination takes to wandering
Many twisted trails and winding roads,
And I do not hear the rumbling of the voices
Until the teacher calls my name,
And then, the crystal breaks, and all the pieces shatter,
I search for words, and speak with crude confusion . . .
And so at last I've come to this conclusion:

I think that you should change my seat at once!

The Land Beyond

By Marion Frederick

Melinda was quietly sleeping, dreaming of Christmas in July. Curled up like a kitten, she was sleeping on a narrow, iron cot, comfortably fitting the sag that all narrow, iron cots seem to have. The narrow, iron cot was in an open tent with five other iron cots all fitted identically with sags and healthy, pre-adolescent Girl Scouts who might have been dreaming of anything or nothing. Melinda, however, was dreaming of very specific things. She was a Realist. She saw life as it was and no more, except for constant dreams of singing opera, ballet dancing, speaking in Congress, or killing Japs with her bare hands but, after all, these things were perfectly possible. She had within her her tremendous potentialities, terrific ones. Because of this attitude of stark Realism, she missed the aching blue of the lake, the slim wavering reflections of the hemlocks, the pines that grew as tall as the sky, and the cool, lilting chorus of big bull frog and little bull frog from "Brumps" that lulled her to sleep every night. The only impression the soaking sun made on her was to turn her a shade darker. But, back in her Realistic dream, Melinda was dreaming of Christmas in July. How well rounded that would make the year if there were two Christmases! She was dreaming in technicolor, in elaborate detail. Clearly she saw bicycles, hunting knives, jack-knives with can-openers, nail files, bottle-openers, tooling blades, and bark-skinning blades, sailboats, and suddenly, all too clearly, she saw a pink satin, quilted bed jacket from Aunty Nell. How revolting! How perfectly senile of Aunty Nell to send her a bed jacket, a pink satin, quited bed jacket. She woke with a start. She had a bad taste in her mouth.

Carefully bringing her mind back to reality with no Christmas in July, she began to wonder why girls have to snore. In the first place, it was definitely unmusical, and in the second, it was unintelligent since they could be heard by anyone prowling around.

A slight scratching sound broke into her philosophic meditation. She listened for a minute and then, after scarcely a moment of trepidation, with true courage and daring, with hardly a dream of coming back alive, she rose, grabbed her flashlight, and set out to investigate. Paddy-footing softly through the rustling scrub pine with ears cocked, she located a tree which seemed the center of the slight scratching sound. She swung the flashlight into place, flicked it on, and found herself face-to-face with a baby wampus. Both stared for a second, each looking into identical baby blue eyes shot with surprise.

Melinda recovered first. She reached—and missed. The wampus recovered a second too soon and went scuttling up the tree. It was one of the tall pines that seemed to reach for the sky that Melinda had never noticed. She was to regret this oversight later. But now, realistically deciding in a flash that her sleep for the night was ruined, she laid plans to capture the wampus. If Frank Buck could bring back rare and unusual animals, so could she. There is nothing rarer or more unusual than a wampus, as everyone knows, and she, Melinda Sherman O'Brien Richardson, would be world famous. Visions of herself in the newsreels dressed in shiny puttees, khaki shirt open at the neck, a white sun helmet on, with a wampus on a leash, danced before her eyes.

With great agility she began her ascent. Shinnying for a while in the pitch dark is rough, she decided realistically. The scratching sounds were above her still. For a baby, the wampus was quite fast. With grit and determination, nevertheless, she continued up and up and up. Branches appeared, and the going was a little easier. This tree was a great deal taller than the rest, she discovered. It towered over all the others. Pausing for a minute, she looked down and saw the camp spread out around her; the lake seemed to be the size of a small puddle. Then she continued.

She followed the scratching sounds up and up and up, carefully noting the branches she used, being sure they were not brittle.

She went through one cloud after another.

Her head struck with a dull thud. Cautiously she put her hand out towards the something which had produced a dull thud. This last cloud had a fairly solid lower crust. Her head had cracked it. Carefully she looked around her for the deep blue of the summer sky at midnight. She wasn't looking for the deepness or the blueness (after all, all skies are blue, anybody knows that) but just for some reassuring sky. The cloud with the solid crust extended for almost as far as she could see above her. There was a patch of sky over on the right but, it was entirely negligible.

The wampus had disappeared. He had to go through the cloud. She cracked the crust a little bit more and climbed through. The wampus must have slid through very close to the tree. There were blue hairs caught on the bark. She put them in her pocket and continued. Up and up and up she climbed through the damp, opaque thickness. Up and up and up.

Suddenly she broke through. Blinding sunlight dazzled her, made her blink. She began to see people all around her, but the cloud was too prismatic to step on; so she clung to the tree like a monkey, slightly mortified. There were millions of people; they stretched for as far as the eye could see. They were ordinary people, all dressed in royal blue; dresses, suits, skirts and sweaters, knickers, hats, socks, stockings, coats and scarves, every stitch they wore, as far as Melinda could see was brilliant, royal blue. These people were all exactly three feet tall, all of them, thin ones, fat ones, muscular, flabby, young, middle-aged, or old, babies and grandfathers. They stood uniform at three feet. Most startling of all, they were wearing royal blue snowshoes. They milled around with a sort of swooshing motion to keep themselves from sliding through the cloud. Their feet seemed to be in perpetual motion.

"This is biologically impossible," thought Melinda. "Children cannot be born as large as their mothers. Nevertheless—such a thing is—and there is undoubtedly a good reason for it. Realistically thinking, it is impossible and yet, it is possible—since it is."

And then she blinked. The wampus was in plain view. He was just sitting there, leering at her. He was on the end of a royal blue leash held in the hand of a girl who looked to be about her own age. She hadn't seen him at first, since his own brilliant, royal blue coloring matched the clothes of the people. He blinked at her again and waved his fox's tail.

As if at a signal, there was a general stir in the crowd and thousands of little, royal blue wampuses appeared between the legs of the people and then waved their tails at her derisively.

"My word," thought Melinda, "so this is where they all go." Aloud she sniffled and said with sly nastiness, "We always thought all the wampuses disappeared in the Other Direction. Now I see you're all here—in this Land Beyond."

"Natch," said the wampus loftily.

"Unfortunately, they are all here, as you see, instead of where creatures like that belong," came a voice from the crowd. An old man glided forward on his snowshoes. In his hand he carried a little wooden platform. Melinda climbed off the tree and graciously accepted the board. She straightened her green and yellow pajamas and stood there, keeping a rather precarious balance.

"In this unhappy land," the old man continued, "we are ruled by a ruthless, iron hand. Fifty kallams ago (years to you, my dear), the Land Beyond was nearly rid of the scourge of wampuses. Extermination laws were in effect; bounties were given for their skins—they make a beautiful dye, you know—and with this industry, we lived in peace and prosperity."

The crowd rustled behind him ominously. He glanced nervously over his shoulder and spoke more rapidly.

"I must be quick," he said. "But remember—YOU MUST HELP US."

He faded away as a burly man of normal size shouldered his way roughly through the crowd. The mass of little, blue people disappeared in the thick cloud by using the simple expedient of tipping their snow shoes and sliding down to a lower level, where they could listen unseen. Melinda felt their presence and braced herself on the platform.

The burly man was different. He was dressed in a loud, red checkered suit, a dark green shirt, and a flowing yellow tie with a diamond stick pin. His snowshoes were of silver with sparkling jewels around the edges. He chewed on a big, black cigar. Melinda was completely alone with him. Even the wampuses had disappeared. The flash of foxes' tails was all that was seen. The burly man turned to watch the blankness for a moment and Melinda could not help staring. The man had a royal blue fox's tail swishing back and forth under the jacket of his suit. The burly man was the Chief Wampus. He turned back to Melinda.

"Whadaya think you're doin' here?" he snarled. "You think you're gonna take back a wampus, huh? Well—Zat what ya think?"

"Why-a-er-a. Well-a," stammered the fearless Melinda. Then she remembered what a Realist she was. That this could not be, she knew, therefore, should not be frightened. Also she was a Girl Scout of great courage and daring. She had caught a porcupine once. She lifted her nose.

"That is precisely what I intend to do." And she bent over, grabbed the edge of her platform and tipped it, gliding down into the cloud.

"Come back here! Come back here, and I'll show ya," she heard him bellow; but fearless Melina began to think that discretion could easily be the better part of valor and kept right on gliding. She bumped into people who were blue shadows in the cloud and they tried to stop her. Finally the voice of the old man held her. "You must stay, child. You must stay and help us. Anything in the Land Beyond is yours if you do. We have been oppressed for many years." His gentle, withered hand found her arm. "Listen and let me tell you."

Coming close behind her, she heard the snarl of the burly man in the red checkered suit. "Commere, kid. Maybe we can reach some sort of agreement. Commere!"

"Be still. He'll never find you," whispered the old man. The glide of snowshoes passed them closely; the backwash nearly knocked them over. Both Melinda and the old man shivered.

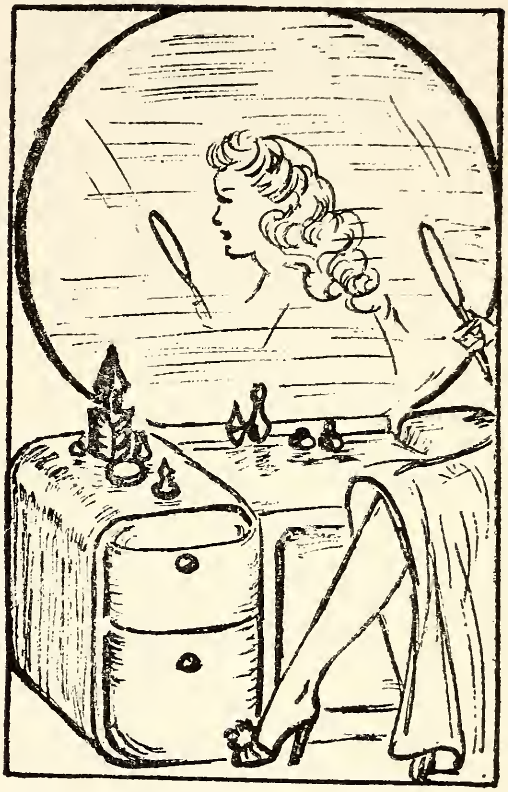
"As I was saying—I was once king of

(Continued on Page 66)

Meditation On A Rainy Afternoon

By Marjorie Gilmore

A dressing table gives one the most perfect insight imaginable into the character of a woman. The type of dressing table is the first characteristic. There are those who favor little low stands, draped extravagantly with brightly flowered chintz flounces and separate, huge, round mirrors. This type of table is usually littered beyond recognition with numerous small, round, fat bottles and jars. Along the back there is a long row of the most weirdly-shaped containers this side of the moon. There are tiny little bottles with monstrous cut class stoppers, square bottles with fur caps, pencil-slim bottles with pancake lids, and on and on. From these containers there issue odors of overpowering majesty. These are milady's personality. Her character is ably presented by the amount of artifice present, and on this frilly, cluttered stand one is undeniably able to discover such articles as eyelash curlers, mascara, eyeshadow, brilliantine, et cetera. In the more advanced cases false hair pieces, synthetic eyelashes, and celluloid fingernails are present. The young lady—and to her, her thirty-five years are VERY young—who owns this monstrosity considers herself a *femme fatale*. Her life is one of breakfast in bed, luncheon at the Ritz, cocktails till six, and dinner on a roof garden. She is a perfect study for one of Dorothy Parker's humorous satires. Her mind is shallow, small, and as cluttered with prejudice as the curved glass top of her dressing table. If she is unmarried, she spends hours primping in order to attract a male at a tea who can be flattered into squiring her to dinner, where she makes eyes at anything of the opposite sex, regardless of age or occupation. If she is married, she considers her husband merely a burden she must bear in order to secure the money and position requisite to her happiness. As a most concisive epitaph to this degenerate piece of womankind, let me say that her worst fault is that she has nothing in herself which can entertain her. Five minutes alone and she is so bored that no measure to join other people is too desperate. She disgusts me and I abhor her; yet, somehow, I pity her, too.



Our second dressing table is austere, cold, and awe-inspiring. It is usually square, rather high, and of some dark wood. The scarf is an unadorned strip of spotless white linen. The only visible articles on its gleaming surface are a small hand morror with a tortoise shell back, a matching large-tooth tortoise comb, a brush with bristles as firm and upstanding as the Rock of Gibraltar, and to one side a small, respectable bottle with a plain label: Lavender Water. If the owner of this article of furniture should happen on the scene, you would gaze upon a tall, slim woman in a black or navy-blue tailored suit, wearing sensible, low-heeled oxfords. Her hair would be smooth, perhaps in a page boy, perhaps drawn into a knot—depending on the amount of influence wielded by that bottle of Lavender Water. Never an irrevelant idea or an unrespectable thought enters the uncluttered, dogmatic, perfectly pidgeon-holed cranium of this heroine. Her actions, thoughts, and deeds are as spotlessly pure as her linen dresser scarf. Had the bottle contained Lilac Water I might say that occasionally she looked at her gay counterpart and wished fleetingly for romance and excitement. But with Lavender Water! Her solitude and fastidiousness were all she desired.

Me—I'm glad I am one of the more priveleged sex. A man may do with his belongings as he desires and no woman dare criticize—for is he not Lord of the Universe?

◆

I Sink Upon The Sands Of Time

By Eileen Springstun

You cruel, sadistic, selfish gods, you gave
Me willingly the light, and then cried, "No!"
When through the shades beyond my tiny glow
I tried to penetrate. Cruel gods, you save
Omnipotence by losing in this maze
That fragile instrument that would below,
Above, beyond the cosmos, and you, go
Into that knowing nothingness someplace,
If you'd not bound me to this earthly dust.
You crush me, and you tear my flesh with chains
That hold off all attempts of mortal minds
To satisfy esthetic wants and lust
For life, that knowing life I cannot gain.
In death will you relent, and let me find?

Over There A Space . . .

By Maryjane Hooper

Frank could hear May Etta moving around upstairs . . . light little footsteps on the floor above . . . as she packed his bag. He was relaxing in the big chair by the fire, lazily puffing rings of smoke from his pipe and writing down final instructions for Dr. Washington Ely.

May Etta called down from the head of the stairs, "Honey, do you want me to pack your tweed suit?"

He answered in a deep voice, distinguished by its throaty accent, "No. It'll be warmer in Georgia. My blue flannel will be enough."

She went back into the bedroom, and he went back to his last-minute instructions. He was telling Ely about Mrs. Milligan, reminding him to call on her once or twice a week just to make certain that she was feeling all right.

A smile slowly spread across his face as he thought of Mrs. Milligan. If it hadn't been for the war and the lack of doctors, she never would have been one of his patients. But there had been the war, and he was the only doctor she could get.

How well he remembered her surprise when she found that his prescribed treatments were actually helping her. "By golly," she had said, "you're as good as a *real* doctor."

He finished writing, took off his glasses, and purely out of habit, rubbed his eyes and took out a clean hankie to wipe his glasses. That done, he went upstairs to join May Etta.

She was tugging at a hand bag packed with more clothes than it was built to hold. He walked over, gently pushed her aside and with his big hands, quickly snapped the bag closed in one movement.

"Darling," his wife said, "you don't know how much I wish you weren't going. It'll be our first separation, you know."

She was standing by him, her head barely reaching his broad shoulders. He put his arm around her. "I have to go," he said. "I don't like to go back there, but if mother wants me . . ."

"Even in the big city of Chicago," she said, "it isn't always easy. And down there it'll be worse."

"Don't I know?" he said, "wasn't I born and raised in Jonesboro?"

"But of course," May Etta said, moving closer, "if your mother's as bad off as they all say, it's only right 'n natural she should have the best doctor in the whole world."

He gave her a gentle squeeze and lightly kissed her upturned face.

It was all arranged. Dr. Washington Ely would take care of his patients until he returned. If there were any questions, he would leave word with the telephone operator in Jonesboro to accept long distance calls for him.

"Maybe they won't call you to the phone," May Etta said.

He made no answer . . . it was quite possible.

She went with him to the door. He kissed her again as they stood looking out toward the narrow road. Picking up his handbag, he started out. He stopped where the path of his house joined the sidewalk of the street. Turning, he waved to May Etta, who was leaning against the dorway next to the sign . . . his sign . . . the small shiny bronze plate with raised letters reading, "Frank Perkins, M.D." He was glad that May Etta was not going back with him. For all the world he could not stand to see her hurt. Even here, as much and as hard as he tried to shelter her, the thorns sometimes came through.

Swinging down the street toward the "L," he mentally calculated that he had three hours before train time. He preferred it that way. That way he could take his time. That way he could have time to stop off and see his Sis.

Stretching long legs in a proud stride, he walked with dignity down the street. A tall man he was, well built, wearing a blue overcoat, a dark homburg, and a neat pin stripe blue suit.

"Hello Doc," a hearty greeting rang out as he passed a bare-headed man. It was Mr. Owen, the grocer who lived in a cozy little house two doors from his own little home. Doc Perkins returned the friendly greeting and felt good.

"Good evening, doctor!" The words seemed to shake hands with him each time he passed one of his neighbors. Deep inside, Dr. Perkins felt a glow of warmth in knowing that he had a good place in the world . . . a place where he could help others.

At the corner, the three little Carmelitto girls were skipping rope. He almost tripped over one of them. They stopped playing and stood back in almost reverent respect to let the "good doctor" pass.

His smooth white teeth flashed a smile. The smallest of the three spoke up, "Hi, doctor." The greeting was hardly aduible, but he returned the hello with a hearty laugh.

"Lord, how they grow," he thought. "Why, the first time I saw Yvonne . . ." And he chuckled.

He found Sis in her dressing room in the Dixie Club. The sign on the door read, "Miss Roberta Robinson," but it was Sis' dressing room just the same.

She wrapped her arms around his neck as soon as he entered. "Sis," he said, "you look beautiful. That white evening dress was made for nobody but you, and don't let them tell you different."

"Frank," she said, "Frank, it's so good to see you. You don't come often."

"I've been pretty busy at nights."

"How's May Etta?"

"Wonderful. Sometime I'm going to bring her over and see if it's true what I've been reading lately."

"And what's that?" she asked coyly.

"Only that my sis is the best little blues singer in all of Chicago."

She laughed and led him over to her dressing table. They sat there holding hands. People were moving past the door, but it was quiet inside. In a few minutes they were both serious.

"So you're going back," Sis said.

"Yes," he replied.

"I guess it's right, Frank. I guess so. But did you ever think how far, 'way we've gotten?"

"Yes, I know," he said.

"We haven't seen Mom in fifteen years. All she's been is those scrawled chicken tracks you could hardly read, coming once in two or three months. *That* and the memory of our first years."

"Not a good memory either," he said, "but that wasn't her fault."

"No," Sis said. "It wasn't. But she should have let us bring her out as soon as we had the money. She should have let us do that."

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe. But she probably wouldn't have been any happier."

"No. Probably not."

"I owe it to her to go back this time. I doubt if I can save her, but at least I owe it to her to go back. She worked hard to start both of us on our way."

There was silence. At last Sis said, "When are you leaving?"

"Tonight," he said.

Holding hands they sat there.

Looking into the mirror on her table, they saw the portrait of the two of them together, the tall man in the blue pin stripe suit and the exotic woman in the evening dress.

"Good luck, Frank," Sis said.

Afterwards he walked. He couldn't say where. Up one street and down another, looking in shop windows, searching the eyes of his fellow human beings who passed him on the street, watching lights appear and then go out again in the eyes of the buildings, looking everywhere and yet seeing nothing but the picture his memory gave him of an ugly, emaciated old woman lying on a rumpled bed in a sordid shack in Jonesboro.

He could not say where he walked. At about eleven o'clock he was in Union Station, drinking a soda in the drug store.

How much later he couldn't say, but later still, he was in his berth on the train, edging south. At first it moved slowly—then it gained speed, snorting smoke and shouting at every crossing and whistle stop along the way.

He slept well that night.

In the morning, he awoke in time to look down on the wide waters of the Ohio River, as the train crossed from the Indiana to the Kentucky side. At Louisville the line ended, and he had to switch trains to go further south.

He carried his full-packed handbag into the dingy station. He sat down in the waiting room, and in a few minutes cursed himself for not remembering.

A cheerful red-faced man in a blue railroad station agent's uniform came over to him. The man did not shout. He looked at the well-groomed man, silently appraising him, and said, "Sorry, you can't sit there, sir. The colored waiting room is over there a space."

Interlude

By Nancy Lou Fuller

You told me from the very first
That this was just an interlude,
A breath between two sighs, a strange
And moving strain of music wrought
To bring a moment's pleasure, then
To vanish, leaving after in
The quivering air only the tremor
Of remembered chords to touch
The ear with dying melody.
I listened to your words, but there
Within the circle of your arms
The music swelled into a song
To make my heart forget somehow,
The briefness of the music, and
For me the interlude became
And endless, haunting symphony.

Any Place He Hangs His Hat

By Barbara Needs

At the junction of the Akron Highway and Erie Railroad there is a small diner called the Green Thistle. The green neon sign, shaped like a thumb, points at the restaurant and flashes "hamburgers" on and off through the long night. The place has become an habitual rendevous for me through the years; I stop here, now, almost every night on my way home. I am not the only person, however, to whom the Green Thistle is a familiar landmark, for everyone in the township spends a few minutes there, now and then.

One night, as the eleven twenty-two freight rumbled by, I was drinking a last cup of coffee. The banging cars and throbbing undertones caused the water-glasses to jump on the shelf and the mirror behind the cash register to shiver. With a practiced hand Russ, the owner of the diner, caught the bottle of ketchup at it spiraled off the ledge. As he set it cautiously on the counter, he lifted one eyebrow, winked in my direction, and spoke to the only other occupant of the room.

"Hey, George, there goes your train. Better step on it or you'll miss 'er when she slows down at the switch."

"I ain't in no hurry," and George laughed quietly as if he shared in the joke. Then he looked down at the steam curling from his coffee mug. His name is George The Finn. Run the three words together, and they fit nearly together on the tongue. No one knows his last name. Since it is Finnish, no one could pronounce it probably, so it does not matter. George is a road bum, you might say; and I doubt if he would deny the fact.

Russ was feeling amiable that night. Saturday is a good day for customers, especially those driving the highways over the week-end; the children out of school bring him business, too. Perhaps he was feeling rather satisfied and a bit smug. He flicked a clean towel across the face of the counter, then leaned on one elbow. He knew somehow, and so did I, that George was going somewhere; and as was George's wont, he might not be back for awhile. There is no sure sign, but when a man is going traveling, you feel his purpose without his telling you so.

"Say, Finn," Russ said, striving for a serious tone, "why don't you settle down, get yourself a steady job—you're a crack teamster—and maybe get married?"

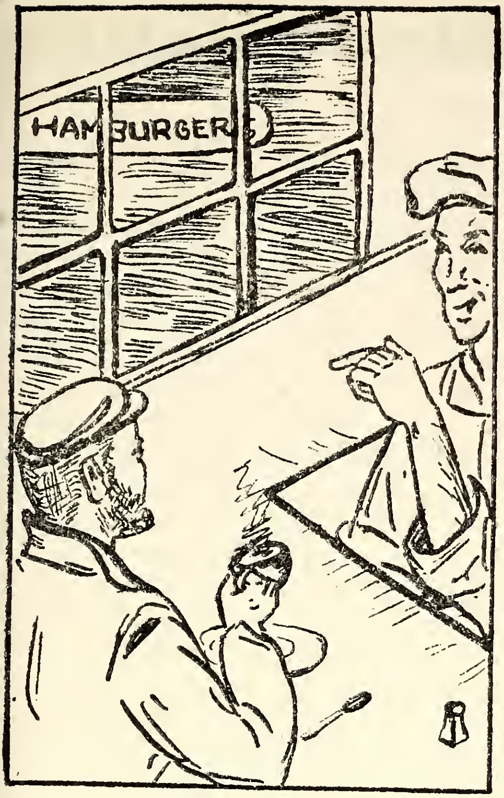
George The Finn laughed the low rolling laugh again. "Was married once, ain't that enough?"

"What happened?"

"Didn't like the woman. Picked up and left."

Russ was only faintly moved. "Ya know, in all the years you been around these parts I never knowed you was married. That's the trouble with you kind of guys, never say nothing about yourselves. Guess there ain't nothing worth saying. Just keep rolling along. Now look at me. Got a nice enough place, good business; I make out okay as far as money's concerned. Have a good time on my day off. Let the wife take over then. You oughta have a wife and kids. I seen you buy the kids around here ice cream and candy lots of times, so you must like 'em." George remained impassive to these thrusts. Russ changed the subject. "Where you going this time?" He should have known better than to ask that question.

George stirred his coffee. "Anywhere."



"*See*, you ain't even got a sure place in mind. You goin' far?"

"Far as far goes." George swallowed the coffee, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and stood up.

Russ eyed him skeptically, probably doubting his principles of life as well as his billfold; but George merely nodded to me, indicating that he was paying for my coffee too. He dug into a pocket and tossed the money on the counter. Russ punched the register key, and the bell tinkled reassuringly as the drawer sprang open. He spoke in the tone of a person who is not interested in the strange philosophies of some people, but, nevertheless, dislikes to see anyone blind and ignorant to truth and common sense. "I don't get you road bums, that's for sure. You don't know where you come from and don't know where you're goin'. That's something any fool should know." George The Finn pushed open the door and stood for a moment, clutched by the shadows outside. There was a half-mocking smile on his face as he answered. "Do you?"

Dreams

By Jane Erwin

Not all Minerva's skill could now redeem
The shattered pieces of what used to be
My perfect hope—a spark of God in me,
My wings to rise above the strife—my dream.
And then a thoughtless word that broke the beam
Of hope was uttered all unknowingly
And broke and scattered wild as foam at sea
The lovely, fragile pattern of my dream.
If I could find the strength to piece it back,
The mended whole would never be the same.
And so I'll sweep aside the shattered mass
And build again a dream without the track
Of disillusionment so apt to lame
Even the perfect beauty of a dream.

On Being Public Property

By Susan Hoyt

The average person has not experienced it. The average person will never have the opportunity to experience it. But I have—and will—for my eternity. People who consider me lucky, amusing, capable of having more fun than they, do not know the whole truth of the situation. They never consider its one obvious, yet apparently latent, hindrance—there is no privacy. I am doomed to lead a life on public property.

I have never escaped the clutches of it. It is always present. It is there, with me, wherever I go. It causes embarrassing situations, humorous situations, trying ones, uncomfortable ones. It is part of the role that makes up my being. And only those who are companions of my fate realize my predicament. It is the consequence of being an identical twin.

This involves various situations uncommon to many people, such a leading a very public life. There is a certain art to being a piece of public property. It involves a pleasant voice, a sincere tone, and an ability to tolerate anything and everything. I meet many types of people; they all, however, must ask the same questions. Their greetings, though, are individual, *they* think. I have learned to answer to any name. I am The Twin, Twinnie, "the other one," "which one —?" I automatically turn at the mention of my sister's name, which adds to the confusion of the addresser. The lazy ones, or completely bewildered ones call me merely by my last name. And those with no initiative simply use, "Hey, you!"

Morning, noon, and night I am hounded by twin lovers or people with streaks of curiosity. They discuss among themselves, before my very eyes, their direct opinions on all my affairs. There is no concealment of facts. . . . "Your face is fuller—are you fatter?" . . . Do you ever argue?" . . . "Say, I always wanted to know, how do you decide what to wear in the morning?" . . . "How do you know you're you?" . . . No, I think your eyes slant more. Oh, turn around and let me figure out what's different in back." . . . "Now change places with each other while I hide my eyes and see if I can tell you apart." . . . "No! You're wrong. See, it's the color of their skin." . . . "Oh, I'd just love to be a twin—what's it like?"

There are those people (an average of nine out of ten) who have the special privilege of talking to twins because their grandfather's uncle was a twin, and my! twins are so interesting! Then follows the long recounting of uncle's life history and experiences. These talks are concluded with the usual remark, "I just had to tell you. Being twins I thought you would be interested."

And there are always the old ladies. They are the ones who insist that the twins serve tea to their garden club friends because they "look so cute together." Twins are of the symmetrical design, and therefore are needed definitely at each end of the table because they balance the centerpiece, and present a general impression of orderly arrangement. "The darling twins" of course comply to their wishes, for it is a duty expected of them.

There is another unique characteristic that twins possess, that is, I am not an individual, nor does my public wish me to be. In fact, it is a common trait that my sister and I are thought of as one. Often have I attended dinners and discovered, to my hostess' profound embarrassment, the lack of one complete dinner mat. ("Oh, goodness, I forgot the twins are two people!") And similarly it is scandalous if I am not dressed like my twin. They must know why there is a difference in our choice of dress, and pity be on me if my excuse is not a plausible one. Of course on such occasions comes the familiar phrase, "Look, they aren't twins any more. Now I can tell them apart." And of course on such occasions I emit a silvery tinkle of laughter.

I cannot retreat from staring eyes. As a result of my "unusual" predicament I am accustomed to scrutinizing and astounded glances. There are the groups of heads that turn in perfect unison on street corners, in buses, restaurants, and theater lobbies; or the people on the sidewalks who say, "I shouldn't have had that last one," "Double exposure," and "Am I seeing double?" Naturally, they comment and laugh over their original quips, but I have a different version. I do admit they are amusing, particularly after the six-hundredth time.

I need not stand on a pedestal, or call attention to myself by outward means. For my sister and I are public features, set out for observation at all hours, on public property.

Lady Of The Roses

By Jane Ellen Tye

The Lady of Roses walks in her garden
Touching the velvet petals with care.
The bells of the village toll sunset hour,
For the gold sun sets in her hair.
A diamond dewdrop she places upon them,
Then with her fingers, soft and white,
She blesses each one with a whispered prayer
And closes their blooms for the night.
The Lady of Roses walks through her garden
And moonbeams follow her feet.
Her gown trailing softly, with musical themes,
The gentle night wind, over-sweet.
The star's silver sand she scatters about
As she dances to night's lullabies . . .
Her kisses takes flight and sparkle about
On the wings of the wild fireflies.
My Lady of Roses smiles at her work,
The beauty of God on her face.
Then she gathers her cloak about her form,
And silently fades into space.

Four Women

By Camille Hancock

The four women sat together in the stardust.
Spring was a child, in girlhood's mantle clothed,
While hiacinths were woven in the loose golden waterfall
Of her hair; blue hiacinths hid behind her eyes,
And life was impatient in her naked feet
Which loved to fly through mossy wooded places, with the wind.
Scarce touching earth.

The second sat, and smiled to see the
Joy of the first. Summer was sloe-eyed
And gentle. Long slender fingers lay open in her lap,
And behind her eyes lay the warmth of summer suns
And sparkling water, where golden bodies
Met lapping waves by day, and moon-blanched
Calm by night; Night, holding beneath her mantle
Passion, desire, and the secret of all things earthly.

Autumn saw neither, but rather braided memories
Of crimson leaves and golden wheat into a crown of joy.
She kept no thought for past nor future
But rather knew the gentle thoughts of passing days;
Nor storm nor rain could shake her soft serenity.
Her head was full of each day's quiet joys—
Long walks across golden meadows and up high hills,
Against the winds which Winter sometimes blew.

And Winter, with snowflakes in her hair
And garbed in a cloak of ice
Gazed longingly at all three, wistful for that
Which she had once been,
When all at once she heard Spring weeping,
And she knew that the Eternal Plan
was wise and good; and in her heart
She gave thanks for the infinite calm of
Twilight snow, and for the Eternal Spring
Which soon should follow.

The White Parrot

By Jane Ellen Tye

The lady Belledean lay sleeping in her lilac-scented chamber. The curtains were drawn and the room lay motionless with sleep except for her breathing.

Strange things were torturing her mind. Her face would grow tense and then relax, only to grow tense again in a while. She unconsciously fingered at the gown she wore as if it were strangling her, and back and forth she would toss beneath the silken covers.

Her golden hair lay on her white shoulders. The dark lashes resting on her pale cheek. The slender fingers clinched tightly above her head.

Of a sudden a bright light filled the room, and she awoke with a start. The blue eyes glistening, the face, expressionless and staring straight ahead to what she saw. Standing before the window stood a knight dressed in a solid white armor. A silver and jewel gilted sword hung from his belt. He stood aglow from head to foot. His silver boots stood on the crimson carpet and around his feet, the floor glowed silver. Over his shoulder a full moon appeared like a halo behind his head.

For a moment or two they only looked at each other and then he spoke. "I have come for you, Belledean, your time on earth is done." "Oh, please," she cried, "Are you the Angel of Death?" "No," he answered, "But you must come with me."

She rose, the blue gown swaying about her body, the sunny hair falling like rays about her back. She walked forward and with one great sweep, he took her into his arms and they disappeared out the window, and over the hill on a white stallion.

Over the sea they rode, above the clouds and pass the flight of the highest bird. The handsome couple raced through the sky, leaving reality far behind.

The stars began to crowd out the golden sun, but still they rode. The next day they approached a white castle upon a hill of blue pebbles. This was the Castle of the White Parrot.

The White Parrot was a pirate king, and the knight was his son. . . . The knight had gone to search in all the land for the most beautiful maiden he could find to be his bride. The king was pleased with Belledean and complimented his son for his excellent choice.

The feast was prepared and the couple exchanged vows in the Royal court. Jewels and golden riches were laid before their feet as a present from the king. The musicians played and the couple danced the dance of passion and devotion. Looking only in each others eyes, they were so drunk in their love for each other. Her skirt, made from stars, whirled about over the mirrored ballroom floor. The knight in his handsome array held her closely to him. On and on went the music and on and on went the dance. Faster and faster until the hours stopped their coming and the moon stood still in the sky. Time was gone, reality diminished, only the two, the dream, and the love.

Then, the music grew soft and softer until it had hushed. The faces faded into an emptiness. All was silent. There was nothing.

Belledean awoke from her sleep and gazed about her at the bare walls of the cabin. The coldness bit her and the splashes of rain that fell from the cracks in the roof were hard and cold. She looked at her face in the mirror and sobbed aloud as she saw the scars and dead eyes and dull, stubby hair. She quickly slipped into her soiled, ragged dress and with bare feet, walked through the door into the grey dawn to gather the firewood. An ugly woman, walking towards the wood, a dead, white parrott held tightly in her hand.

Anti-Semitism And The Seamstress

By Marion Frederick

The bigot is walking the face of the earth today, taking in with enormous strides every country through which he goes. His passion has changed from the medieval, religious fanaticism fostered by a then worldly-minded church to a more modern peace of fate. During the Middle Ages there was fanatic hatred against all that was non-Christian; this included Orientals, Moslems, and Jews. It came from ignorance, religious superstition, and bigoted fear. Today, antagonism against racial or cultural groups has taken on a different aspect. With the explosion of the scientific theories of racial superiority, inferiority, and specific qualities of personality, this group antagonism has become an opinion, a personal antipathy wherein the race, or nationality, is blamed for historical accident and for the characteristics exhibited by a few of the race. Generalizations are synthesized from subjective particulars.

("My dressmaker made the seams too narrow. She is Jewish. Jews always try to cheat you. I don't like Jews, because they're all cheats!")

Anti-Semitism is one of the most important and least justified of the modern hatreds. It is unjustified on religious grounds in countries so flagrantly irreligious as the Western democracies. The preachers say we are irreligious. Looking around you, you find people from every background flouting the ancient, basic laws of humanity, whether they have been codified in the Christian formula or not. In a country where wealth is frequently here one generation and gone another, despising the ostentatious "new rich," if they are Jewish is a farce. Anti-Semitism is the largest hatred since the Jew is scattered over the face of the Europeanized world, and the most important hatred, since, wherever he goes, prejudice dogs his tracks.

Jean Paul Sartre gives us the picture of the contemporary bigot in France in his *Portrait of the Anti-Semite,* but the broad outline may be filled in with specific references to any country, since the psychology is the same, whether French, English, North or South American. Anti-Semitism, says Sartre, is a fashionable opinion prevalent among the bourgeoisie. As a matter of fact, he describes it as a "bourgeois phenomenon." Since the bourgeois is not physically involved in actual production, but "directs, administers, divides work, buys and sells," and since his success depends on the "action of individual wills," he explains history as the action of individual and group will. In France, which has a distinct proletariat, there is no Anti-Semitism among the working class. This class, which produces by applying force and energy to machines which act according to strict rules, therefore, interprets history as the result of real forces acting in accordance with more or less divine law. The proletariat feels no need of blaming historical events on any one group or person. The bourgeois, however, involved with his individuality wherever he turns, blames history on a person or a group, the ancient scapegoat, the Jew.

"My dressmaker's son is in medical school. He was there all during the war, and she was happy he missed the fighting. It just shows you what this country would be if red-blooded American boys all tried to dodge the draft just to keep from getting killed. Those Jews never fight for any country that's helped them. Just look what we've done for them. They ought to be more grateful."

Since the United States is made up almost entirely of the bourgeois, with the working class indistinctly separated from it because of its almost universal desire to become bourgeois, and since the middle-class is the highest in both France and the United States, Anti-Semitism is very apparent. The Jew is blamed for wars, depressions, and famines.

The Nazi's raged against the "Jewish capitalists." Sartre explains that they fostered essentially a class struggle, not a racial one, although few saw that fact. The depressions following World War I were ascribed to the greed of a few as was the truth, but they were ascribed to Jewish greed, indiscriminately to the thousands who died of starvation in the ghettos as well as the wealthy. And the bourgeois believed it.

("She does a lot more work than she has to. I just know it. I'll bet she's got a lot of money saved somewhere. She's just a greedy Jew. It's people like that that are ruining this country.")

North American, British, and German industrialists grew very rich in the first World War. North and South Americans I know grew rich as a result of the recent World War. They were not necessarily Jews. They were solid businessmen, materialists and opportunists of course, but wealth in business is built by initiative and speculation, not idealism.

The Jew is a threat to the established prerogatives. Except in a rigid, bureaucratic organization, mediocrity is not overly valued. There it is cherished. Tradition grows unhampered under the rigid order; a person is placed in a position due him by seniority and inheritance; no account is taken off his intrinsic worth. A static state is produced in extreme cases wherein nothing is subject to growth except the tradition surrounding the position. After the pioneer, the innovator, the crusader, comes the indistinguishable cog to carry on. The glorious beginning grows in thought, surpassing the capabilities of the present occupant. The occupant, nevertheless, feels that the position is his by right. When the right and position are challenged, he feels panic.

Since the Jew has no settled position, and since he is the wanderer whether he has lived in a town for twenty generations or just moved in two weeks ago, he must prove his worth. There is no position that is his by right. He is an eternally disestablished factor in the well-organized scheme, the scheme being originally set up without thought of including him. This is most disturbing to the mediocre.

("She's trying to get all the spring formals to do. She's pushing the others out of business. They just hate her. She's so pushy. But she *is* good.")

Mediocrity is not an exclusively Christian trait, nor are the Jews a group composed entirely of individual geniuses. They are, nevertheless, under the necessity of proving themselves equal or superior to the established bourgeoisie in direct competition. They must work with more intelligence and energy than is demanded from the Christian in a Christian world. These virtues, applauded in a Christian, are evil when displayed by the Jew. The ability for hard work and long hours becomes, in the Jew, ungracious striving and pushing to get too far ahead. Commendable thriftiness becomes stinginess and macabre greed. Adaptability becomes lack of patriotism or lack of sincerity. The Anti-Semite feels, as Sartre makes very clear, that there is an essence of Jewishness which predestines the Jew to do evil under the guise of good. He is evil intrinsically because he is a Jew and Jews have always been evil.

"But I know some very fine Jews. They aren't at all like Jews, or like you'd expect them to be. They're almost like Christians. But I've watched them very carefully and they do act Jewish at times.")

Because of this essence of Jewishness, the Jews are not judged by their actions alone, but always with the accompanying factor of inborn evil. Since this factor makes him "evil incarnate," the Anti-Semite feels a righteous sadism in persecuting him. The Anti-Semite "knows he is bad but he is doing *evil for the sake of good,*" therefore he is justified. This psychological trait of sadism shows that the Anti-Semitism is a passion warping the entire personality. It is not just an opinion or dislike. It is deeply concerned with human values. It cannot be classified as a preference; it necessarily affects the whole person to the extent that the Anti-Semite, giving a complete picture of his personality by this one trait, is separated by a clearly defined line from the non-prejudiced person. Sartre's complete portrait of such a person is this:

"His a man who is afraid. Not of the Jews, of course, but of himself, of his conscience, his freedom, of his instincts, of his responsibilities, of solitude, of change of society and the world; of everything except the Jews. He is a coward who does not want to admit his cowardice to himself; a murderer who represses and censures his penchant for murder without being able to restrain it and who nevertheless does not dare to kill except in effigy or in the anonymity of the mob; a malcontent who dares not revolt for fear of the consequences of his rebellion. By adhering to Anti-Semitism, he is not only adopting an opinion, he is choosing himself as a person. He is choosing the permanence and the impenetrability of rock, the total irresponsibility of the warrior who obeys his leaders—and he has no leader. He chooses to acquire nothing, to deserve nothing but that everything be given him as his birthright—and he is not noble. He chooses finally, that good be ready-made, not in question, out of reach; he dare not look at it for fear of being forced to contest it and seek another form of it. The Jew is only a pretext: elsewhere it will be the Negro, the yellow race. The Jew's existence simply allows the Anti-Semite to nip his anxieties in the bud by persuading himself that his place has always been cut out in the world, that it was waiting for him, and that by virtue of tradition he has the right to occupy it. Anti-Semitism, in a word, is fear of man's fate. The Anti-Semite is the man who wants to be pitiless stone, furious torrent, devastating lightning: in sort, everything but a man."

Alien In This Life

By Gloria Dandridge

It was a cold and rainy day, but in Dr. Holton's study the fire blazed cheerfully, radiating a feeling of warmth and congeniality among the three gathered in front of it. As Otto Richt sat talking to Dr. Holton and me, I could see the intense gratitude in his eyes. I sat before the fire, half dreaming, and thought of Otto's request to come here to college.

I was suddenly brought back to reality on hearing my name mentioned. " . . . and you see, Dr. Holton, when Dean Guest cabeled me to come, I left on the next ship. Arriving in New York for the first time was as exciting as I had imagined. Nor was I disappointed when I saw this spacious campus, overrun by hundreds of gay, friendly American students. Of course, I had some idea of what to expect because I have had three years of English in school in Leipzig, my home. Then, too, Uncle John had told me something about it all," laughed Otto.

"Yes, Old John was really an admirer of the college. Often I remember his face would light up when he talked of your coming here—I know he would be happy if he could know that his dream had been realized," reminisced Dr. Holton.

"Yes, and thank you both for making it come true," replied Otto.

There was heavy silence in the room after he left, broken only by the splashes of rain on the window panes.

"You know, Anna, when I think of old John's unfailing optimism, I really feel ashamed. Even when he first arrived here, knowing very little of our language, he was willing to work down in the furnace room in order to stay in this country. All the boys will remember those talks they used to have with old John down there on cold winter nights."

"Yes, that's right," I agreed, still knowing, that since I was a woman, I would never know the great import of his words on these boys.

The days flew by and I hardly saw Otto. Yet, on every hand, glowing reports were coming into Dr. Holton's office: "a conscientious student"; a hard worker"; "most intelligent." Dr. Holton and I were pleased and nodded to each other over such reports.

"Germany invades smaller countries!"

Thus ran the headline one morning. The campus was fairly buzzing with the news and everyone was upset. The same question was on everyone's lips: "What would America do now?"

I was sitting in my office a few weeks later when I got a call from Dr. Holton to come see him. When I arrived I saw Otto sitting dejectedly in a chair. I at once sensed that something was wrong.

"Anna, Otto has decided to leave and return home," said Dr. Holton in a heavy voice.

I hardly knew what to say. "But Otto, I thought you were happy. What is the matter?"

"I'm sorry, Dean Guest. I just can't stay any longer." He rushed on, "The students just don't like me. I've thought it over and that is my decision. I'm leaving right now, but I'm gratified for everything you've done for me."

"If that is what you've decided, I guess there's nothing more for me to say. Let us hear from you soon," I murmured, hardly able to keep the lump out of my throat.

Dr. Holton and I watched the dejected form with two heavy suitcases walk down the center walk and out of the gates of his newly-found paradise. Never shall I forget that scene!

In later months I had a letter from Otto, written on the ship, the S. S. *Millet*, anchored in the Hawaiian Islands. He had gone to Mexico from Oklahoma, only to find that he could not sail from there to Germany. He did, however, board a ship sailing to San Francisco, en route to China. He had now arrived at Hawaii. He sounded like a little boy, very homesick, yet trying to sound so very brave.

As I read his letter, the afternoon paper was placed in front of me. Glancing up, something seemed to draw my eyes to a certain word: *Millet*. I picked up the paper. There on the front page I saw:

"Ship Sunk by First of Japanese Aggressors."

"The *S. S. Millet*, a freighter which travels between the United States and China, was one of the first ships to be sunk when the Japanese struck one of the smaller islands of Hawaii. All passengers and crew are still unaccounted for and it is believed that all were lost."

I laid my head on the desk in front of me and wept for him—this modern "man without a country."

After Long Years Of Parting

By Jane Ellen Tye

We met
After long years of parting
On a street somewhere.
I can't remember now just where it was,
    For I was blind
Except for your eyes, searching the depth of mine.

Our steps came nearer
And then we stood
Together,
And all around us walked reality.
Our hands touched, we spoke in casual words:
"Hello" . . . "You're looking well" . . .
And yet, our hearts would burst
Into a scream to break the silentness . . .
We both knew well that still between us
Was the knowing
That two hearts in love
Are bound
With unbreakable chains.

The Ballad Of Armageddon

By Marion Frederick

'Twas the day of Armageddon
The people were afraid,
They had not lived the godly life,
But still they were dismayed.

They flocked to towns and cities,
They gathered in the Square,
And the preachers came and cursed them
And laid their sore souls bare.

The Apocalypse was riding on
His steeds both black and white,
They saw the black in daytime,
And the white they saw by night.

They saw him as a curse that came
Specifically for them.
He was the rider of the Lord
Who came but to condemn.

They shivered and they gathered in
Small groups with one great care,
And the preachers came and cursed them
And laid their poor souls bare.

The hideous legions of the Lord
Were on their way to see
What should be done, what could be done
With men that lived to free.

And the people bowed before them,
They fell into the snare;
And the preachers came escorted,
To lay their poor souls bare.

The salty sea rose up like hate,
The seacoast was submerged;
The people travelled inland,
They felt they had ben scourged.

And the people travelled inland
Up to the highest hills,
Where the preachers came like gnats to curse
They talked like fish, through gills.

The Apocalypse was riding on
His steeds both black and white;
The Apocalpse was riding on
His steeds that shone like light.

The people all came weeping, and
Lightning charged the air.
And the preachers came to curse them
And lay their sore souls bare.

The people all were dying from
Both ignorance and fright;
They fell down in a sea of mud
Before the great-white light.

A hero rose from the out the crowd
Lying by the sea.
He looked around and madness gleamed,
He said, "This should not be."

He looked around him at the throng.
He was a child of three;
He looked with pity on the crowd,
And said, "This *will* not be."

He strode among the masses,
He called on God to save;
The great Jehovah looked and laughed,
He snarled, "You are too brave."

"Humble yourself before me, Boy,
Then I might think to spare.
Call the preachers to curse you, Boy,
To lay your sore souls bare."

The Lord spoke thus unto the crowd;
The crowd rose up in wrath.
The people turned to face the Lord,
They turned to look—then laugh.

The Lord was but an old, white man
A-sitting on a cloud.
The people turned and looked at him,
In mockery they bowed.

The hero looked up at the Lord;
He looked back at the crowd.
He looked up at the Lord again,
And in mockery *he* bowed.

"Oh Lord", he said, "Oh Great God Lord,
O Great God made of Lead,
We are not here to die today,
Go back among the Dead."

The people went back to their homes,
They bade the sea recede;
The Lord looked down in futile wrath,
The people did not heed.

The day of Armegeddon passed,
The people were set free;
The preachers came and cursed *their* lot,
There were no souls to see.

The day of Armegeddon passed,
The preachers all were killed;
The people with their poor, dumb souls
Had seen a fate fulfilled.

There was no law to bind them now,
And life returned quite well
To the normal business of the day
With no sad thought of Hell.

The hero was forgotten then
As heroes often are;
The people did speak now and then
And raise their glasses at the bar.

Lament

By Jane Ellen Tye

If I could talk with you tonight
And have your understanding smile,
Your wise advise and gentle words,
I could be satisfied awhile.

You have a way of seeing through
My words, before I start.
Why is it there is only you
Who understands my heart?

Jessie

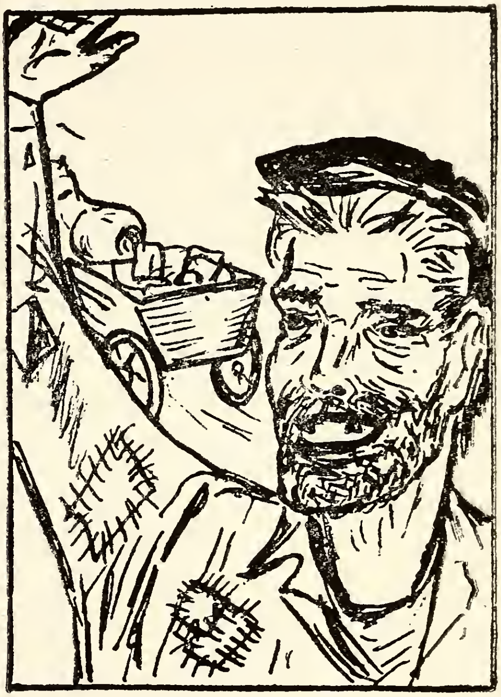
By Eileen Springstun

Once when I was four years old and a new-comer to the little village of Oaktown, an old man, driving a bottomless cart attached to the posterior of a blind, emaciated horse, pulled up to the edge of the churchyard where the minister's son with the birth-marked face and I were solemnly catching fire flies and stuffing them into a glass jar, and observed us. After a few minutes his gaze settled on me; then he calmly announced that he intended to bury me with his "ole hoss" when it died. After glancing at the horse, I surmised that my time had practically come, and promptly ran home to mother.

That is my first recollection of Jessie Carroll. When I grew older and discovered that I was still among the living and not an underground companion to Jessie's "hoss", I learned more about this town character.

It seems that Jessie is the one never-changing figure in a world of change. He has been the town character and enigma longer than anyone can remember, and it is taken for granted that he had no beginning and will never die. Jessie is ageless and ever-present. Even when he isn't in sight you know that he is near, because you have two senses that will never let you forget that he is . . . smell and hearing.

Jessie smells for two reasons. First, his weather-beaten body is perpetually covered with layers of dirt, not good clean soil, but just plain dirt. This is understandable because of Jessie's way of life. His humble abode consists of the roof of an old barn that gave up the ghost long ago, and quietly sank to the ground. The roof is furnished with an old car seat that Jessie found in a junk yard. I don't know where the horse lives, but it is undoubtedly past the stage of caring whether or not it has shelter from the elements. Of course, you may say that there is such a thing as water, and Jessie could benefit from its use; but if you knew Jessie, you wouldn't say that. Let me illustrate. There came a time not long ago when some of the businessmen of the town began to feel sorry for Jessie, and felt it their duty to make a respectable citizen of him. Consequently, they bought an inexpensive but durable suit of clothes and an overcoat for him in the hopes that he would discard the stiff, tattered shirt and overalls which constitute his only raiments. So Jessie took a bath, combed his hair, made an attempt to shave off his beard, and appeared in town one day in his new clothes. But for one day only. The next morning he reappeared in his tattered garments and announced that he



had sold his new clothes. "If I wore them fancy clothes, people wouldn't feel sorry fer me."

But Jessie smells for another reason. He makes his living by gathering up garbage and trash and attempting to get it outside the city limits before the bottom of his bottomless cart gives out. It is seldom that he makes it, and Jessie's blazed trail can be easily followed by the dead limbs and scraps of paper that adorn the streets of our fair city. But trash collecting is not the sole source of Jessie's income. He also picks up a little cash by doing that work which is the most undignified of all undignified labor. Recently, however, he has begun to consider himself above that, and now he hires others to do the dirty work for him. After each job is finished, he promptly fires his employee so that he will not have to share with him that part of his income which is more pleasantly earned.

Now that I have taken care of the more sordid side of Jessie's life, I would like to tell you about that other sense that will not let you forget Jessie's presence . . . that of hearing. Of course, you know that Jessie is around because of the tired clop-clop of his horse's hoofs and by the rattling of his wagon, but that is not the important factor. The important thing is this . . . Jessie sings, not just part of the time when he is happy like other people do, but all the time, because Jessie is always happy. There is a rumor that Jessie has a buried treasure and is probably the richest man in town, but I'm inclined to doubt this. Jessie is happy because he is Jessie, because he has found the secret of life, the simple life, contentment. He loves everyone, and everyone loves Jessie, even if he does threaten to bury little girls with his "ole hoss."

* * *

Song Of Death

By Barbara Smith

The trees lift their branches to the winds,
The earth's days mount through eternity.
One sky melts as another one begins.
One darkness changes to a deeper sea.
The shadows live and, in a second, sleep.
The snows drift lazily to the waiting ground.
The rivers rush into the ocean's steepe.
The leaves fall to the earth and are warmed round.
I feel the millions searching for greater right,
I watch them struggle, live, and cry.
The days change into still nights without light.
The nights lengthen into the years and die.
The pain in my heart cries, "God, not you, too."
The rain beating down says, "Yes, even you."

The Den

By Marjorie Gilmore

He knew the good male smell of his father's sitting room. What thoughts, worries, and childhood dreams filled his mind, and what long-forgotten pleasures and heartaches rushed to the brink of his brain while gazing at familiar and treasured articles. There, toasting in front of the fire, squatted the huge brown leather chair, with the permanent curvature in back and seat where it had cushioned for many blissful hours a weary body. Gazing with tears filling his eyes, he expected to see a curl of smoke arise and fill the air with its aromatic scent. The limp, leather bound copy of Keats clung to the rickety reed table and, as he picked it up, the well-chewed version fell open to a red-bordered page:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Again the odor of good tobacco and fragrant lotion lifted him, as he recalled the innumerable hours spent on a good tweed knee and was entranced as a resonant musical voice sang of magical hills and magnificent urns.

A fog passes his eyes and as sight returned he beheld a woven leather crop hanging haughtily from the top of a glass-doored bookshelf. He flinched involuntarily. His father, for all his serenity and patient explanations, possessed the wrath of Jove. He had felt that wrath on rare occassions vended by this same leather crop. But the crop also called to mind the pungent, acrid odor of his father's mare, clinging and mixing with the pine smell of an oiled jacket. He remembered the palate-tickling aroma of scalding coffee, well-laced with brandy from musty, ancient bottles, and the crisp, autumn briskness hurled into the peaceful little sitting room as his father returned on fall days.

The smell of his father's sitting room filled him with a tension, causing him to weep bitterly. The latest odors crowding the corners of this sanctuary were the sticky sweetness of tuberoses, the cloying sweetness of carnations, the compelling sweetness of death.

◆

The Unexpected

By Jane Ellen Tye

I always knew that I would lose you,
But I thought you'd simply walk away.
I had, all planned, the way you'd look
And thought I knew what you would say.

I always knew that I would lose you,
And this afternoon you said good-bye . . .
But why didn't you just walk away?
Why did you have to die?

Of Trunks And Memories

By Eileen Springstun

Absentmindedly he ran his finger through the dust making weird hieroglyphics on the old trunk. A spider, scampering out of a crevice where it had woven a fine, lacy film, startled the man back to present reality. His hand shook as he inserted a rusty key into the lock whose joints creaked as he tried to break their resistance. A wisp of a spider web slowly drifting upward caught on his nose and made the pent-up tears again rise to the surface, and begin their perilious journey through the slight wrinkles in his face. One by one the drops silently fell, scarring the dust-laden trunk with little pock marks. After several minutes the man determinedly brushed away the tears and set about his task of sorting the possessions that represented one woman's accumulation of forty years. He had left the trunk to the last, everything else was packed or stored, never to be used again. The house no longer bore any resemblance to a home.

The man's name was James Sanders. Suddenly this seemed all important to him because the initials on the trunk were M. B. It was preposterous that Marcia's name had not always been Sanders. It was preposterous that she had even existed before they were married. He had not, really, except for one short interval.

James loathed this trunk; he did not want to open it, because it meant opening up the past and leaving it exposed like a great gaping wound, a wound that would send excruciating pains through his mind that was struggling to blot out all that exquisite pleasure that bordered on pain. Marcia was dead now. All was dead . . . the renaissance experienced with the coming of each spring, the joy of watching the log fire burn low with her, the terrible thrill of feeling her body next to his, the little lurch of pride felt when she entered a room, the quiet lullaby in his heart, his mind, and his soul.

Marcia had died suddenly two weeks ago when her car crashed over an embankment. Somehow the way she had died was a symbol to the man who had spent eleven exquisite years with her. Their life together had been growing in richness and depth of happiness with each year until it had at last reached a point that seemed the epitome of desired existence. Such perfection could not continue. It had to end; it was not the sort of existence that could taper off to a quiet contentment. Its end had to come suddenly. The weight of its perfection would cause it to crash—crash like a speeding automobile over an embankment.

With Marcia's death, James' world had crashed to non-existent bits around his feet. This house that had been their home, the center of their Utopian universe, now was nothing but a hated shell in which he was imprisoned. His only companions were his memories that were now only cruel, taunting shadows, because he knew that they could never be relived, never be anything more than mere memories.

For two weeks now, James had known that he could no longer live in this house, live in this town where every tree they had seen, every path they had trod, every face they had known reminded him of Marcia. The house was permeated with her presence. The walls seemed to give out the subtle perfume of her body; everything she had touched showed evidence of her loving caress. The warmth she had left would soon die, and he would be left with nothing. Tomorrow he was escaping from the subtle presence that cut him to the very essence of his being. Yet he was almost afraid that the subtle presence, too, would die.

Tomorrow his train was leaving, but he did not much care where it would take him . . . anywhere, anyplace where he could escape this this house and this town, and these memories. Perhaps . . . perhaps he could begin life again. He must try; he could lose himself in a sea of new activities, new interests, a new life. Once before he had cast away the remnants of the past and begun life anew. Then his new life had been Marcia, the old life that he was now going to leave behind him forever. Eleven years ago the old life he had reluctantly cast away had been a life never quite realized, a will-o-the-wisp that was eternally just beyond his grasp, an illusive dream that never crystallized. That dream life had been a fragile thing, hingeing only on weekly letters from a girl he was never to see. Now it was like an old, old song obscured through the years by other tunes that came and went, but occasionally floating back from out of the past to remind him of days that once were. The strains of that half-forgotten lullaby were indelibly imprinted on his mind despite the long years of exquisite forgetfulness with Marcia. . . . . .

The year was 1918, and James Sanders was very efficient and handsome and heartbreakingly young in his new uniform. At first life in a camp and training to fight for one's country had been unique and exciting, but soon the newness wore off, leaving only dull monotony. One night in a crap game he had won a little black address book from the boy who occupied the bunk next to his. The little book contained few names, none of which lived in the little town where they were stationed, but one name in particular caught James' attention. From the boy in the next bunk he learned that it was a stage name, and that the girl was currently on Broadway playing some sort of a part in a musical. The boy did not know her real name; he had had a blind date with her once while on leave in New York, and had not seen her again. She was a beautiful blond. That was all he remembered.

That name, Lily Lawrence, seemed to haunt James. There was something magical and exciting about it. Sometimes in his sleep he saw it, Lily Lawrence, blazing in bright lights from an unknown marquee on Broadway. One night he wrote to her telling her little things about himself that he had never told anyone else. The next night the process was repeated. Everything that had happened to him during the day, during his career in the army, during his entire life was night after night set down on little sheets of paper that were never mailed. His thoughts flowed easily and became clear when he wrote them to Lily. All his troubles became less, and his joys became greater when they were addressed to Lily. Finally he mailed one of the many letters. It took all the courage he possessed, because he knew a great Broadway star would never even receive his letter much less answer it. He knew all this; he knew there was no hope that he would ever hear from her, but the second the small white envelope was swallowed by the ever-hungry jaws of the mail box, James' life began to change. Each day that passed became more insufferable than the one before. James went through successive periods of anxiety and resignation. Then one day, the letter came.

"Dear Jimmy,

Obviously, you have made of me something that I am not. I am not a goddess that should be placed on a pedestal, I'm not even a good actress. I hate to disappoint you, but my part in the show is so small that I'm not even noticed. I'm only a small-town girl trying to make good in the big city, and the way things have gone lately, I'm convinced that the old home town is the place for me.

Your homesick letter sounded just about like I feel, but the fact that you wrote made me feel good for a minute. Do you realize that you are the only person who ever wrote me a fan letter? If you aren't careful, I'll begin to think that I am the original Sarah Bernhardt that you evidently pictured me as.

Write to me again. You sound like you need someone to tell your troubles to, and hearing someone else's makes mine seem much less important. Who knows? Maybe we'll be good for each other.

If you ever get to New York, look me up. I'm the third from the left end in the chorus.

Sincerely yours,
Lily"

During the succeeding weeks, James' life was brightened by frequent letters from Lily. He began to know her well, not much about her past, but a great deal about her mind, because she poured out her thoughts to him, much as he had revealed his inmost heart to her in those first letters that he never sent. To James, Lily was no longer a great actress to be placed on a pedestal and worshiped, she was just a girl, an ordinary person to be loved and adored. James no longer visualized her name in bright lights blazing from a marquee; he now saw the name Lily Lawrence glowing softly with his own over a little white cottage with a picket fence.

James became more and more obsessed with the desire to see this girl whom he was now sure he wished to marry. She had refused to send him a picture, saying, "Appearances can be very misleading, and I want us to get to know each other as we really are, not in relation to how we look. It doesn't really matter to me whether you are short, fat, and ugly, or tall, dark, and handsome. I am growing to love you through your letters, and I want that love to be so firmly established that when I do see you, and if you should turn out to be as beautiful physically as I have found you to be mentally, I will know that my love is based on something solid and lasting, not an evanescent beauty."

All Lily's reasoning could not disspell James' obsession. He had to see her; he had to tell her in person that he loved her, that he wanted to marry her. He was sure that he could never be content unless she became his wife, although he knew in the back of his mind that she would only laugh at him if he ever mentioned it in a letter. She would consider it adolescent, premature, and foolish. But he had to tell her. Except for this one desire, this one blight, his existence was blissful. All James' waking hours were spent thinking about Lily and planning their future together. At night he dreamed of her. He knew how it would be to hold her in his arms; to possess her completely.

The following month James received the joyful news that he was to receive a week's leave. Immediately plans were made to go to New York and Lily. His excitement rose by leaps and bounds, until on the day he was to leave he was literally bursting with joy, anticipation, and anxiety. His young body could hardly contain the almost violent emotions he was experiencing, nor was it capable of withstanding the shock and complete dejection that resulted.

For Lily could not be found. The theatre was not blazing with bright lights. James was not greeted with the name Lily Lawrence flickering proudly from the marquee; he was greeted by a huge, dark building whose face was roughly bandaged with coarse boards and freshly

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Man Of The Mountains

By Jane Ellen Tye

Jim Shell lives in the mountains, deep in a valley, in a small cabin made of pine wood and sweet cedar. I think he is the happiest man in the world.

I had rather visit his home than the home of the President of the United States, for I am sure the great Executive Mansion could not be half so warm and friendly. His wife and children, fourteen, by number, are the most completely satisfied people with life than the wealthiest or most highly educated in our land.

You could mention something to them of cancer or diabetis and they would look puzzled and ask you "What in tarnation is they"? Yes, they are simple, but they have not a worry or a care in the world. They live a day, completely without disturbance from the outside world, and there on the hill, with a flowered wonderland of their own, they work, and eat, and sleep, and laugh and worship God with true freedom, not a political liberty.

Not long ago a highly respected physician visited my home, and the conversation led to the subject, *Disease,* and particularly incurable diseases, cancer etc. I felt my heart-beat increase and the sweat pour into specks on my brow as he spoke of the horrible deaths of many of his patients. He spoke of suicides and of screaming humans lying in a white bed with a white ceiling to look upon all day, and with nothing to wait for, except death.

The next morning when I awoke, the thought was still in my mind, so I dressed hurridly and walked up the road to the fork, cut left and climbed the steep almost hidden path to the house of Jim Shell. When I arrived the children were playing along the walk, laughing and running, their sunny heads bright beneath the gold September sun. Lou Anna, his wife, stood in the doorway with a blue apron around her jolly waist and those healthy, rosy cheeks pink with the flush of sun and wind. Her smile was inviting. and in spite of the fact that she was a little heavy in build, and rather muscular boned, I think she was the most beautiful woman in the world to me that morning. Inside the house her husband sat at the broad wood table eating meat and cheese, and drinking white goat's milk.

My intentions were to tell them of the doctor's words and have them say something ridiculous about them, but I could not find the time or place, and later I did not have the heart to put ideas as poisonous as they into their heads. There, in that cabin of cedar and pine was something greater than any discovery science had ever made; there was something greater and larger than war or mechanical invention. There, in the room in which I sat was what every human searches so hard to find: The secret of life: Happiness, broken apart into its simplest pieces.

* * *

LAND BEYOND

(Continued from Page 40)

the Land Beyond. King Kallammey, and your name, my dear-"

"I—ah—Melinda. Melinda Sherman O'Brien Richardson. I'm from Schenectady, New York. I live at 1633 Balltown Road. I have no brothers and no sisters. I'm a Second Class Girl Scout of Troop 23, and I'm only eleven," said Melinda automatically as if to a maiden aunt. She was not really impolite, but she was trying to look over her shoulder through the thick cloud at the same time.

"How do you do?" said the deposed monarch.

"How do YOU do," said Melinda recovering slowly from the night's trauma. "How DO you do????" she repeated.

"It is difficult, my dear, very much so. We have lived under this tyranny for fifty kallans now, as I said. The horrible part is this; in the Land Beyond, life is almost eternal. No one dies under the age of 2,000 kallams. It's the air that does it. That, he shuddered, that man will easily live another 2,500 kallams.

"My word!"

"You, my earth-sent Melinda, our savior and redeemer, you are the only one who can help us rid ourselves of that man. He came here from the earth the same way you did. And back to the earth he must go. He merely followed a wampus from his—his—whatever it was that he lived in. He found us an hospitable, peace-loving people and he took advantage of us. We don't know why he came, what he was doing in the mountains with clean, wet air and trees that reach to the sky and to the Land Beyond. All he ever said, if I can right remember, was something about 'federal bootleg' or something like that. We have no idea what he was talking about and now he forbids our discussing it. It's a very strange situation. How he got control, I don't know. Suddenly there were more wampuses than ever and they obeyed him instantly. His tail grew and he has complete power over them. They forage for him, feed him that food from the earth. He taught them to talk and they now spy for him."

"That's awful, just simple devastating. But I don't see what I could do. He sounds dangerous."

"You are the only one who could, isn't she, Kallikky?" He looked over his shoulder at nothing. A voice came out of the nothing and affirmed his statement.

"My dear," he continued calmly, "there is a charm possessed by one of the —"

"THERE you are. I thought I heard ya talkin' ". Melinda and the king jumped, but not quickly enough. A burly, hairy hand captured a shoulder of each. Melinda was lifted from her platform and suspended in the cloud. The platform slid away.

"Now listen, kid. Let me give you the scoop on this deal. Don't let granpa feed you that fairy tale. Come along and we'll talk this thing over." And he carried her off without a word from the little, ex-king of the Land Beyond.

Quickly they sped through the crowd in the cloud, driving upward. Melinda, playing her new role of caution well, made no sound as they zoomed along. The cloud billowed around then in waves of gray nothing. Once again Melinda was thrust out into blinding sunlight. She was still suspended firmly from the burly man's paw—firmly but exclusively. Realistically, she thought she should wait before she said anything that might upset him.

"O.K. Here we are. I can't stand that gooey stuff."

"My name is Melinda Sherman O'Brien Richardson. I live at—"

"Yeah, sure. As I was saying, I got this territory, see? It was simple. So simple, I sometimes wonder. The only thing dat bothers me is homesickness. I'm stuck here. I can't go back, not wid dis tail. As I was saying, it is, nevertheless, a very good deal. But I get lonesome, as I explained."

"I believe I understand," said Melinda soothingly. "There is probably a reward for your capture," she continued hoping he wasn't sensitive.

"Well, then—how would you—?"

"Not in the slightest, I do not think," Melinda spoke bravely.

"Well, it breaks my heart, kid. But you know how it is."

And so saying he stretched out the arm holding Melinda and threw her as far as possible. She hit the cloud and began to fall slowly.

She slipped through the cloud going faster and faster all the time. She reached for the little blue people but couldn't get a hold of them. She sank faster and faster, down and down and down. Suddenly he fell clear of the cloud into the tangy, blue morning air of the mountains. Groping wildly, she missed and kept falling, down and down and down, faster and faster and faster, until she was snagged by the seat of her green and yellow pajamas on a branch of the pine tree that reached to the sky and the Land Beyond. Leaving a green and yellow patch on that branch she dropped to a lower limb and stayed there until she caught her breath.

She thought for a minute, then slowly began to descend.

Thoughtfully and Realistically she reviewed the events of the night. By the time she reached the ground she had made her decision. Slowly she climbed back into bed and settled in the sag of the narrow, iron cot in the open tent with five other iron cots containing five healthy, pre-adolescent Girl Scouts.

Reveille blew about an hour later. There were blue hairs in the pocket of Melinda's pajamas; but, nevertheless, she had decided she would not mention the wampus and the little blue people in the Land Beyond since the whole thing was obviously fantastic. No Realist would ever believe it. None could.

Dawn

By Nancy Fuller

Flowering bud of morning!
Like a giant rose you cast your petals
One by one into the morning sky,
Splashing lavish color in the early air,
Perfuming all the hazy morning mists,
Until at last, petal by flaming petal,
The flower unfolds, in heavenly glory,
To bloom for yet another day.

"Wor-ry, Wor-ry!"

By Frances Newport

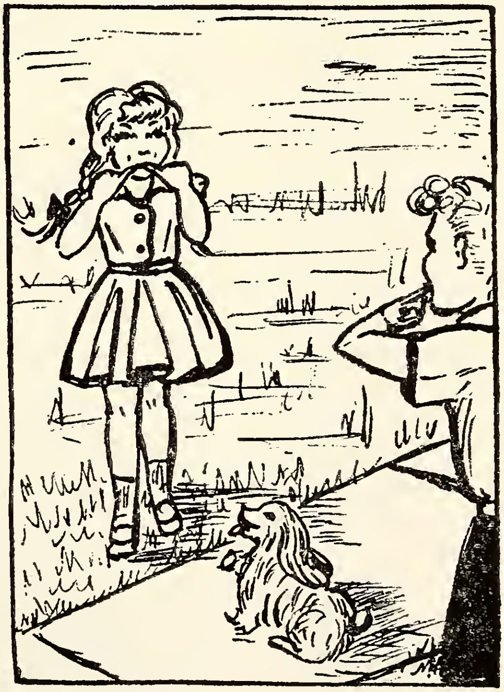
At the age of five I was not a backward child, but there were times when, I am convinced, my mother must have thought me sub-normal. Being the only member of our family under thirty-five, a good portion of the time I was left to amuse myself with my own resourcefulness. I had the usual number of playmates, and with them I built "toad houses" in the sandpile, played "Tarzan" on the chain swing, and set up a hospital in my playhouse. Something, however, was lacking. I could not whistle. The fact that my tricycle was the fastest on the block was of no consolation; Mart, my most constant companion, could whistle, and I could not.

Mart was of little aid in my endeavors to learn the art of whistling; for he could not speak intelligible English. I was capable of understanding him, but his mother was not. His conversation was limited to such statements as "Baa Baa Nu Nu, co co ta te caw caw." "Baa Baa Nu Nu" was his way of saying Betty Newport, and the "co co ta te caw caw" meant that he wanted me to come to the corner. I was, in fact, the only person who could converse with him, and when his mother desired to speak to her son, she was obliged to call me. Try as I did, I was not able to discover the secret of his ability to whistle; he kept it closely guarded in the recesses of his seven-year-old's mind.

Each time Mart whistled, my inferiority complex became larger and more deeply rooted. After pondering my plight for a period of days, I went to my father and told him that I *must* learn to whistle. Readily he agreed with my pitiful plea and said that he would do all in his power to assist me. The first step in my mastery of the art of whistling was to be the calling of Mac, our ancient Pointer. Mac had watched over me since I was old enough to be placed in the back yard, and daddy must have counted on Mac's compliance to the demands I would make. To call Mac my father would whistle a low tone, slurring it into a higher one. The whistle was a distinctive one, and relatively simple. The day for my first lesson arrived, and I greeted daddy with shouts of joy and exultation. Leading me to the back yard, he instructed me to pucker my lips and blow through them. This I did, and the resulting sound resembled "wor-ry, wor-ry". If Mac had not been of superior intelligence, my father's efforts would have been in vain. But Mac *was* smart, and every time I muttered my "wor-ry, wor-ry", he would run to me. I was contented for weeks, for I had, at last, learned to whistle.

The dream world in which I was living was shattered, however, by Mart, who informed me that I wasn't whistling at all! Wide-eyed and belligerent, I defended myself, but using a few simple examples, Mart convinced me that I was not, after all, whistling. Disillusioned, I lost all faith in both Mac and my father; I felt that I must go elsewhere to receive the knowledge for which I longed. Extending an invitation to visit his back yard, Mart assured me that he would teach me to whistle. My mother had warned me that I was never to go to Mart's home without her permission, and on the afternoon of his invitation, intuition must have told me that mother would not sanction such a journey. Consequently, Mart and I blithly walked down the alley to his home, telling no one of our departure. There, hours later, my harassed parents found me, and no amount of pleading could dissuade them from dragging me home and from spanking me thoroughly. I felt discriminated against; my efforts to whistle had been thwarted, and my pride had been wounded. Vowing I would never whistle again, I forced myself into a whistling silence that extended an entire year and a half.

The day after my seventh birthday I was in the kitchen with Mother, drying the dinner dishes. Suddenly the Christmas spirit descended upon me, and to the complete amazement of both myself and my mother I began whistling "Silent Night." Waveringly I completed my exhibition; mother called my father from the living room, and I repeated the selection. Self-satisfaction issued from each segment of my body . . . unassisted, I had whistled! Filled with the glory of my accomplishment, I rose to greater heights. From "Silent Night" I progressed through "Home, Sweet Home" and "Beautiful Dreamer" until, when a freshman in high school, I mastered "Music Makers" by Harry James. With that I hit my peak; I was a success. At all social functions I was called upon to perform, and my happiness could not have been more complete. No longer was I the backward child of my youth; I had an accomplishment; I was a celebrity in my own home town!



THE SEED

(Continued from Page 5)

hall to the outside door with long, hurried strides.

The frothy-laced red hearts and the dark green twining ivy fulfilled their promise of a beautiful evening, and the fresh-cheeked, floating-haired young girls and the long-legged, tuxedoed young men smiled their bright, flashing-white smiles and were happy. Outwardly Drake seemed no different from any of the other penquin-like young men, but inwardly he was different. He knew he was different, and the knowledge lay in his keen, young mind like a heavy, ripe seed ready to burst into life. He was not ready for the seed to become alive and overflow from its little nook in his brain, but he knew that it was ready. And he knew that it was right that the little seed should come to life and send its violent, dark purple blossom out to drop a petal into the fresh-cheeked young girl's brain—his, Drake's, fresh-cheeked young girl, Judy. It was right that she should know about the heavy, dark seed and that the petal should drop into her brain—into her sharp, carefree mind, so that it would be carefree no longer. For when the little petal from the seed of knowledge made her know what it knew, she would not be carefree. She would not be carefree, but she was young and the petal would die in time and she would forget the heavy, dark seed from which it came. Drake was glad that she would forget. It was enough that he must remember.

The music was soft and whispery as he danced with Judy the last wonderfully sweet dance of the ball. For the last dance of the ball is always the sweetest.

"Be back in a second, honey," Judy smiled as she drifted off with the stream of girls uttering little exclamations of "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "Wasn't it wonderful?" as they went to get their wraps.

It was indeed a few seconds, hundreds, Drake thought, before Judy returned sheathed in a black velvet evening coat with a funny little gold sequin design in one corner. "Wasn't long, was I?" she smiled, and it was more of a statement than a question.

"Just a million years, slow-poke. It's raining to beat hell out there. Better wait here at the door and let me bring the car around."

"OK. Hurry up, though, I'm starving to death."

"You look like you're bearing up under the strain," he remarked sarcastically, letting his penetrating gaze leisurely sweep her trim little figure—trim even in the heavy velvet coat.

"Oh, go on," she scolded, pushing him laughingly out the door.

When they were settled in the car, Judy leaned back and shut her eyes. "I'm so-o tired'n hungry," she sighed drowsily. "What are we having to eat at the breakfast?"

Upon receiving no answer, she opened her eyes and turned her head on the seat to look at Drake, but seeing that he had not even heard her question, she decided to leave him to his thoughts and, with another little sigh, leaned back and closed her eyes again. She enjoyed the quietness. She was tired.

The boy beside her was tired, too—physically, mentally, and spiritually. He was very tired, more tired than he had ever been, for the heavy, dark seed in his brain was weighting him down.

Judy heard Drake step on the brakes, and felt the car purr to a stop. The rain was beating on the roof more loudly than ever. She opened her eyes and sat up.

"But, honey, this isn't the frat house," she said superflously, for the fact was obvious.

"We're not going to the breakfast." Drake's voice was rather curt and Judy sat up a little straighter.

"Why not?"

"Because," and his voice was softer now, even gentle, "I want to talk to you, baby." God, she was beautiful, he thought. She would look beautiful smiling across a breakfast table. She would look beautiful anywhere. She even looked pretty with her hair rolled up on funny little strips of cloth. He knew; he had seen her.

He paused so long that she asked, "Well, what is it? What is it, Drake?" and her voice was puzzled, questioning, and a little frightened.

Suddenly he was angry, very angry, and he wanted to hurt this lovely creature sitting beside him, this girl that was pretty even with her hair done up in funny little rags.

"Hell! does it have to be something in particular? Can't I just want to talk to you?"

"Don't cuss, Drake," she said quietly, very quietly.

"And just where in th' hell did you get the idea you could —"

"Drake," she interrupted, still quietly, "I don't know what's on your mind, but if that's the way you're going to talk you can just take me home."

"I'll take you home when I get damn good and ready!" he snapped, and her face froze in a tight little mask and she just sat there stiffly, not looking at him.

Looking at the rigid little figure and the cold, expressionless face with no warmth or sweetness about it now, he wondered desperately why he was acting like this. Why, when he should be trying to make it easy for her. When he should be trying to make up for what he was going to have to tell her—for what the little petal from the dark purple blossom was going to tell her. And the thought made him tender again.

"I'm sorry, honey," he smiled apologetically. "I don't know what's wrong with me tonight. You look beautiful, Judy, baby. Come here." And he tried to draw her to him, but she twisted in his arms and looked at him with big, serious blue eyes that were usually bright and laughing, but were dark and troubled now.

"Drake, you did have something to tell me. What is it? What made you so mad?"

"Forget it, honey."

"But, Drake, you —"

"I said forget it!" he cut her off sharply, but smiled what he hoped was his most becoming smile as soon as he had said it. Please forget it, Judy, he thought. Please forget it, and let me forget it. Just until after tonight. He would ignore the insistent little seed with its awful secret. Just until after tonight.

And she let him forget it as his arms went around her beneath the black velvet evening coat with the sparkling gold sequins, and his lips (which did know about the heavy, dark seed) kissed hers with an abandon that made nothing else seem important.

"Oh, Drake," she breathed, "how can you be such a devil?" But her words were caressing, not stinging.

So they sat there with the noise of the rain in their ears and their arms around each other, not even thinking. It was enough just to sit there together. He might not have said anything if the girl in his arms had not turned her face with the bright blue, laughing eyes to him and said in her silky, husky voice, "I love you so much, Drake" and all there was between them was in her voice as she said the words—words they had said to each other so often, but this time it was different. It was different because, suddenly, the lucky young man that was holding this lovely creature in his arms remembered that he was not lucky and that he should not be holding her. He knew that he was wrong, that he could not forget the heavy, dark seed, not even for tonight. He knew that he had to tell the beautiful, fresh-cheeked girl that had been his that she could be his no longer. And the knowledge made his voice gruff.

"Judy," he snapped, abruptly taking his arms from about her, "there is something." He waited for her to speak, but she just sat there, and it confused him and made his tone sharper. "Judy, I—I want my pin back!" he blurted. He was as surprised at his words as she. That was not what he had meant to say. That was not what the petal from the heavy, dark seed would have told her. But he had not let the petal tell her and he knew, then, with a calm certainty that he never would. And now that he knew that what he was doing was the only thing he could do, he pushed the seed further back in its little corner of his brain and looked at her steadily. He was not confused now, but she was.

"But, Drake, I don't see why—I don't understand." Her voice was hurt and bewildered.

"There's nothing to understand." He would have to speak coldly, almost hard to keep his voice from shaking. "There's nothing to understand. I simply am not in love with you anymore, and I want my pin back."

Not in love with you, he thought, not in love with you? I love you more than anything in the world.

"But, Drake, ou—why did you kiss me like that?"

"Because you're damn good-looking, baby, and you kiss very well," and the coldness of his tone did not even surprise him anymore. He even laughed a little. It was as though he were no longer himself, as though he were playing a part.

"I see," Judy said softly, and her eyes were bright with unshed tears. Her fingers fumbled to unclasp the pin. (It was pinned on the underside of the halter strap of her evening gown, for she always wore it. She had told him once that it was like an engagement ring and so she never took it off.) So with stiff fingers she handed the pin to him and silently turned away. She leaned back against the seat and closed her eyes to squeeze the tears back. He almost told her then, almost but not quite. She heard him step on the starter and felt the car glide off down the slippery road. And perhaps a few tears escaped the tightly closed lids —just one or two. But the boy beside her did not see them. And they drove home through the rain that was no longer rat-gray but a thick, ugly black.

Back in the little average dromitory room the frail-faced, twisted-legged boy still sat at his desk. The book of Homer still lay unread in front of him, and he still stared out the window at the rain that was no longer a rat-gray drizzle, but was now a thick, ugly, black downpour. He was thinking about the lucky boy that was his roommate, and who was not so lucky after all. But Philip did not know this, for he did not know about the heavy, dark seed. He was thinking that if he were like that boy, if he had the tall, lithe body and the long, straight, strong legs he would not be sitting at the desk with the book of Homer lying unread before him. He would have gone to the dance with the fresh-cheeked, floating-haired young girls and smiled a bright, flashing-white, smile and been happy. But he did not have Drake's body or straight legs, he had a frail-backed, twisted-legged body that could not dance or do any of the things college society demanded. And so he had dropped out of society. And he was not missed. He knew he would never be missed. That was what hurt. That was what hurt and made him bitter. He was suddenly seized with the desire to hurt someone, but he could not even lo that. So he slammed the book of Homer shut and cursed, not knowing vhat or whom he cursed.

"Well, what goes? Homer get under our skin?" The voice was Drake's as he ntered the little room, but without the uick, easy stride that was usually his. His feet moved slowly and heavily, as lowly and heavily as Philip's.

Philip ignored him. He could not speak o this healthy, straight-legged roommate f his right now while he was feeling like his. As the two boys undressed, Drake oticed that something was bothering his riend.

"What's the matter, fellow?" he asked, alting a minute from the task of untyng a knot in his shoe string.

"Nothing!" Philip snapped, but his one of voice said distinctly that somehing was the matter.

"What's eating you?" Drake persisted, or he could not ever remember seeing is roommate so disturbed before.

"Will you shut up!" Philip's clipped ords were menacing and strained.

"Sure," Drake answered, somewhat aken aback at his friend's tone of voice. Sure, keep your shirt on. It couldn't be hat bad." And that was exactly what he hould not have said.

Philip whirled on him, almost losing is balance on his unsteady legs. "Oh, it ouldn't!" he blazed, and Drake dropped is shoes and stared at the flaming black yes in which he had never seen so much s a spark before. "Oh, it couldn't! Well, ust suppose you had to live with these—hese—" he couldn't seem to bring himelf to say the word, but he looked at his wisted, toothpick-legs with a hatred conentrated by the years. "Just suppose you ad to sit up here and read Homer—Homer!—while everyone else is dancing. ust suppose you—oh, what's the use? Oh, hell!" and his voice broke and he ad to turn his back and swallow hard to keep from uttering the dry sob that struck in his throat.

So that was it, Drake thought. Philip had never mentioned his infirmity before, and Drake had thought that he had long since accepted it. But now he saw that Philip had never accepted it. That it had been eating on his soul like a great cancer until it had eaten away all normalness and natural love of life and left only bitter despair. He knew now that it was this deformity that had kept Philip from making friends with the rest of the fellows, not just an inherent quietness; that it was this deformity that had prevented him from joining the little informal gatherings and bull sessions, not a true preference for Homer and Plato and Socrates and God only knew what other crackpot. And he was sorry for Philip—sorrier than he had ever been for anyone. But he didn't say anything. He knew Philip was bitterly regretting his outburst; so he just silently undressed and slipped into bed. As he lay in the darkness he wondered if he should tell Philip his secret, so that he would know that there was some use—that life is never useless; and that he, Drake, was not so all-fired lucky as Philip thought. Perhaps he should let the seed have its way after all. Perhaps he should let the petal drop into Philip's brain as he had meant to let it drop into Judy's. It would have hurt Judy, but, maybe, it would help Philip. So he slipped out of bed and snapped on the light. Going to the cramped little closet bulging with Philip's neatly hung clothes and his own not so neatly hung one, he took out a little square piece of paper that he carried in the inside breast pocket of his coat for the last three months. He took it out and went over to Philip, laying his hand gently on the boy's thin shoulder, "Philip—Philip, look, fellow—here's something I want you to see." And he put the little square of paper in Philip's hand. "Look at it, Phil, I think it might make you see that—well, that there is some use after all."

Philip looked at him questionably, and then down at the paper in his hand. Then, as he read the closely printed words on the little square of white paper, he suddenly knew what Drake meant. If Drake, carrying this secret with him, could live a normal life then he, Philip, why couldn't he? What did twisted legs mean in the face of *this*? And, curiously he found himself thinking about the beautiful, fresh-cheeked young girl that loved Drake and would have married him and borne his children, sewed the buttons on his coat, and smiled when things weren't going right. He must have looked his question at Drake, for his friend shook his head slowly.

No, Drake thought, she did not know. His lovely, fresh-cheeked, floating-haired young girl did not know, and so she would not have to forget. For you do not have to forget what you do not know. And Drake was glad.

No one could help him bear the burden of the heavy, dark seed in the corner of his brain now. No one except, maybe, Philip because he knew the secret of the seed, for the seed contained the secret of the little white square of paper. The secret was there on the little square of paper in Philip's hand as well as in the heavy, dark seed. And Philip, who had the secret on the little square of paper, and Drake, who had it in the heavy, dark seed in his brain looked at each other—and neither spoke. But there was understanding between them—understanding of the burden each had to bear. And Philip had hope. And what did Drake have? The seed could tell, but it never would. And, quietly, Drake put a match to the little white square of paper which was a doctor's statement and said in bold black type:

Drake England, Age: 19.

Disease: Heart, incurable.

Life Expectancy: About 5 years.

And somewhere in the heavens some benevolent God was shedding great black tears that made little clean paths on the dirty window pane.

The Sonnet

By Nancy Fuller

To what avail these meager words I write,
When from my window I can see the sky
Swelling with spring? I should go out and fight
The March wind's thrust, looking to see if I
Could spy a crocus or a daffodil
Hiding beside a melting spot of snow.
I should be walking now to get my fill
Of warm spring sun upon my face. I know
I should not ponder on such things when I
Have work that must be done before I play,
And yet, how can I write when that blue sky
Peers in at me and calls me out today?
What good are words, or poets who have died,
When all of spring is waiting just outside?

Bits Of Immortality

By Eileen Springstun

Man is born, he lives, and he dies. His existence and habitation on this earth, n this magnificent multiverse, is of no ignificance. This matter that makes up ving people is impartial; it cares not a it for the person it creates and is part f. So when it chooses, the whole organsm suddenly stops and becomes again atter in the sense that earth-dust is. But uring his short span of life, man holds ne precious possession . . . a brain. Man ies, but the products of his mind live n.

This will be the fate of those miserable, nsignificant creatures who are now strugling in the darkness to find a glimmer of ght, to touch the truth, however tentavely, the Existentialists. They are ausing only a small ripple in the sea of hilosophy, a ripple that will be smoothed ut and virtually lost from the view of ll the little people who will in the future avel their short journey on the crest of me other wave. But that small ripple making circles of influence that will reerberate through the ages. Although the hilosophy itself is generally condemned, e austere way of life advocated by these xistentialists will be immortal; because ey are embalming their minds in the rm of literature, great literature that ill live on despite the inevitable disinteration of those who are producing it.

Books are immortal. A novel such as *he Stranger* by Albert Camus, and plays ch as *No Exit* and *The Flies* by Jeanaul Sartre will do what all good books ave always done and are still doing for s. They will speak to us, arouse us, rrify us, teach us, comfort us, and open eir hearts to us as brothers.

They will speak to us. Through the ages of books we listen to the voices of the world's great thinkers, and a little of their profound wisdom is transplanted in us. Perhaps Sartre and Camus will never be classed with world's great and profound thinkers, but even those who most avidly oppose them will have to admit that they are doing much to tear away the remnants of the Middle Ages that still cling to too great a percentage of the masses. In *No Exit* Sartre says, "So this is hell. I'd never have believed it. You remember all we were told about the torture-chambers, the fire and brimstone, the "burning marl." Old wives' tales! There's no need for red-hot pokers. Hell is—other people!" Even those who do not agree with the Existentialist philosophy will contend that the best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought that it suggests. What wonderful thoughts can be gleaned from the black and white of any printed page!

Books arouse us. The influence of books is a mighty power in the world. Silent, passive, and noiseless though they are, they yet set in action countless multitudes and change the order of nations. Through their books and philosophical teachings the leaders of Existentialism have gained countless adherents, and will perhaps lure many away from the doctrines of communism and Nazism, the two "isms" that prompted Sartre to begin his teachings. Sartre, Camus, and the others may inspire men to the greatest heights, or they may cause men to sink into the darkest pits of degradation. If they instill fear in our hearts, and shake the very foundations of our souls, perhaps we will come out of the experience with something deeper and finer than we have yet found. Suppose we are stunned by the thoughts and theories set forth in the literature of the Existentialists! Maybe it will jolt us into thinking out "the good, the true, and the beautiful" for ourselves. But then who is to say what is "the good, the true, and the beautiful"?

Books teach us, but it has recently been noticed that not enough books are heard with patience or reverence. A reader must neither accept blindly nor condemn hastily, but rather absorb, ponder, and evaluate. It is generally accepted that upon books the collective education of the race depends; they are the sole instruments of registering, perpetuating, and transmitting thought, but of what avail is this if a book is not read with an open mind? Many people, hearing the word Existentialism for the first time, immediately condemn it as a decadent philosophy of a decadent nation, without inquiring into the principles upheld by the philosophical school. The fact that *No Exit* recently failed on Broadway is sufficient in itself to prove that the average American neither recognizes good literature when he sees it, nor understands it when it is flaunted in his face.

Books open their hearts to us as brothers. They are our friends, always present and never changing. The Existentialists and their literature are among the best friends that the Americans have today. Although the average American does not realize it, the Existentialists are strongly advocating that very freedom that Americans have always so willingly fought for. And actually what do we Americans know about freedom? Never having tasted anything else how can we realize its exquisite flavor? To the Existentialist freedom is yet something more than release from the oppressing hand of Hitler, or freedom from outmoded religious shackles. In Sartre's *The Flies* Orestes says, "I *am* my freedom." Like all other books those created by the genius of the Existentialist leaders are merely innate objects . . . only a few sheets of unimpressive paper bound together in an unimpressive cover, but one has only to open this cover, and life itself will spring from the pages.

Life for the Existentialist and his philosophy will be short in the sense of actua practice, but in the true sense, the sense that matters, his life will never end. Good literature is immortal, and although only a few discerning critics of today recognize the work of Sartre and Camus as art, time will tell that these Existentialists are producing some of the greatest literature of the twentieth century. They have produced, and are still producing priceless little bits of immortality.

THE LIVING THINGS

(Continued from Page 32)

not stop him. He wrapped his coat about himself and staggered through the snow to Henri's. But they were not there. Not one of his friends was there. Charles asked Henri if he had seen them. The answer came in indifferent evasive tones. Bewildered, Charles turned away. Shivering, alone, he started out to look for them. Charles came to the house of one, but he was not in. The landlady did not know when to expect him. At the next apartment he was received and greeted by his friend, but somehow the greeting was different. Charles pretended that the reserve he detected was imagined, and chatted gaily about his stories, his job his immediate plans, in order to conceal his discomfiture. He stayed here only a few minutes, because his friend suddenly remembered an appointment and apologetically hurried to leave.

On and on he walked, from house to

iouse, and each time he was received :oolly. At first Charles was bewildered; ie did not understand this new attitude)f his friends. Always he had been hailed vith a hearty greeting, a playful slap on he back, friendly smiles, complete unre-erve. Why this change? It was unreal, ınnatural. Perhaps it was a figment of his magination. Charles did not know where o turn. Dejected, he shuffled away from he last house, and walked along the treets, peering into faces under the lamps n search of a mark of recognition, a riend, and found none. Only cold stares ınd furtive whispers greeted him.

Little by little, realization crept into his onsiciousness. He began to understand, nd the knowledge nauseated him.

He was tired, tired, tired. At last he eached that stark gray monster, like all the other gray monsters huddled against the sidewalk, the house that contained his room. He dragged himself up, up, up the stairs until he reached his door. Slowly he opened it, and letting his body fall back against it, closed his eyes. In a few minutes he stirred, raised his head, and took a step toward the bed. He stopped sharply. There, sitting on the edge of the iron bed, was a figure, a thin figure with burning eyes, eyes that seemed to be feeding on the flesh of the face. The figure was watching him, waiting for him, smiling slightly. The smile was friendly. Charles' first impulse to flight died away. He was tired, so very tired and lonely, so very lonely. Closing the door behind him, he slowly, then more quickly, advanced toward the bed, almost eager to embrace the friend that awaited him there.

OF TRUNKS . . .

(Continued from Page 64)

ammered nail-heads. The marquee was blemn with the word "Closed". The host-like structure was inhabited by one bne keeper who could produce no infor-ation about an insignificant chorus girl. Maybe she hopped a train and went ack home. That's what happens to most f these young girls who think they can ake good on the stage. Most of 'em bme from small towns in the Middle Vest, and if they knew what was good r 'em they would've stayed there in the rst place. This girl you're lookin' fer ost likely went back home to forget bout it. Probably won't ever mention it gain. They never want the home town lks to know that the show flopped and ey flopped with it."

James' week in New York was spent alking from one big theatre to another the hope that someplace he would find e magic name Lily Lawrence, the name that was the key to his life, the name that would open the gates of future bliss. But James failed. He failed as Lily had failed. . . . .

James turned again to the trunk, and half angrily threw back the resisting top. The musty smell of age rose from the contents and fused with the dust. Cautiously he picked up a film of silk heavy with small black beads. The dress was unfamiliar to him, but, placing it aside, his eyes fell on a small white satin slipper. He picked it up and gently fondled the dainty thing with his shaking, clumsy hands. Something made a small sound, and turning the sliper upside down, James watched two yellow grains of rice tumble to the floor. She had been married in that small white slipper. Almost savagely James held it to his breast like a new child while burning tears rolled off his cheeks and splashed on the contents of the trunk.

When the mist cleared James again

made an effort to examine the little bits of sentimentality displayed in jumbled disorder before his eyes. Hurriedly, frantically he began pulling things out of the trunk. Then he stopped, horrified. There tucked in the corner, half hidden by something red, was a bundle of yellowed envelopes tied with a frayed blue ribbon. A name stood out and danced before his eyes. The name was Miss Lily Lawrence.

Slowly, almost stupidly, the man reached for the letters and sat holding them, quietly.

Hours later the man stumbled down th steps. In the front part of the hous were denim-clad men busily carrying ou trunks and furniture. They stopped whe James entered the room, and turned expectantly. "You needn't bother moving the rest of it out. I've changed my mind I'm not leaving. This is my home . . my life."

First Love

By Dudley Brown

T'was cold and bare when first he chanced
To capture all my fancy. Still,
He came, and lo! my eyes so danced
That love tripped forth with happy will.

For years, it seemed, he held the scheme
Which so encumbered all my mind;
His handsomeness, a perfect theme
Of joy and youth, the two combined.

I loved him fiercely all the while,
Each day more dearly. 'Til the end
We forced a nonchalant young style.
Yet sweethearts true need not pretend.
A love is good if lovers dare
To know its meanings, genteel all.
Such was our love, a thing so rare
That now I wonder at its fall.

But so it came, I know not why;
I only felt its stinging dart.
It was so fair; yet still I die,
Love's arrow piercing deep my heart.

T'was warm and fair when last he fled;
No note he left. A lonely tear
Falls silently from bended head.
First love best? Oh, how wrong, my dear.

Dust

By Eileen Springstun

Oh, that the rain would slither down the pa
In limpid rainbow drops like happy tears
To wash away the dust—obscuring years
Of lucidation and the clear-cut lane
I followed. All encountered was explaine
If I misstepped, there were no subtle leers
To make me conscious of inevitable fears,
Of inward, painful knowledge of disdain.
Then maybe eager tears would also flow
And cool the dusty burning of my eyes
And clear the vainly hidden ignorance,
Profound bewilderment, and that black fo
Uncertainty. The light through all disgui
Would dance displaying Beauty in a glanc

Reason

By Nancy Fuller

I would have come back,
In time, my sweet,
But that was before
Two lazy blue eyes
Laughed at me
From a stranger's face
On a sunlit street
In the spring.

Book Reviews

Table In The Wilderness

Ziff Davis and Company. Chicago, 1947

By Norton S. Parker

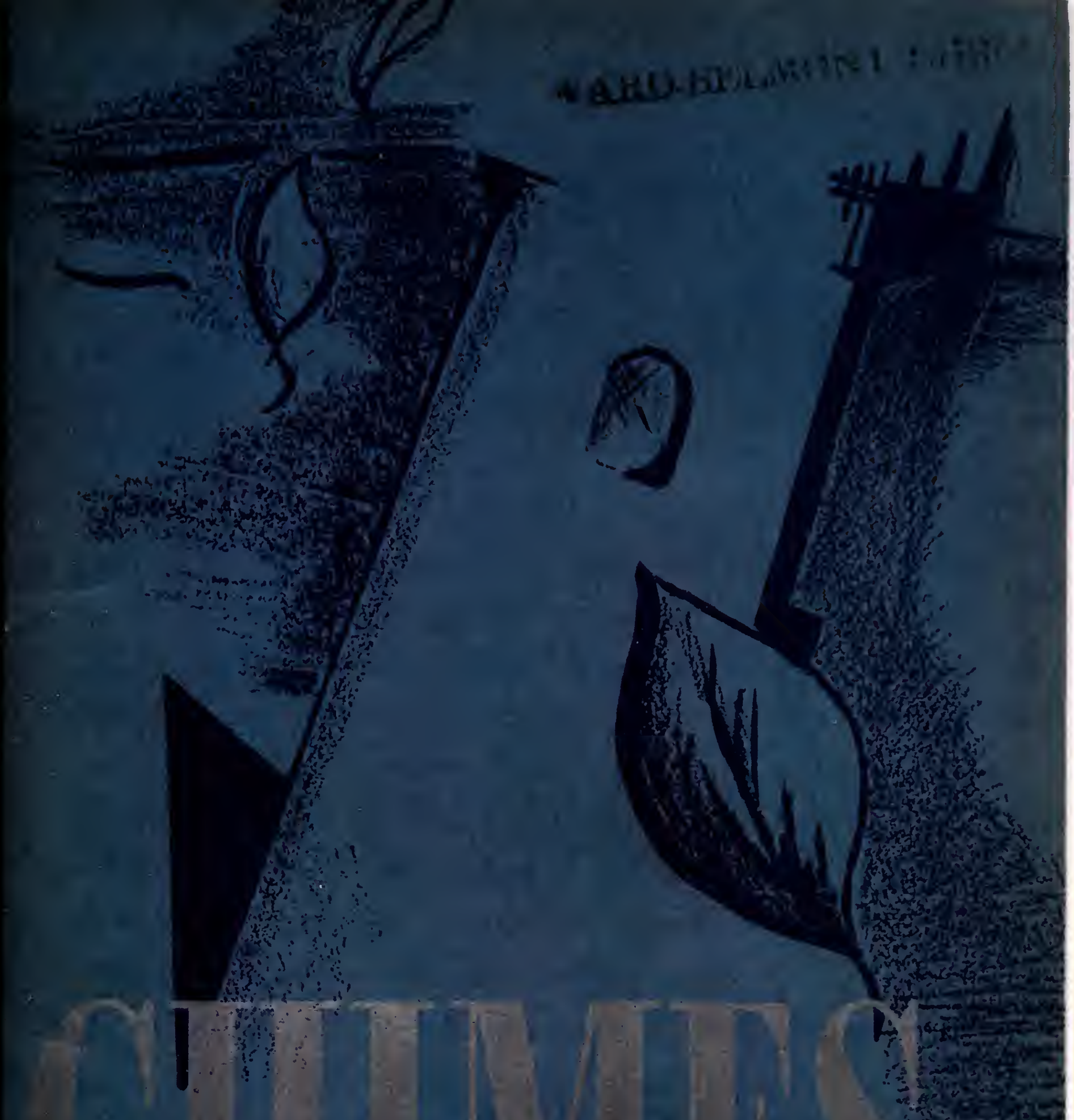
Reviewed by Marion Frederick

Norton S. Parker is a magnificent ory-teller. Throughout his latest book, *able in the Wilderness,* he displays this complishment. As the reader follows seph from his betrayal into slavery on rough his conquering of the Pharaoh Egypt and the rule of the first of the eat empires of the world, every character becomes vibrantly alive. The story llows the outline of the Biblical myth ry exactly, omitting none of the scanty tails offered there, and adds personality, pth, and modern philosophy. The Bibal story, in fact, is recognizable only by e plot, characters, and the setting.

Mr. Parker's knowledge of the results archeological research of prehistoric e in Palestine and Egypt, however, is n-existent, or at least, not noticeable in is book. (I've never read any of his hers.) The philosophy propounded by seph and his secret Brotherhood is of most advanced Christian and Socialist ctrines combined. The characters of Joseph and of those he influences, their high "moral" stature is not in keeping with what is known of that era. Joseph becomes almost Christ-like in his progression from a simple shepherd lad with Boy Scout tendencies to a prince consumed by a benign love for the masses. (In the end, symbolically enough, he is *nearly* destroyed by a misguided mob. He wishes he could live again, "to be born a second time" as a voice from "on high" thunders down, to do it all over.)

The point of the book apparently is in the parallel story of tyranny, exploitation of the masses for selfish gain, and the consequent near-ruin of the empire. It is almost allegorical. Jeffersonian democracy triumphs, however, and that is the moral all despots should learn. The author had a lot to say regarding Brotherhood of of the masses for selfish gain and the a lot to say regarding Brotherhood of Man and he said it well, if repititiously.

WARD-BELMONT LIBRARY



CHIMES

WARD-BELMONT
VOLUME [illegible]

NASHVILLE, TENN.
NUMBER 1

THE CHIMES

Vol. II NOVEMBER, 1947 No. I

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

Someone once said, "It is a great book, a good book that is opened with expectation, and closed with profit." The CHIMES of 1947-1948 would like to use that sentence as our motto. CHIMES is not a great book but it is certainly a good book because its contents are composed of the best literary work done on campus here at Ward-Belmont. The staff has put its heart upon these pages, and your roommates and classmates have laid their innermost thoughts and ideas here. CHIMES is the book you can pack in your suitcase to read long after you have left W-B for the last time, and looking back on those yesterdays, you can remember "that girl" by reading again her poem or story.

From the staff of three we have grown to eleven. There are new names in our table of contents. Sue Coker has given us her beautiful poems, "PITY", and "THE ARTIST", plus her fascinating story, "THE INFAMOUS HERO." Janice Lebenstein's brilliantly written "FEAR AND A HANDFUL OF DUST", and "EVENING AT HOME" adds color and variety to this first issue. The art staff has burned midnight oil sketching and planning a new type of illustration.

We hope you'll like this first issue because it is your magazine and you are its critic. May you "open it with expectation, and close it with . . . profit."

JET

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Neilyn Griggs

ART STAFF

Pat Negley
Barbara Benson

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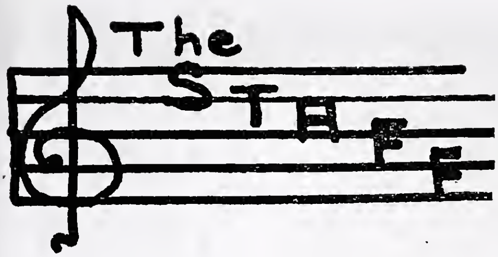

- Jane Ellen Tye is almost never known as anything but "JET". Her exuberance and vitality never fails to amaze us. She proudly claims Harlan, Ky. as her home and woe be unto anyone who misspells it. Vanderbilt will be her ultimate alma mater, and we are sure they will like her as much as we do. She has everything but a poetic personality. Jet is the center of our literary circle and she holds a definite spot in our hearts.

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- Sue Hoyt is the stabilizing force of the CHIMES Staff. Fairfield, Connecticut, is her home but she loves the South, even if she is classified as a Yankee. She feels the South is more in keeping with her tempo. She hates to write and took up art only because both of her parents were artistically talented. The offices she holds include, Treasurer of Anti-Pan, and Vice President of Phi Theta Kappa. She has a twin and about the only difference between them is their different colored toothbrushes.

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- From Caruthersville, Missouri, hails the CHIMES Staff angel, Sue Coker. Sue is Poetry Editor of CHIMES, and she thrives on good poetry and good coffee. She is an ardent Tri K, and thinks W.B. is a mighty fine place. She never fails to astonish us with her sudden inspirations which result with such beeeeutiful poems. Indeed Sue is a strong white pillar for the CHIMES . . . Just call her "Angel".

●

- Neilyn Griggs from Los Angeles, California, is a Chemistry major. She loves to write—just anything. Her interest is in classical music and Jose Iturbi. Future plans include either Vandy or the University of Southern California. Neilyn has attended W.B. for three years. She is a Penta Tau and the competent Secretary of the Senior-Mid class.

- Denver, Colorado, is the home of Gloria Gordon, better known around campus as "Gordy" . . . of all things she likes, sleep comes first and then Agora, her club. Gordy is best typified by her horn rimmed glasses and her awed expression at Jet's outbursts.

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- From Louisville, Kentucky comes Joyce Callaway who states that her main and only ambition is to write. Joyce, who has had much previous experience on high school papers and magazines, plans to major in journalism at Michigan State and after that—abroad as a foreign correspondent. She claims Anti-Pan as her club, and is a member of the Senior-Mid class.

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- The intellectual member of the CHIMES Staff is Janice Lebenstein from New York City. Her use of words can only be described as superlative. Jan is a TC and her husky voice is her dominant feature. The greatest aspiration of Jan's is to be able to do something to impress her older brother, and get into the University of Chicago. Jan is known by her frankness and intellectual radicalism.

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- Bess Benson, being the Texan she is, wants to own a ranch and an airplane of her own. Bess is from Wichita Falls, Texas, and she loves cats, music, art and puns. She is the jester of the staff and keeps up the morale of the writers. Bess always has a "tall tale" to relate and a "wonderful idea" for our next edition.

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- Barbara Nelson is a PE major from Florida. Dependable and responsive best sums up Barbara's capabilities, for she must be prepared for our sudden screams to "Type this quick". You can always find Barbara bent over her little Remington deep into the night before CHIMES goes to press.

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- Pat Negley from Peoria, Illinois is an Art major and is just crazy about drawing. (It's a good thing, too, 'cause that's her job on the CHIMES Staff.) She is an ardent Penta Tau, and loves to swim and eat. Pat's dry wit comes in pretty handy when our meetings begin to get dull.

Fear and a Handful of Dust

By Janice Lebenstein

The first thing he was aware of was a sharp, searing pain piercing his eyeballs, severing sleep entirely. He tried to fight back consciousness, hoping for what comfortable nonentity of physical insensibility. If he only didn't have to wake up; sleep was all he wanted, and he fought for it, concentrating on it so much, it became impossible, and awareness closed in on him. Against his will, he opened his eyelids, only to close them immediately from the penetrating rays of the sun. He lay on his back considering whether he should get up or just ignore the pounding in his head. He cursed himself and the world in general for his discomfort and inadequacy.

As always, in the silence of early morning, his thoughts turned to those well-remembered sounds that contrasted with that ugly, lonely absence of noise. No more screams of shells; no more whine of bullets . . . only silence; terrifying silence that made his head pound and pulse; horrifying silence that made flashes of pain gore his brain like a knife rends a piece of cloth. Oh, God! If he could only go back, back to the years before he had committed that one cowardly act that had branded him with the mark he was incapable of wiping out. Coward! Coward! Coward! The word cut through the air and shattered into a thousand pieces that fell ponderously about his head and shoulders.

An agonizing groan escaped his lips as he wrenched himself hastily from the bed, clutching his ears to cushion the blows from his own conscience. He stumbled across the room and lighted a cigarette from the pack spilled across the dresser. Combing his hair with his hands, he stood indecisively, inhaling long, deep, drags from the cigarette until the air about him was clounded in a light blue fog. His memories and the odor of nicotine and spilt liquor that spread through the room, nauseated him so much that he ran to the sole window of the one-room flat and shoved it open. Then leaning over the sill, he gulped down long breaths of fresh air deep into his lungs. He rested weakly in that position until the feeling of nausea left him. His head cleared as he gazed at the signs of a city awakening. He stared at the ill-kept backyards overshadowed by the tall office buildings towering above them, the distant spots of green were the only indications of small city parks. He thought of his home town, the small, smartly-painted houses, the clean streets lined with broad, fragrant trees. Years flashed by in seconds; big events and insignificant episodes—his childhood, the big house in the small town, the high school, college. College—boy, that was the life! The frat house, beer parties, and endless nights of fun. Why had it had to stop? The army, with its interminable hikes, too-short dances, and inconvenient maneuvers; the years of taking orders and living like a pig. Live like a pig? Hell, he hadn't lived like a human being since. All right, it was inconvenient. Other men had taken it. Why hadn't he? When the real thing, actual warfare, became an integral part of his existence he had been unable to cope with it. He had failed, and as a result nine men were dead. Dead and decaying in unmarked graves while he lived the half-existence he called life. A life ruined by a scream of terror that had disclosed the secret ten men had sworn to keep. A life in prison camp that was comparative ease to what other men suffered. He'd called himself every name and used every epithet others had whispered and even shouted. His hate for himself was surpassed only by the hate of the one person from whom he desired love. Kathy, the girl that had refused to see him on his return and had sent his ring back with the short note containing one word—coward! That word again; it beat a tattoo on his brain; it burned itself deep. Pressing his mind for anything to change the direction towards which his thoughts were running, he tried to clarify the vague details concerning the last evening's escapade, but now his memory functioned like a rusty wheel, clutching at some disjointed points, yet skipping others entirely. He could clearly remember entering a cheap cafe just after he had finished picking at a lonely meal. As he recalled the incident he sensed once again the close odor of stale beer and overheated bodies, the raucous sound of drunken laughter and loud wisecracks, the sight of forced revelry and gaudy decorations. As he sensed these, his befuddled mind cleared and remembered all that had happened.

John perched precariously on the worn bar-stool, elbows sprawled across the shelf of the bar, sipping a diluted highball. The raw medicinal taste of cheap scotch offended his palate as the amber liquid burned its way to his stomach. He glanced at the small over-crowded room packed like a subway train during rush hour. The cafe had the same hurried atmosphere of a packed train—the feeling that everyone was in a great hurry to get somewhere—anywhere. It echoed in the bodies of the couples swaying to the passionate rythms of primitive jazz, jazz that echoed the hungry and frenzied desires of the dancers. He turned back to his drink and gulped it down, discontentedly longing for companionship, yet fighting back the longings the music awoke in him. He was surprised at the parched feeling in his throat, since he had just finished his drink. While he ordered another he glanced at the booths in the almost black corners of the cabaret.

It was not difficult to recognize the crisp, black hair, or the firm set of her head; the swift bland gestures, the soft shoulders . . . the wide mouth. As he stared at her he thought of what had been before. "Kathy . . . Kathy in the summer, the color of coffee and cream, Kathy with the rain trickling down her face . . . Kathy and a bottle of beer . . . discussions of Nietsche . . . Kathy with me." Memories of spring nights and winter afternoons made that which he sought to suppress rise and well up in him. Suddenly his hands became clammy with sweat, and he felt the fatal lurch in his heart as his eyes met hers. He still loved her, and she had to feel the same for him. With her help he could conquer his cowardice . . . with her help he could show the world!

She turned quickly from him, and the light of recognition in her eyes died. His breath was coming in short little spurts now, and he gripped the edge of the bar for support. The self-loathing that had recently lodged in his heart was forgotten. Desire to speak to her overcame his reason as he wended his way through the tables toward her. "Kathy, please," his heart pounded, "Kathy, please". The struggle within him between conscience and the desire to be loved as before broke at the sharp look of repugnance and the sarcastic accusations that thundered against him, crushing him under the weight of their truth. He stood stunned as the last vestige of a heart within him died. Shame gave vent to the thought of escape—escape to any place away from the scene of his humiliation; escape to anywhere, escape to nowhere.

He went from one bar to another until he was so intoxicated he could hardly speak intelligibly. The last thing he remembered was stubling up the stairs to his room and falling limply on the unmade bed. A drunken stupor then overcame him.

There he flicked away a half smoked cigarette and watched the arch of fireworks made by the scattered live ash. Walking into the small bathroom, he pondered the ruins he had made of his life. He knew no answer to the question of what to do with the dust that remained, and all his confused thoughts were incapable of supplying a reasonable answer. Without hope, and he had none, he was as good as dead. He wished he was dead, but he was much too afraid to try suicide and much too weak to struggle for salvation. He was what Kathy had called him, and deep in his soul he could not forget the fact that was always present. The only thing left to him was to run—run as he had the night before, run as he would again, run to an escape that would always be temporary. He reached for the only escape he knew—the amber liquid in the tall brown bottle. A few quick swallows and a mist of forgetfulness would close in. He swallowed.

* * *

Pity

By Sue C. Coker

My heart was so full of gay and joyful things,
I wanted to share happiness with you.
Your capturing eyes beheld me,
And with a nod accepted my treasures.
I gave a youthful soul of unselfish faith.
And all my dreams of greatness became your dreams.
I gave you strength to go on,
My courage and fire became yours.
You wore them proudly and possessively
And they became you well.
I became dull and the gold that was me
Became the glitter of you.
And now I have dug a grave in my heart,
For these things, once given,
Cannot be regained,
For you, who cannot love in return,
I have only pity to give you now.

I Live Among This

By Catherine Kelly

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, my forefathers migrated from Virginia, and settled in the northern part of Alabama. During the past one hundred and forty-seven years many interesting incidents have happened to different members of the generations who have lived on the old cotton plantation, the one on which I now live. In this article I would like to write a few of the many stories I have heard concerning people and things connected with the old Southern plantation.

THE INDIANS

There is much evidence on the plantation today that a tribe of Indians did once inhabit the land which we now own. As many as five or six bushels of Indian arrowheads have been found on the acres surrounding a creek that runs all the year around. It is our guess that their camp must have been near this creek. Along with the arrowheads, some tommy-hawk and axe heads have been found, though they are few. One of our prized possessions is a flat, round rock about the size of a bushel basket, with a very smooth surface one one side. We think this was probably used by the Indians to mash grain for making bread. Of course, all these relics were found long before I was born, but still if you go down by the creek and look around, you may find an arrowhead that someone else has overlooked. I have found two, both of which I prize highly.

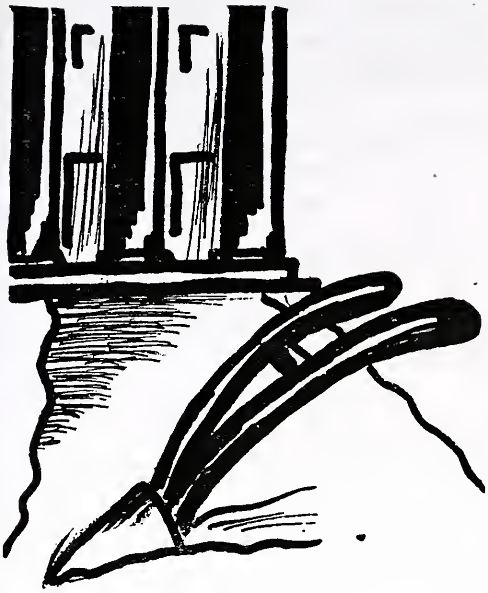
It is most interesting to study these Indian relics, for not two of them are alike. The arrowheads vary in size from less than an inch to eight inches long. These relics, the age of which is unknown, are all in our family possession.

On another part of the plantation about a mile from where the relics have been found is an Indian burial ground, or at least that is what it is thought to be. There are several acres of forest all through which mounds, a little larger than the human body, rise. It has always been said that the Indians buried their dead here; however, of this we have no proof. Because of the story about the Indian burial ground connected with it, the forest has always been known as "Indian Wood".

THE CIVIL WAR AND SLAVERY

There are several stories about various things that happened during the Civil War, but to me the one about the "Yankee Gentleman" is the most interesting. It is the only story of its kind I have ever heard about the Civil War days.

My great-grandmother, a very kind and generous person, loved to help her fellow man. She took in Confederate soldiers, hid them in the basement of her old colonial home so the Yankees would not find them, cared for their wounds, and fed them well. When General Sherman came through Huntsville, Alabama (a city twelve miles from the plantation), he heard what my great-grandmother was doing. Immediately he sent a troop of soldiers out to burn the house. Arriving at the house, the leader of the troop saw my great-grandmother's six small children playing in the yard. This man must have had a home and children of his own, for after telling my great-grandmother the purpose of his mission, he ordered the troop back to Huntsville, leaving the house and everyone living there unharmed. When General Sherman heard of



this, he immediately ordered the leader and his troop to return to the plantation, burn the house, and take all the inhabitants prisoners. The troop returned to the house to carry out the general's orders, but again returned to Huntsville leaving everything on the plantation as they found it. Before General Sherman could order another troop out to burn the house, his company was moved away from Huntsville and Sherman continued his march to the sea. The second trip the soldiers made out to burn the house, my great-grandmother told their leader she was glad there was at least one gentleman in the Northern army. Today the old colonial home with its massive columns still remains inhabited because of one "Yankee gentleman", who probably had a home of his own somewhere.

During the war all the silver and treasured objects were hidden so the Yankees could not find them if they raided the house. Some of these objects still remain hidden, for all of the silver was never found when the family looked for it after the war. It is possible that it may have been found and kept by someone, but to this day all the family silver has never been revealed.

As most all of the big land owners in the South had slaves, so did my great-grandparents. At one time there were many slave houses on the plantation, but today only one stands as a reminder of the old days of the South. It is a one-room cabin made of large logs, notched together at the corners. Ironic as it may sound, one of the children born to the slaves that lived in that cabin still lives there. He, Whit Acklin, is the oldest living person on the plantation and the only one of the slave children left. Whit, an old bachelor, lives alone, but has his meals in our kitchen. Whit has not always lived in this cabin, but I think it is fitting that he live in his old age in the log cabin in which he was born. This seems to be his choice too. Whit is one of the most polite old men I have ever known and one of the best workers, in spite of his age, that my father has. Nearly every day of his life has been spent on the plantation, and though we live only nineteen miles from the Tennessee State line, Whit has never been outside Alabama. There aren't many of his kind left in the world we live in today.

A book could be written on the history of our plantation. Here I have only tried to point out a few, among the many things of interest that surround my everyday life at home.

Home Town

By Jane Ellen Tye

It is autumn back home,
The hills are red
And the poplar leaves are falling swiftly
On the lawn
Before my old Alma Mater.
New faces walk the rock path to the door,
New mouths sing the school songs
At the football games.
There are new yells and cheers
And the bon fires at the pep rallys
Are burning brightly.

Afterward, the crowd still meets
At the corner drug
For a coke, or hot cocoa.
And a juke box tune . . .
"Saturday night is the lonliest night of the week."
Still later, the lights flick off
One by one,
And the little town
Is dark and silent.
The streets are damp and cool
And the hedges sparkle with dew.

The old chimes in the town clock
Sound off the hour,
And all is sleeping
Oh, the rapture of those autumn days.
The blueness of the sky,
The amber, scarlet trees that
Reach from the mountains to the sun,
I shall always remember home, when it is autumn.
I remember the church bells at twilight time
And the chill blue winds that toss
The flag on the Post Office roof
At noontime.
Sweater and red apples, and kicking leaves
Along the sidewalk, I shall remember.

Someday, let us walk back through the mist
To that yesterday,
When all our worries were American history
Homework, and Geometry symbols.

Let us go back to walk the hills
When the leaves fall in patterns.
Let us go back to play on the schoolyard swings
At recess time,
And laugh and run and sing
Like we did once,
In the old days

Small town people are human,
And friendly.
Aunt Martha still knits on the Court House bench,
And Doc Rathford still treats the football team
To sodas after practice.
Everyone is happy, no one is too busy
For a cherry smile and "hello."

Back home we learned to carry warm milk from the barn,
And drink spring water
And to ride to town in a truck on Saturday night.
We learned to love long walks
And new violets, and the smell of hot bread in a country oven.
We learned to live simply,
We learned that the secrets of the Earth are in the earth.
We planted seed
And got our reward at the harvest time.

Friday night barn dances,
Fiddler Joe, and Grandpa Howard's rusky voice
Calling the dances
From the platform.
"Swing your partner left and right, into the middle,
Back to the circle, hey hey."
The sweet cidar and smell of new hay,
And deep sleep afterward.

Yes, it is autumn back home.
I wonder who is sitting at my old wood desk now.
I wonder if it is someone who dreams, as I once did,
Out the wide glass windows.
I wonder if the sun still falls in rays across
The white pages of a Latin book,
As it did five years ago.
I wonder many things . . .
Does the schoolmaster still strike his desk
With the sharp ruler?
Do the bells ring out at odd hours
As a result of some boy's prank?

Does the chapel still teem with
The smell of must, and damp, cool flowers?
Do the footsteps still echo along the corridors?
Is the great piano silent now,
In its place in the music room?
Do the teachers still take time out for
Poetry, in the late afternoon?
I must go back someday;
Someday, back through the mist.

We carved our names on a door
In the bandroom.
I wonder if the emphatic drum beats
Still creep into the classrooms
At 3:00, and in the low, monotone
Hum of a military march
Off in the distance . . . does it still
Interrupt the Biology classes,
And confuse the Glee Club?
And the 2:57 special,
Do the children still jump from their
Seats to the window
To watch it go by
And on across the bridge?
Do the overalled boys still
Take dentist excuses to the principal
To be excused for an afternoon
When the bass and trout are plentiful?
Is it still the same, back home?
Has it changed, and grown into something
Strange and new?
Or is it still the small town where I was born
Staunch in its standards and morals and high ideals?
Does the old Doc still deliver babies at all
Hours of the night,
And brag the next day that it was
The most perfect child he ever brought into
The world?
The General store, the Hospital,
The blacksmiths . . . are they still the same?
Someday, I shall go back through the mist,
Back to my home town, back to yesterday.

Oh, I sing your praise, small town.
Whether your name be Centerville,
Or Middletown, or Junction City,
I shall sing your praise.

Small town, population, 680,
I sing your praise.
Your heart is big and warm and you are never failing.
The weekly newspaper, and the soap-box politicians,
The farmer and the coal-miner and the mechanic,
I love all of you.
You are the biggest part of my life, small town.
I am one of you, and I sing your praise.

Here in the city, I long for your peacefulness.
I miss your old-fashioned ideas and lazy talk.
I miss the pastures and the hills and the sky.
Here, in the city, I have to search for sky.
It is almost hidden by the tall steel buildings.
I have grown used to the loud shallow talk of the city, with its—
Gray mornings, but your friendliness still beats in my soul,
And I carry you with me, deep, in the secret corner of
My heart.
Home town, small town, next autumn I shall walk back
Through the mist to find you.
Next autumn, when I shall come home again.

I Just Love to Write!

By Carolyn Henderson

Myrtle shook a fallen curler from her hot forehead and gave the Willowware plate a vicious rub. "I just love to wash dishes. It's the most fun I've had in years," she dogmatically repeated to herself. The chubby hands, rough-red from dish water, automatically washed the breakfast dishes. Bits of egg remained fast to the cleaned dishes. Myrtle little cared. To get them into their shelves was her only aim. "Housework is facinating," Mrytle scowled at the coffee pot. "It gives one such a feeling of responsibility," she frowned at the four-year old kitchen floor.

Mrytle was practicing her philosophy of life. It was simple enough. Indeed, her entire life was simple enough. Housewife, mother, gardner, governess, cook—that is all she was. But back to her philosophy. "Keep repeating to yourself how much you love something (no matter how hateful it may be) and some day you will convince yourself that you are right." Understand? For thirty-six years Mrytle had tried this method. She was still convincing herself that she loved her dull husband and his meager salary, that she had always wanted five children, that she liked soup seven lunches a week, that she did not mind becoming fat and matronly, and that she was glad she had given up hopes of becoming another Dorothy Dix or Hedda Hopper. But not one item had been checked off her list of "I will love this," and here it was a hot Monday morning in July. Mrytle would not be defeated. She firmly believed her formula for a happy life to be the best.

The potato plant in the kitchen window needed water. It usually did. Mrytle was not interested. Her mind was absorbing the magazine popped up by the brown potato plant.

The baby cried from upstairs. Mrytle dried her hands on the soiled apron and picked her way between wooden blocks to the ice box. The magazine was taken in one hand, the baby's bottle in the other, and up the steps she floundered.

Dusting was a review of the same proceedure. Oiled rag in one hand, magazine in the other. The grocery boy's arrival failed to interrupt the reading of Miss Wright's article. After opening a can of soup for lunch Myrtle reached into her pocket for her crumpled cigarettes. Lighting her cigarette was combined with the turning of a page.

Lunch finished, magazine finished. Myrtle completed her last article with perfect timing. Now to put the dishes under the sink, unwashed, in order to get right to work.

Myrtle was a writer! Not a good one, but good enough to get a few things published. A poem now and then accepted by a church magazine or a junior poetry magazine. Once a feature article was accepted for the city neswpaper. A few childrens' stories had been printed by *Playtime* and *Children's Life*. And several years ago *True Romance* had paid her twenty dollars for a short story. Then there were several sets of dishes, cartons of soap, ten dollars in trade, and one silver spoon which had been delivered to her front door as first prizes for contests —the type where you praise a commodity in thirty words or less. A paragraph published in "Life in These United States" of the *Reader's Digest* was her one widely read piece.

Myrtle might have been a better writer had she closed the *American Literature Journal* and opened her mind to the importance of originality. But she continued to use the authors in "her" magazine as a basis for her writing. They were the outstanding writers of the day—why not copy them?

Myrtle shook a fallen curler from her hot forehead. "I just adore writing. It's my one enjoyment in life." She had at last convinced herself on one thing.

The aged typewriter leaped, the baby was fed, the lunch dishes were forgotten. Myrtle enjoyed her afternoon.

A story grew . . . the pages of the *American* Literature diminished. The writers of Myrtle's magazine had written another contest winner.

☆

Life is a gardenia, first admired, then worn, wilted and crushed by the footsteps of time.

SUE C. COKER

The Twins

By Jeanne Ingersol

Loretta looked at the river and saw muddy, stagnant
water with ragged trees reflected on its surface.
But Lucinda saw black lace thrown carelessly across
a dusky mirror.
Loretta saw red and yellow leaves in a wood on the
hill,
But to Lucinda, they were splashes of oil on the canvas
of the Master Artist.
Loretta heard an organ play, saw a man at the keyboard,
But Lucinda closed her eyes and heard a waterfall
against a background of swishing pines.
When the plane hurtled downward through the night,
Loretta covered her face and cried,
But Lucinda smiled and said to herself, "How shall I
feel in Heaven?"

The Artist

By Sue Coker

I am but an artist, a simple painter of life and beauty.
A man of small tastes and desires.
But I would be more than artist or man,
If I could transpose from your face the essence of life and spirit
To this dull, unexpressive canvas. . . .
I would be a God!

Sour Grapes

By Julia Carter Aldrich

Willie, let me stay awhile,
  You're wonderful and wise,
And I can see the lights
  Of foreign countries in your eyes.

You say you have a roving soul;
  My darling so do I!
So take me with you where you go,
  I'll love you 'till I die.

Ah, cruel and selfish, heartless lad,
  You're shallow and you're silly!
Just talking, talking all the time;
  Lazy, lying Willie.

Rhyme and Time

Query

By Joan Hays

Who said that night falls?
It doesn't you know—
It slips silently from the ground, and then
Climbs swiftly up the hill of the sky
Until God, seeing that night has arrived,
Lights His celestial beacon—the moon,
To guide all earth bound wanderers home.

Talent

By Sue Coker

Some are instilled with the power to produce lovely music,
Either by paper or voice.
Others can paint objects in colors of splendor,
Poets tell of soulful and human desires with mental pictures.
These are talents; born from within or accomplished.
Through these come comfort and inspiration to millions.

I saw a Dago digging a long, narrow, and seemingly endless ditch.
He stopped for lunch and sat on a pile of dirt and reached out
Picking up a cornflower of palest blue and putting it in his lapel,
He smiled and knew more joy than his talented fellowmen.
For he had found what they had overlooked in the enigma of life.

Melancholy

By Jane Ellen Tye

The dusk
Whispers like a lonely child
And moves me
Like a song that has grown old
And lost its once glorious enchantment.
Even its colors are sad
And its sighs are weary.

I was riding a train
I was alone with myself
And the dusk fell
Quickly, silently.

The world lay in gray mist
And I think the world must have been
Like this, in the beginning.

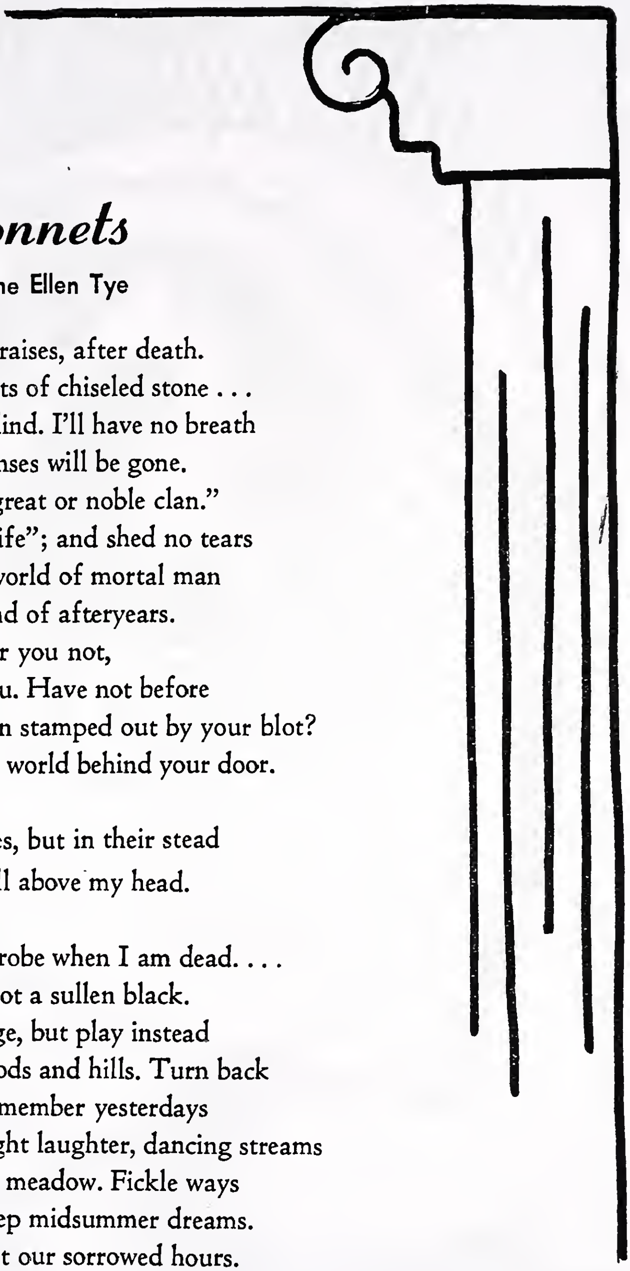
Evening steals from the hills and meadows
And the dusk has passed,
The feeling of melancholy is gone,
Yet it is long remembered.
For the dusk whispers like a lonely child
And moves me
Like a song that has grown old
And has lost its once glorious enchantment.

Having reached for a star,
I was startled to find it within my grasp.
It wavered, slipped and fell
Upon the common earth with me,
As if to say, "Stars are made to admire,
But never for foolish mortals to possess."

SUE C. COKER

Sonnets

By Jane Ellen Tye



Sing me no songs of praises, after death.
Build me no monuments of chiseled stone . . .
My eyes will then be blind. I'll have no breath
To quicken. All my senses will be gone.
Say not, "She was of great or noble clan."
But only, "She loved life"; and shed no tears
Because I've left this world of mortal man
To walk within the land of afteryears.
Inevitable death, I fear you not,
But rather welcome you. Have not before
Much greater men been stamped out by your blot?
I, too, would know the world behind your door.

So rise on marble stones, but in their stead
Let only grass grow tall above my head.

Wear not a mourning robe when I am dead. . . .
I loved bright colors, not a sullen black.
Have me no weary dirge, but play instead
Sweet music of the woods and hills. Turn back
The hour glass and remember yesterdays
With sunlight and bright laughter, dancing streams
Across a dew-drenched meadow. Fickle ways
Of April rains, our deep midsummer dreams.
Remember those, forget our sorrowed hours.
Smile on, while dust they pile upon my grave.
Bring, as you used to bring, gay summer flowers . . .
To witness Death is not a deed so brave.

Think not of my dust-eaten form that lies
Below. Remember summer in my eyes.

WARD-BELMONT [illegible]

The Infamous Hero

By Sue C. Coker

Art Chandler thought himself a living suicide. He stood still as he received the last orders of the Doctors. They were telling him of the simple readjustments he would have to make. He had been confined to this hospital for over six months, and many times he had re-lived these same horrors through fantastic dreams. They had kept him here to help him erase his fear for the ocean and war. He tried to stop thinking about it as Dr. Anderson spoke to him in a kind and sympathetic tone, "My son, it has not been easy and it will not continue to be easy in this different phase of life. Things will seem strange and unreal to you, for people can not conceive of your thoughts or experiences. So be patient, and, most of all, try to forget. It will all pass off with time." With these few and final words he had been dismissed.

They had told him it would all pass and he would forget it. He only clutched his fists to keep from screaming, "How could you, how could you forget those unlivable nights and days spent with fourteen other men in a life raft meant to hold eight? How could you forget the death that lay beside you at night and the early morning burials at sea which greatly reduced the number of survivers? Could he ever forget the pain he had suffered in the arm he no longer had?"

He picked up his small bag and got a taxi. It was good to be out among people. Art could hardly remember the last time he had walked the streets as a carefree young boy, and now, at the age of twenty-two, he felt like an old man. The lines of his face were deepened, and his eyes were shallow and meaningless.

"Been overseas?" the cab driver inquired.

Art gave a low, hesitant, "Yes."

"I noticed your ribbons."

Art made no reply.

"I noticed your medals, too."

Yes, thought Art, a very poor compensation for a wrecked spirit and body.

Seeing that he was getting nowhere with his conversation, the cab driver said no more. Art wondered why he hadn't asked about his arm; surely he wanted to know all of the dirty details about it; he could stand to hear it because he hadn't been forced to see and witness the things Art regarded as his very struggle for life and existence. Would these people, these outsiders, ever be able to see it as he had?

The cab pulled to the curb and he stepped out. It was difficult to get the money from his pocket and handle the bag with one hand. They had told him an artificial arm would help, but he didn't feel that he was ready yet. He didn't want a hook where an arm should have been. It would be hard enough on the family seeing him and expecting him to be a drug addict or worse. After all, what could you expect of a psychopathic patient? He had known he would pull out of these moody spells and constant nervousness. He had succeeded, and now he was going to prove to the world he was mentally sane and well. If only it were just his arm! He could forget the pain as the young lieutenant had amputated his arm there in that filthy, small boat if he didn't have to remember those ugly dreams about the swirling water, the way it swayed and gurgled and tempted him to give his tired, aching body to its open mouth. He had fought the ocean physically during those trying days, and now when he was back in peace and safety he had to fight it mentally.

The train wasn't too crowded, and Art withdrew himself from would be conversationalists. He sat in the club car and buried his face in a magazine. This was the part that he truely dreaded, this business of going home. How would they take it. Would Mom cry too much? Would they try to consider him an invalid? How would it be, going back to college where he had left off as a college freshman? How would the other students accept him? It seemed odd to be placed with college students; they seemed so young and unreal to Art. He turned from the magazine and carefully laid it aside to gaze out the window. The passing scenery was like a painted canvas and a curtain of contentment fell about him. There were lunch, dinner, and a restful night's sleep that seemed odd to Art when he awoke the next morning.

Art had gotten up early to watch all of the familiar scenery. He was nearing home and recalling how many times he had come home from college this way, and remembering how glad he was to make the first trip. As the green fields flew by him and he came nearer home, each barn and each house held some significance for him. Then suddenly, almost too suddenly, there was that small, aged, weatherbeaten sign that read:

Yardley, Calif.
Population 10,649

Although there had been a slight increas in population according to the last census, the sign had remained unchanged. A little like Yardley herself, unchanged.

For a short while he had relaxed, but now he became tense and nervous. If only he could be certain how they would act. A few people got off before him. Then there they stood; he was in full view. He wanted to run towards them, but he felt nailed. His mother's eyes were filled with tears, and Rose Mary, his sixteen year old sister, only gave a small, hushed cry and rushed to the side of her mother. Fourteen year old Randall stood with eyes wide open and stared. Dad was coming toward him smiling; he placed his hand on Art's back and gave him a hearty pat, "Arthur, my boy, its nice to have you back home." These were welcome words, and they had broken the silence. Then there was a rush for him, followed by kisses, hugs, and welcome. He felt as if he were coming out of a horrible nightmare.

But going home seemed like a dream to him now. It was the only good dream. People had smiled sympathetically, and tried to understand, but after twenty-eight days on a raft your mind gets twisted into horrible and fantastic shapes. Art often wondered why he couldn't have returned to the happy, normal way of life that the other four men had returned to? His family sheltered him; they were ashamed, and he felt it intensely. He was a scandal, and Yardley had wondered why he couldn't have returned here as the young Lietuenant had.

Then the dreams came back in their full and ugly forms. One night he awoke sobbing like a small child, and he saw his Mother and Father standing over him. He knew what they must be thinking.

He had to get away; he had to regain himself, his self-reliance. There was only one way, only one answer. He must go back to that ocean of hatred and death. He would have to go back and face it as a man must face all of his difficulties. He would master his life; he would go down to the ocean and not be afraid.

As he stood there silently and looked out into the night, he saw the peaceful small ripples of the water widen and wash up against the wharf. He knew he had conquered. Then suddenly he no longer saw the peaceful, small ripples, but in their place angry, tempting waves that could carry him back where he had lost his boyhood. He saw, with fear, bodies of men being tossed overboard, a small boat, the decaying flesh of his painful arm, and the cries of anguished men. As the thoughts, like a whirlpool, engulfed his mind, so did the water enclose his body, and it gave him back his soul in the form of a shroud.

The Sunset

By Neilyn Griggs

It was sunset when I reached the point that jutted high over the Pacific. Below, the wind was whipping the ripples of the inlet into small whitecaps. While the last rays of the sun painted the sea in hues of pink and violet, the fog, on soft, gray feet crept in and strangled the discordant music of the city built around the bay. At that moment I first realized the beauty of the scene, and its forceful hold over me.

The point was part of a park that extended for miles along a cliff that dropped a thousand feet into the bay. It was fenced with rustic logs, faded to a dirty brown by many years of exposure to the salt winds. Wild morning-glory used the log's rough, thick bark as a path for its growth in the summer and in the winter; sea birds huddled in the hollows for protection against the biting squall.

There were many trees, some said to have dated before the first Los Angeles mission by the Spanish Dons. Palms, stretching their long, thin arms into the sky and teasing the winds with a hundred slender, green fingers; eucalyptus, breathing its spicy fragrence into the air from delicate pink blossoms; and oak, throwing its limbs, twisted into grotesque shapes by the turbulent winds, down toward the sea as if to grasp the icey hands that pounded incessently on the giant rocks below—all sent their roots into the fertile soil.

Grass was the carpet of the point, emerald-hued and sparkling even in the sunset. It was thick grass and healthy, though for years humanity had abused it from dawn to dusk. Its story was one of the child's skipping pace, the youth's confident tread, and the slow faltering step of age.

Such was my point at sundown, and thus do I hope it will remain, untouched by war and desolation, sorrow, and despair, though I know I shall never return. "ever return?" you ask. Yes, I shall not return, for you see I died last night at sunset.

An Evening At Home

By Janice Lebenstein

The sun was just setting and the half light that fought its way through the slanted blinds cast weird shawdows across the mottled rugs, stained by countless cigarette ashes and spilled drinks. The clatter of dishes being slammed on a table and the clink of silverware echoed throughout the otherwise still apartment. As from afar the beep-beep of automobiles and the clang of trollycar bells could be heard through the closed windows. A refrigerator door being slammed viciously drowned out the sound of a key fumbling in a lock.

"Home, honey?"

Don't know why I said that. The lights wouldn't be on if she weren't. Musn't leave lights on unnecessarily—costs money and we must save money for a new hat, or a new pair of shoes, or heaven knows what else.

A weary body encased in the shiny blue serge suit that is the uniform of the bank clerk sank down in an even shinier and shabbier understuffed chair. The lifeless tie of convention was pulled loose from the frayed collar while the cracked, yet well polished, shoes were placed uncerimoniously on the already rickety end table.

"What's for dinner tonight, dear?" Probably the same slop we had last night warmed over with sticky gravy. Reminds me of the stuff they gave us in the army, but at least they paid you to eat that.

"Have a hard day, dear?"

Hard, my eye. The only move she made was to walk across the room for another piece of candy. Probably had a tea and bridge party. I'll never see how those women can spend so much time doing nothing. I'll bet a million she hasn't sewn a button on my good white shirt. White shirts. Hell! Cheesecloth! What's happened to the world? Nothing, I guess. Just too little money to buy the things you can't find that would be too expensive if you could. Boy, is that a clear thought! No wonder I can't think straight. I ought to chuck it all. Do what I want for a change instead of what is expected of me.

The click of high heels, only slightly muffled by a threadbare rug, crossed the floor and stopped at the door for the few seconds needed to explain the early meeting with the girls and the dinner in the oven. The expected kiss of habit was accomplished quickly and the door closed on the resumed sound of hasty footsteps. . . . Well at least that means no hurried movie, with some charm boy that's old enough to even be my father. This looks

ike a great repast! I don't know why I ake all this. Hell, I could have made omething of myself, and what do I end up? A two-bit clerk! God, if I had it o do all over again, I'd show them . . . her too!

A tired back balanced comfortably on he base of a spine relaxed in a wing chair as a tired hand reached out for a mixed drink of the cheapest bourbon bottled. Eyes bloodshot from long use peered aimlessly from behind sensibly framed glasses. Long fingers plucked page after page earching for interest.

. . . Guess I shouldn't have spent a dollar for just a magazine, and heaven only knows what I'll get when she finds out, but it's the only time I ever get a chance to expose my mind to anything besides her idle chatter. Lord, is she dumb. . Wonder what in blue blazes this is. I never heard of that when I went to school. I might have had a chance to finish if it weren't for her. Boy, I'm sleepy. All day in that stuffy mausoleum. Used to be able to get out before. Gee, I remember.

Tired eyes closed; tired hands relaxed, while a copy of the *YALE REVIEW* slipped quietly to the floor.

This Is City

By Jane Ellen Tye

When I awake
To morning
The first thing I see is a bare limb
Weaving up and down
Against a brick wall.
And I remember, this is a city.

And when I lie
To sleep,
The last thing I see
Is a bare limb
Weaving up and down
Against a brick wall.
And I remember,
This is city.

Why is it, God,
That, in the city,
You won't let the sky in?

As I Told Mr. Winthrop

By Mary Simms

"Shocking is the word, absolutely shocking! To think that a civilized and Christian country would or could allow such a shocking circumstance to prevail. I told Mr. Winthrop, my husband, my dear, that I, as president of the Woman's Club and treasurer of Eastern Star, felt it was my bounden duty to relay this information to my Congressman. You know those poor men just couldn't have much time to read, I'm sure. Well, as I was saying; I'm never one to shirk my duty; so I just sat right down and wrote him a full account of the divorce situation as I had read it in *Harper's*. I can only hope, as I told Mr. Winthrop, that the poor man won't blame himself too much for not having noticed and tried to correct the situation himself. I'm expecting to hear from him at any time. You know; one of these eternally grateful letters. But really, my dear, I felt it was no more than my duty.

"Oh, you did enjoy the poem? My dear, I'm so glad! I always just preface my little talks with a wee bit of poetry from *Harper's*. You know most of these poor, poor layman's wives just haven't a chance to absorb the really fine things of life, and I feel that what little portions of culture I can manage to give them are so beneficial. I did think this months poetry was rather unusual, though. So glad you noticed; it just goes to show, you have a trained ear. It's just as I was telling Mr. Winthrop the other night, if you don't read better things, you'll never learn to appreciate them. Those were the exact words I used. I just can't seem to get Mr. Winthrop interested in reading, and, I must say, my dear, that it is one of the great sorrows of my life, being rather intellectually inclined myself. And it's not as though he hadn't been exposed to it. Heaven forbid. Why I'll just tell you, in the strictest of confidence, of course, that there's no better library in this town than my own. I'm not boasting, you understand. What's that? Oh, yes, he has time to read. Not that he doesn't work, poor man. He has several lumber mills, and well, you know how inefficient help is these days. But as I always tell Mr. Winthrop, it never hurts business to be well informed and there is just no more informative magazine than *Harper's*, to my way of thinking. You do read it, of course? Well, of course!

"I must ask you to keep what I'm about to say confidential, but, well, the truth is: I'v been dabbling in writing a bit myself these days. Oh, no! I haven't gotton anything published. Remember, I said dabbling. Do you write? Not since you were in college. My dear, what a pity; I find it simply facinating. Where did I go to college? Well, you see, it's really a very long story, and it is getting rather late. Oh, but I really must be getting home. Mr. Winthrop always likes prompt meals. No, I have my car. My dear, it certainly has been charming. I really feel that I spent a most beneficial afternoon. Talking to cultured individuals is always so stimulating. You know, I really shouldn't be saying this about Lake Falls, but, well, being such a small community and everything. I'm sure you understand what I mean. Oh! my gloves. Thank you. Good-bye now. I do hope I'll be seeing you again."

Tomorrow

By Sue C. Coker

He said that he would call
And I knew well that he could.
He told me he would call
And I was so sure that he would.

He said maybe tomorrow.
I wished with all my heart
That I knew life well enough
To play a lasting part.

Yes, he made a solemn oath.
And fool as I may be,
I have waited and still waited
Beneath our spreading tree.

Tomorrow was yesterday
And even then it never came.
There were no suns or moons,
Only darkness and rain.

They say tomorrow never comes.
It has not yet come for me.
And still I sit and pray
That he will share that tree.

What I have lost by waiting
I give to time to keep, and still I stay.
For I have learned a lesson
I know I could learn no other way.

* * *

Ambition is a pied piper that lures us into fascination and then shackles us from freedom with golden chains.

Sue C. Coker

Ole' Man River

By Billie Jackson

The people of the Mississippi River bottomland are a simple folk. From year to year they labor in their fields, breaking the rich, fertile, black earth, planting the tender, life seeds, nursing the cotton in its infancy, taking pride in its growth, cursing the river when the floods come, losing faith, regaining hope with the first warm days of spring.

A Saturday in town is vital to their existence. There, they gather in clusters, renew old friendships, boast of their crops, talk of the future, discuss "that man Truman" in Washington, and compare hearsays on Russia. Some go to the show, usually a western, others go to a square dance; and a few get a little drunk.

On Sunday the church is crowded with men in starched khakies, women in crisp cottons, young girls in cheap crepes, and with boys in stiff collared white shirts and tightly knotted ties. Singing lustily from worn hymn books and praying vigorously, they worship in the old-fashioned way.

A Sunday dinner is an unpretentious affair, usually consisting of home-cured meat, dried northern beans, potatoes, coffee, and as a special treat—store-bought bread. With a few variations they thrive, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, on these unappetizing, basic foods.

Monday morning finds them in their fields working the soil that they love, swearing when things go wrong, singing when the sun shines, and damning ole' man river when it rains. But when the rain comes, all work ceases, leaving the women free to visit and allowing the men to go to the one store which carries everything from ladies hair nets to horse collars. Gathering around the tobacco stained, pot-bellied stove in winter, or seated on the ram-shackle, elevated, porch in summer, the older men tease the more youthful about the local belles, gaining pleasure from the stammered replies and red-faced expressions. An old-timer whittling on a shapless piece of wood begins with, "Back when I was younger . . . ," and some tale of his lost youth is re-lived. Attentively they listen, and unconsciously they add bits and fragments of interesting, but irrelevant material. Thus the time passes until evening creeps in and cows moo to be milked.

From day to day, they work, rest, sing, and pray. And all they ask from life is a simple shelter, enough food, a few clothes, and the right to be a free, happy folk. The days grow into years; the children into men; but the river with its muddy, turbulant, greedy waters, stays the same . . . consuming everything with an insatiable appetite. Laughing at man's efforts to control it, the Mississippi holds sway over all.

The Unvanquished Spirit

Reviewed By Joyce Callaway

Bibliography: THE MONEYMAN. By Thom- B. Costian. Garden City, New York; Double- y & Company, Inc. 1947.

With such a multitude of dry facts, orly colored with fiction, being pre- nted to the reading public of America day, it is natural that we find ourselves coming more discriminating in our selec- ons of "book-friends". Although, it is rdly conceivable that the talented hand Thomas B. Costian would be criticized, is this writer's intention to encourage e choice of his latest work, which is a storical novel entitled THE MONEY- IAN, feeling justified not only by the eer pleasure to be found within its vers, but also by the accurate recordings a past age.

Mr. Costian's vivid and dramatic por- ayal of fifteenth century France—the ance of King Charles VII, of Agnes rel, the king's mistress, and Jacques eur, the king's moneyman—offers a ry realistic insight into the lines of the ople of this period in European his- ry. The depiction of the feats and trials the world's first great merchant prince, cques Coeur, who though not blessed birth with noble blood, reached an im- rtant position in court through his alth, his allegiance to his traitorous ng, and his abiding passion for his untry, provides us with the threads that ve the first strands in a fatal net of e and intrigue. Jacques Coeur was a modern-minded man imprisoned in a narrow-minded and prejudiced world. He built up a trade between the Levant and France, which had before been but a wild dream, and gained for himself the most colossal fortune ever amassed by a private citizen. His ambitions, to raise the social and economic level of all classes and to replace the rapid succession of wars between nations with trade, was opposed violently by the indebted nobility of Charles' court and powerful figures joined in a well-executed conspiracy against him.

With THE MONEYMAN, Mr. Costian has given us an advantageous background for the Renaissance history through a continuous series of events which are not diffiicult to understand. The novel is well-documented as to manners and customs, the clothes and armor, the food and gallantry, and could well serve as an appealing supplement to a course in European history. True, it is difficult to write from a documentary standpoint and even approach that of artistry, but the skilled technique at Mr. Costian's command makes it seem easy.

This worthy endeavor to bestow some recognition upon the unsung hero of fifteenth century France will serve its purpose admirably, if read without protestations against the natural tendency of the author to present it in a modern fashion, along with his modern interpretations.

The Scared Men in the Kremlin

Reviewed By Julia Aldrich

WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS. By John Fischer, 262 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Fischer became interested in the Soviet Union while he was studying Russian history and power relations at Oxford. During the war he served on the Board of Economic Warfare, and supervised a number of studies of the economy of Russia. This helped to crystalize his thinking about the Communist state, and what urged him to write this book. Mr. Fischer disclaims any pretense as to being an expert on the Soviet Union. He quotes Paul Winterton's statement, "There are no experts on Russia—only varying degrees of ignorance." In spite of the author's denial of being an expert, he has presented us with a competent report of Russia today and the problems we will have to face to maintain peace.

What are the Russians up to? Why the iron curtain, the distrust of foreigners, and the ruthless supression of conflicting ideas? Why the Five Year Plan to build up a great war industry? There are two possible answers: either the Russians are preparing for a war of aggression, or they are merely frightened. The author belives that the men in the Kremlin are scared. For centuries Russia's wide plains have been tempting fields for invasion and she has been constantly at war. The fear then is justifiable, and we see how it effects the Russian people, their jobs, living standards and personal freedom. We are presented with vivid bits of life among the workers, the peasants, and the members of the ruling class. What are they up to? We find an answer here, and suggestions as how to get along with this great power.

None of us know enough about Russia to determine whether or not this book is a true picture of the Soviet Union today, but you cannot help but feel that he is telling the truth. This book is neither a defense or criticism of the Soviet system, but instead an attempt to estimate how the system is likely to react under the pressure of a new and yet unstable power. The author's illustrations are human and interesting, and his touches of humor are well placed. It is obvious that this is a timely subject—you will find that it is an interesting one.

The Illustrious Rebel

Reviewed By Joyce Callaway

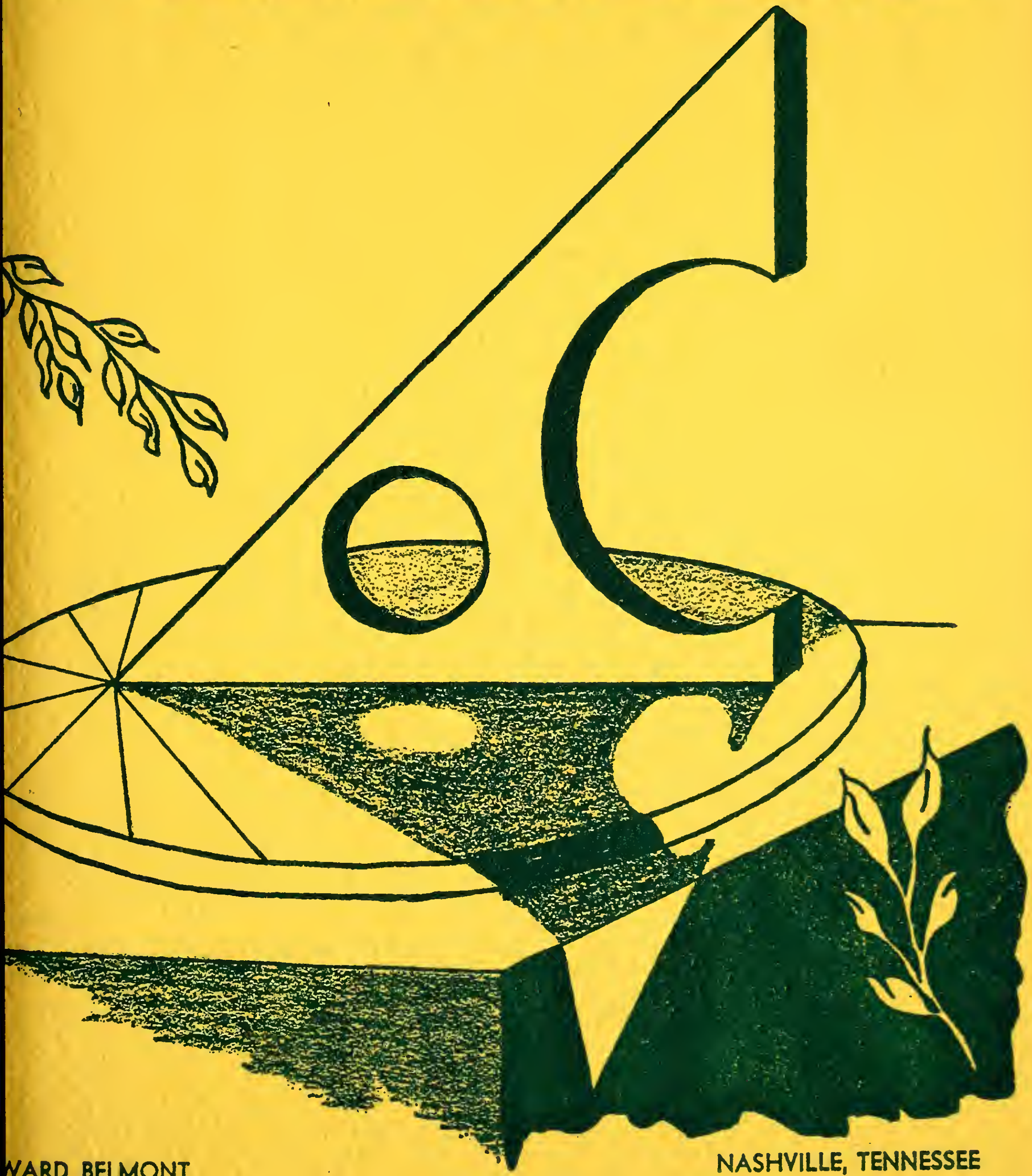
Bibliography: THE KING'S GENERAL. Da- ine du Maurier. New York; Doubleday & ompany, Inc. 1946.

Daphne du Maurier's former successes the fields of literature are still so bril- ant in her public's mind that it is not rprising to find her latest "book-child" ounced upon with great eagerness and nticipation! Her active imagination and owers of creation have proved worthy of eing relied upon to provide additional urces of entertainment, which should ssure this book of a gracious reception.

There is a great deal of authenticity in e story of the woman who loves *The ing's General,* Sir Richard Grenvile with ch daring and pathos. The character this resentful, proud, and bitter soldier painstakingly contrasted to that of the nights of the 17th century England, still fluenced by the code of chivalry and onor. Fighting valiantly for his king in e Royalist struggle to put down the op- osing forces of Parliament's rebellious oops, as the most hated but ablest mili- ry man in command of the king's armies, e won his way to fame and power. onor Harris, his one true love, refusing marry him, after being so injured that she could never walk again, was responsible for the development of Sir Richard's cruel and heartless nature. A renewal of the old relationship between Richard and Honor after many years apart made their final farewell the more difficult when, Richard, his cause lost, was surrounded by enemy forces, vanished from her life forever.

The simplicity of Miss du Maurier's style renders this book readable to people of many different walks of life. That it is written in a clear unornamented manner, which makes even the most intricate situation easy to understand, is characteristic of her work. The meaning is there—precise and unmistakable—but such form is not the best, and does not display the craftmanship so meritorious in the most revered literary circles. This criticism would hardly apply to all of Miss du Maurier's skillful compositions, but the fault happens to be a most noticeable one in the opening pages of THE KING'S GENERAL. Still, only this author is able to do justice to the hairbreadth escapes and exciting events which make this tale of three hundred years ago, and should afford pleasure to any receptive reader.

CHIMES



VARD BELMONT
OLUME II

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
NUMBER 2

The shadow by my finger cast
Divides the present from the past
One hour alone is in thy hands
The now on which the shadow stands
Before it sleeps the unborn hour
In darkness and beyond thy power
Behind its unrelenting line
The vanished hour no longer thine.

THE CHIMES

Vol. II MARCH, 1948 No. 2

FOREWORD

Again the copy has been selected, retyped, and returned from the printers, and your second issue of CHIMES is "off the press." The Monday night meetings have been longer this quarter, the huge Publication's desk has been overcrowded, and eleven little people have strived earnestly for improvement, both in creative writing and illustration planning in hopes to give you our best. The material published in CHIMES is for your enjoyment, and we think you'll like these stories and poems because they were written by people just like you who live, and love, and see, as you see, the beautiful things we come in contact with in our every day cycle of experiences.

We give you Imogene Spoerri's heart warming, human interest story, "While The Wind Blew," and "Double Shot," a vividly expressed short story by Mary Simms, besides several original poems by both college and high school students.

A great deal of thought, and time, and work goes into the completion of each issue of CHIMES. If you throw it aside, we have failed to reach our goal. On the other hand, if you read it, and find here, some little something that makes you think, or feel—something that adds a little happiness to your life in some small way, we have not failed.

Turn this page over—and read ahead! Something may be waiting just for you, here in this very book.

JET

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From the Editor's Desk

I really don't know why I'm sitting here. The hands of the big office clock say quarter to twelve, but somehow this night was meant for solitude, and for thought.

I am alone. The huge soft leather chair is comfortable, and the one little blue light is casting odd shaped shadows on the walls of the Publications Office. Assignment sheeets are scattered across the desk and about the tables, even on the floor, but the empty coke bottles and the cigarette stubs tell a story—the story of this small, overcrowded room that has seen so many gay, carefree, happy, and weary hours . . . this room that has held so much laughter, so many chatting and planning publication staffs, so many broken hopes, and quarrels, and so many different faces, and souls.

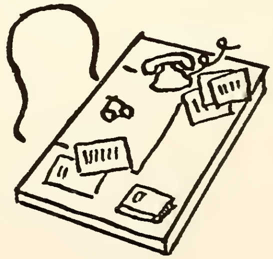
I begin to wonder about the other editors, the hundred before me. Did they sit here alone, after the issue was safe in the printer's hands, and feel sort of satisfied, as I do now? And after me, will there be more to sit here, in this very chair, to dream and look back upon this year? Yes, there will be more, for it gets in your blood and you can't forget it. The smell of glue and printer's ink . . . the click of the typewriters and the ring of the phone . . . the assignment papers and the last-minute editorials. It takes you by the hand and pulls you into the circle, and it makes you want to sit here, in this chair, and think of time past and time future.

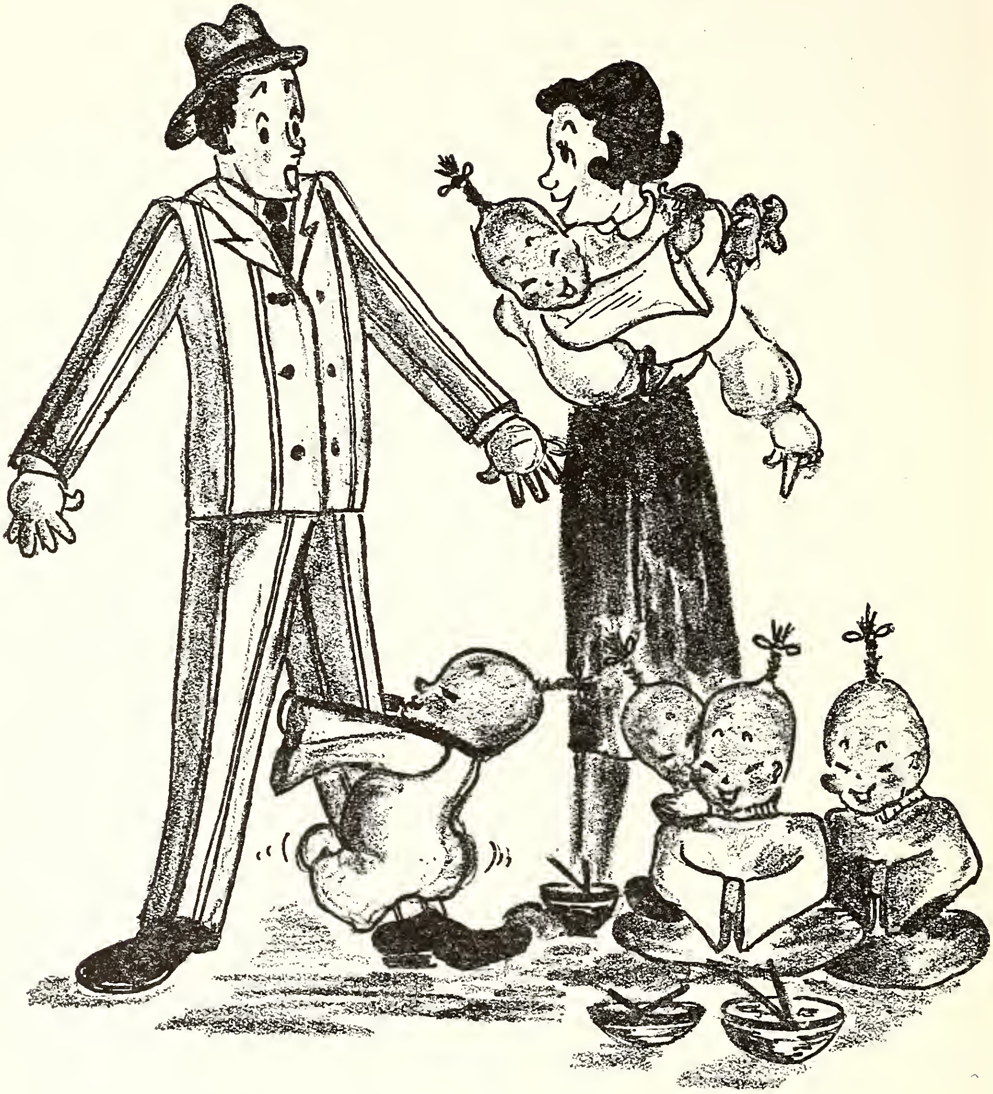
There is much more to the publication story. It is a big story—one with a plot, a theme, and a moral, but it has no climax, for there will always be school publications. They will go on although this office may crumble with time, and this funny old wooden desk may be removed for a shiny new steel or plastic one. There will always be the thoughts of man produced on paper as long as there is a world, and I am only a mere grain of sand on the shore.

We will be gone, we who sit here in this room, but we will not be forgotten. Oh, they may lose track of our names, and what we have done, but they will remember somebody linked the years together. We are the links.

The moonlight outside strays through the window to mix with the small blue light, and the buildings are all dark except this little office. Time moves with winged feet, and the year will soon be closed with graduation goodbyes. One more issue to put together. One more final trip to the little printing shop, and then this night will be forgotten in the hustle of packing for home, but the way this room looks will never be forgotten by any of us who have worked here and played here. This room has an inspiring atmosphere that lingers, even after we have walked out into the night. It has been the scene for our big-little drama.

I must put away my melancholy mood and go to my room, and fall into bed to sleep, but tomorrow the gang will meet here for an after-lunch cigarette and a chat. Loafered feet will rest on the old desk, someone will call their fellow on the phone, and the room will be filled with many voices, yet, the old office walls will go on silently listening, quietly holding a world full of happiness.





Eccentricity Means My Wife

By Mary Simms

My wife is not an ordinary woman. It is difficult to explain in exactly what respect she differs from the other members of the weaker, (I use the term loosely), sex; and yet I am here to swear she differs. It was not until after our marriage that I made this discovery, for indeed she bears the form of other females, in fact a better form than most, and during our courtship, she resembled them in other ways.

It was, to be exact, the day of our wedding that I was first aware of her little eccentricities. I had rented a lodge in a secluded portion of mountain for the occasion and had been assured by its landlords that it was the only one in a radius of miles. Presuming a honeymoon to be a rather private affair, I had concluded this was an ideal arrangement and had spent the two weeks preceding the ceremony patting myself on the back for my ingenuity. I had decided to surprise Pat, but after the wedding, when we had a few minutes alone, and she was being particularly persuasive; I divulged the secret, (Oh, fatal error). She leapt into the air, pulling me up with her, exclaiming that it was the most perfectly charming thing she had ever heard. She bounced back into my arms and, snuggling innocently against me, asked me to tell her all about it. Beaming with masculine ego, I committed my second error and proceeded to aleborate on its ideal position and spaciousness. Four bedrooms! Why, Charlie, it was enough to hold the whole wedding party, (thank God for small weddings) wasn't it? After all we couldn't be selfish about the thing could we? (I could) and anything as wonderful as a honeymoon should be shared, shouldn't it? And it might be the only chance we'd have to see the whole crowd together, mightn't it? And, Oh, Charlie! you perfect angel! And aren't you just the most thoughtful and wonderful husband any girl ever had? And how did you ever think of it? It must have been the last that did it for three hours later, bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids and groomsmen were on their way to my mountain retreat, and if my mouth was a thin white line, no one seemed to notice.

Well, at least that experience taught me a valuable lesson and is the precise reason that our bungalow lacks both guest rooms and unfolding divans, and has a limited amount of unused floor space. Our domestic life, however, has run a rather smooth course, only occasionally ruffled by such small squawks as the one rising shortly after Pat discovered we would never have children of our own. From some obscure source, she read that Americans could purchase as many Chinese babies as they wished for a dollar apiece; and by the time I arrived home from work, our little haven was littered with small wooden bowls and miniature chopsticks. It took me long hours to convince Pat of the impractibility of this scheme, and for weeks our house much resembled a vacant museum in its stillness. Trying desperately to bring about a reconciliation, I conceived the idea of a pup; and went to some pains to secure a black male cocker. Pat's delight was well worth my effort and the museum atmosphere receded. I was soon to regret my hastiness, however, for it was not many days later that Pat informed me that, being penitent for her

Chinese obsession, she had gotten me a present also; and proudly produced a mate for the spaniel. We had twenty-eight black cockers at the last count, and Pat immediately broke into tears of reproach when I timidly mentioned parting with—say—about twenty-seven of them.

Well, kind readers, I've gotta stop my soliloquy 'cause I just heard my wife's key in the door; and she's been gone for a full half hour, and I've missed her, Oh, God, Pat! Oh, no, darling! I know the church burned down and the poor people don't have any place to conduct prayer meeting, but why here—please, Pat, listen to reason! "One side, bud. Did you want the pulpit in there, Lady?"

* * *

Revenge, No More

By Mary Ellen McMurry

Out of the gloom and graying light
Fast dying into ponderous night,
I heard the voice remembered well
From out the past since first it fell;
A ghost, no more.

A voice forever in my ears
Of one dead now these many years,
Whose will to live, to love, to play
Was destined soon to pass away;
A life, no more.

As if lament could mitigate
Grim death's demand; the voice of Fate,
It whimpered softly for the chain
Of life now past, yet sought in vain;
A thought, no more

And while the night enveloped me
In rolling fog like a pitching sea,
I knew that voice would not desist
Till I should by the tomb be kissed;
Revenge, no more.

The Man Who Died Twice

By Janice Lebenstein

He threw himself hurriedly into the ditch and pressed his body into the stinking mud. He lay there, panting with fatigue and fear, trying to bury himself in the foul, wet, soil enriched by the garbage and offal of the near-by settlement. As the sound of the shrill cries of his enemies came closer, he searched frantically about his barren hiding place, peering nervously into the blackness that surrounded him, groping for a measure of concealment, a shelter . . . a sanctuary. As the hoarse shouts became more distinct, he gave one last pleaful look and huddled in what he hoped was the darkest corner of the filthy hole. Then he prayed.

"Shima Yisroel . . . Hear O Israel . . . Adonoy Eluhenu . . . The Lord My God . . . Adonoy Echod . . . The Lord Is One."

He rolled over on his back as a soft, moaning sigh escaped from his lips. His breathing was more regular now, almost the deep, even, rhythm of sleep. For the first time since he had flung himself in the ditch, he stared up at the sky. It was black. Blacker than the inside of the devil's belly or the hell man conceives for himself within the bowels of his soul. He lay there, staring into the darkness, up into the black, until he saw what he was looking for. It was one little star, and not a very bright one, but it was there. He looked at it, stared at it . . . adored it. He seemed to gain comfort until he realized the voices from which he was hiding had grown dimmer as if they had changed their direction. A weak smile twitched in the corners of his mouth and tears of relief started to stream down his cheeks. Sobs, stifled chokingly by a sleeve crushed to his mouth, seeped quietly at first into the still air, then louder and louder until they rent the air with their ferocity. What little control he still possessed flowed away with the tears, and he rolled over and clutched the stinking earth to his breast as if it were his mother's bosom. He sobbed hysterically until there was nothing left but his empty shell, and he hiccoughed like a child after he has cried. As his sobs lessened, his body relaxed, arms outstretched, his face pressed gently to the ugly scar that was the earth's surface.

"Oh, Christ, how the hell did I get myself into this? War—nothing but foul, stinking war. War! War! War!"

Tensing suddenly he jack-knifed himself into a sitting position, and ground his fists into his eyes as if he were trying to erase his very thoughts from his mind, as well as the tears from his dirt-streaked face. No sense in trying to reason why or how. No time for ethics or history or questioning. He had to think, think of escape, of how to get the hell out of that hole.

"That's right," he muttered to himself. "I gotta think . . . think of how to get away, away from this mud, this dirt, I've got to get away from them. Where are they? WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY? Listen you coward, listen . . . noise, is there any noise? Listen, it's quiet, boy, like at home when everyone is asleep, and only you know what time it is, and how the stars look . . . Forget that! It can't be far . . . only two miles, at the most three. They must have chased you at least six . . . o.k., all you have to do is walk out, slip out right from under their noses. They'll be waiting for you at headquarters and you can tell them how brave you were, and how many you licked them with one hand tied behind your back. All Right, What are you waiting for? Pull in that white flag or fear and suck in your guts and get going. That's it, boy, get going!"

He placed his weight on his hands and raised his head slowly. As his body left the cold damp ground he bid good-bye to the mud and stepped onto the road. He was looking back at his dubious shelter when he suddenly felt a sharp twinge in his throat, and as he slumped back down to his mudhole he heard the faint whining good-bye kiss of a bullet. A big, red question mark branded itself on his brain as the agony began. He lay crumpled in pain, his hands clutched tightly about his neck in an effort to dispell the throbbing flashes that pounded like the pulse of a gigantic clock. He lay there stiffly, grotesquely . . . How, why? He couldn't move, but the question mark was insistant . . . How? No noise, nobody, how, HOW ? ? ? He listened; as he lay in the mud, his hands wrapped tensely about his neck, as the liquid he knew was his own life's substance poured, sticky and wet, to the filth, he listened. No noise, HOW? Then he felt it—two eyes staring at his body, his tense, grotesque, still body; and he heard a voice hiss out into the darkness, "Well, there's another one of the bastards dead," and then nothing.

He tried to call. He tried to open his mouth and shout to them, but the impulse died where it started, in his brain. Help . . . take me with you, help me, he cried, but there was no sound. Don't leave me here. God, please don't let me die here. Take me with you, you bastards—TAKE ME WITH YOU! FOR GOD'S SAKE TAKE ME WITH YOU, take me. There was only silence and pain and his own red blood.

He lay there and he felt the pain; it was like a rainbow and the splotches of color washed away the question mark as his hands fell limply from his throat. He had the ironic feeling that if he could, he would laugh, but as the tears rolled down his cheeks, he had nothing to console himself with, but the pain and his own mind. He tried to move but the rainbow darted at him and he relaxed bearing the torture of the pulsating hurt until it became a friend, a good friend that you know is there, but does not intrude, just listens and says nothing. He lay in the wetness and his body was dead, but his mind sat up and spoke to him, and kept death company. His eyes looked up to the sky, to his star, the star of David, and his mind talked to him, telling him of the episodes that had preceded this night, his flight into darkness, into the maze-like paths of nowhere.

Europe. Gay old Europe, with its vintage wine and decadent philosophy. The university and the silly rhyme he and his friends had composed while they drank beer and belittled Hitler,

> Philosophy, Philosophy
> Neitzche was the man for me.
> With his dear old anarchy.

He had forgotten the next line, but he finished with the chorus of "Ta Rah Rah boom-de-ay." His mind had to laugh at the incongruity of the situation. There he was, Stefan Kolchman, eyes blue, hair black, age thirty-seven years and five months, six days and how many minutes more? . . . No matter, there he was, a grown man, thinking of a silly ditty to an even sillier Parisian tune as he lay bleeding to death in a rain-soaked ditch.

As he chuckled silently to himself his mind chattered on about little half-remembered incidents and questions popped out of the cubby-holes of his memory to plague him. What would Hannah do if she could see him now? Would she be sorry, would she cry? A sudden warmth filled his unfeeling body and his friend disappeared farther into the background, as he saw her long black hair and stern black eyes. How frightened he had been when he first met her at the place to which he and his friends used to go. He remembered the uncomfortable feeling that possessed him as he spoke to the other pseudo-intellectuals while she looked on; his own voice stuttering and sputtering out his opinions and her quiet one emphatically and effectively clarifying his ideas. Her stern black unnerved him until he discovered they warmed under his gaze . . . and the way they looked into his when they were alone. He thought of their marriage, their honeymoon spent at a hotel in Switzerland at a price they could not afford . . . the clean icy snow, like a virgin awaiting her lover, the nights before an open hearth watching the flames leap up the chimney in an attitude of prayer. And Hannah, her severely braided hair let loose streaming down the whiteness of her back like black silk . . . and the perfume of it that filled him and nourished him when he buried his face in its softness . . . Her softness, her yielding white softness . . . Oh God in Heaven, tell me, tell me why, why I am here. To find peace? To find happiness? To find the same horror and hell he had left behind.

There was no sense to that, his friend, pain, intruded . . . Think. Think of Hannah . . . of her soft yielding . . . but was she? She was hard . . . hard as the rock of ages and the ground he was lying upon, but he loved her and he believed that she knew best. The arguments . . . the infernal arguments about the boy and the car and the money and the man . . . Hitler. The years of hell in the ghetto as he watched his friends submerged in torture and his weakness grow under her strength. The hell united them and he loved her more, and when they were free he was no longer a person, but a living shadow of Hannah.

Then Palestine . . . she'd wanted to go so naturally they made plans and overtures to the council. The waiting outside the Ambassador's office, the waiting inside the Ambassador's office and finally the permits, their visas to the Promised Land.

The heat and the joy of working with his own hands for the first time since he was a boy and the thrill of watching life he'd planted grow. He'd been happy, really happy, and Hannah was happy, too.

Then, the man came. The man from Tel-Aviv came to their little settlement of Asher and gathered all the men together to speak to them. It was a crowded room filled with the smell of healthy sweat, filled with dirt-stained pilgrims, filled with the fleeting hopes of one hundred and twenty-five disillusioned immigrants. They listened, and he listened . . . to the words and not to the horror they meant. And so he marched off with the rest of them to learn, not how to plant food, or irrigate land, but to fight, throw bombs, shoot men, and all in the name and glory of the Holy Land.

Then the night. This night, with all its blackness and its quiet, and its peace, dispelled—all shot to hell by a grenade, a grenade thrown by him . . . a flash of light, the fire and the screams, and the shots, and the smell of burning flesh; the blackness all blown to insignificant particles, and only red—red from the flames and red from the blood. As he'd run down the streets, away from the explosions he'd caused, the windless air shouted warnings . . . the yelp of a sleeping dog as he ran by, trampling his tail, the lights that flashed on and off as the hoarse shouting of the leaders of El Abir gave chase. Down alleys he ran, separated from the other volunteers, down filth-infested streets, over hard stone walls.

"Retaliation, retaliation," his mind thundered as the windless air beat upon him. "They attacked your brothers in Revivum. Retaliate! Kill! Kill! In the name of God, Kill!"

Then the ditch. This ditch. And his visa to the Promised Land was detoured to a ditch.

Why all those years of suffering? Why all those years of hanging on to life by a thin shred? Praying, praying for salvation with the hope and . . . Oh, God, Lord, Adonoy, why ? ? ?

Franz, Franz . . . he knew. Hannah did not, no, Franz. With his scarred body and hate-ridden mind he knew the answer, and now, too late, Stefan knew, too. The memory of the cool, impassionate, voice filled the air, and, once again, he heard the words of his friend.

"Palestine offers you no escape. It is filled with the same problems, the same discontent, the same tortures. It is like a land with a horrible disease just below the surface, that awaits the opportunity to attack and cripple. The people there may have more to eat than you do, and, just now, a more comfortable existence, but is it ease you are looking for . . . or freedom? Suffering does not excuse or release you from your obligations.

In Palestine it has been forgotten, the torture, the hell. They are preparing for another conflagration. The heat of hate is reaching the kindling point and the arrested germs of war are taking root. There is going to be a war more horrible than even we can conceive, because it will be heralded in the name of God!

Listen to me, Stefan. It could be easy at first. You would be happy among what you consider your own people, but believe me, believe me, that here, in Germany, your people exist. They may be Catholics, or Protestants, or Lutherans, or atheists, but they are your people. Germany is your land, Jewery is your religion, and the salvation of mankind should be your goal. Fight, Stefan, Fight—but fight for freedom here, where you were born. Fight for the right to exist and practice your religion, but do so under your native flag, as the right of a human being, as the right that belongs to every man, not just a Jew!"

He lay there in the mud, in the stinking mud, and he remembered and he knew why. He felt his blood congealing into a hard mass, mixing with the filth of the earth. He looked at his star and watched it fade as dawn stuck a cautious foot over the horizon. He lay there and prayed for the forgiveness of God and mercy for the wrong-doings of his friends. Not his people—his fellow-immigrants, his friends. And as he watched the star give one last effort at life, he heard again the words of his murderers, his friends, as his last friend, pain, slunk away from the ditch, "There's another one of the bastards dead."

Seventeen

By Valere Potter

They pause,
And take a longing look at the past
And a fleeting glance at the present,
Then turn and step into the future.

"*Jessie Harris Day*"

By Carolyn Henderson

Miss Jessie Harris, Jackson's oldest and most beloved teacher, had been scurrying around since 6:00, firing the stoves, cooking breakfast on the antiquated kitchen range, dusting her immaculate home. But this morning Miss Jessie forgot to water the wilting hydrangea. She neglected her chickens, and the white kitten missed her usual bowl of milk. Jessie's tiny hands shook as she brushed her gray hair and wound it into a knot on top of her head. For today was "special" for the humpbacked little teacher; today, February 4, 1947, was an exciting dream for Miss Jessie. "Imagine, the whole town having a holiday in my honor!"

She had objected strongly when "Miss Jessie Harris Day" was proposed by the P. T. A.; hadn't wanted anyone to make a fuss over her. Nevertheless, anticipation of the coming event made her black patent leather shoes fly around in excitement all morning, but the muscle in her cheek jumped rapidly and her mouth was drawn in a stern line. Plainly Miss Jessie did not approve.

Why had she ever consented to such an outlandish program? "Jessie Harris Day indeed! What would Mama and Papa be saying if they could see her now? Only a few friends and former pupils would be there; Jessie supposed she would have to go. Already a longing for the familiar classroom was stealing over her. But most of all Miss Jessie objected to the children's having a holiday. Spoil them these days—they do indeed."

Miss Jessie had trouble finding her gold-rimmed glasses; everything was out of place. Her habitual routine was amiss. Her hat was jammed on at a jaunty angle, and the flower corsage (purple iris not as pretty as the ones she grew) were awkwardly pinned to the worn black coat. She was ready—an hour early. "Should have walked to school. Been doing it for forty years. No need to change now."

Sitting down in her rocker—coat and gloves on, purse in her lap, a streak of white powder across her forehead—Jessie let her mind relax and wander.

Back and forth she rocked, smiling to herself. How well she remembered how she had not wanted to teach, how she had begged Papa to let her be a nurse; but in the 1800's nice young ladies were not nurses, or so Papa sternly believed. Now Miss Jessie's blue eyes closed, her diminutive head reclined on the chair. She was recalling her own school days—days made happy by a certain young man of uncertain character. But in the 1800's nice young ladies were not courted by worthless young men, or so Papa sternly believed. Jessie, therefore, became a teacher, and the young man moved away to become later a Presbyterian minister.

And to think, she was still teaching. Forty years! Clear in her mind were the faces of her first twelve pupils, boys and girls of all grades, who studied in her rural school. She could at this moment name several of them. There was Mildred Granger, mother of Jack, who is now a professor at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri; Rev. Walkin, the Methodist minister in town; R. G. Miller, owner of the local grocery store; Mattie Stovall, now living on a farm several miles from Jackson.

The sad years after her Papa's death

came back to Jessie; how Mama and she moved to town in order that Jessie might get a better teaching position, and, perhaps, a husband. Suddenly, as from a curious habit formed during these troublesome years, Jessie's firm chin rose. She remembered the excitement of Jackson, then 2,000 strong. But she also remembered the hard time she had had to keep Mama alive, to return to college, and to realize there were no available husbands in the small town. She discovered that her "college" credits amounted to little more than a High-school certificate, but a Harris would not give up. She had to teach, she had to get that degree. Summer after summer she attended Cape Normal School, slowly gathering enough hours to graduate. The grate school principal needed a fifth grade teacher and called on Jessie. Miss Harris's career in the Jackson public school, as doctor, dentist, teacher and spiritual adviser had begun.

A stick of wood fell in the stove and aroused Miss Jessie from her day dream. She looked at the gold watch pinned on her dress. On the back of the watch was inscribed "Class of 1915." That had been a good class of children, mischievous and naughty, but happy and eager to learn. That was the year that Bob Henderson, now an architect, took colored chaulk and drew pictures on every window, blackboard, and door. And he had received a sound whipping. Margaret Short, now writing for a newspaper, was in the class, too. She's the one who had to spell "basement" two thousand times one afternoon. The plain girl on the second row became a movie star, and the boy who continually wrote her notes became a doctor. Miss Jessie gave a cackling laugh when she remembered how Marvin Strunk, president of the First National Bank, used to make his "8's" like capital "S's."

Funny how those children, boys and girls alike, enjoyed building and playing in leaf houses. So different now, when the girls race around during recess on the baseball diamond and dodgeball court. Children today seem to grow up so much more quickly. Things do change. Even teaching methods. Miss Jessie cocked her head, her chin went up, "But I've stayed right up with those new education theories. They can't say I'm too old to teach."

Still it was not time to go to school. She took from her desk a stack of spelling papers and some geography workbooks and began grading. A red mark here, another miss on the word "civil," a grade of 50, another of 65; they were terrible! "Children can not spell anymore. Neither can they punctuate, write or read as they could when I began teaching; but they do their arithmetic perfectly, and I can proudly say they know their history and geography. Still they can't spell a lick, not a lick!"

A horn sounded outside and Miss Jessie flew out the door and down her steps. To be sure she acted every bit as old as her fifth graders.

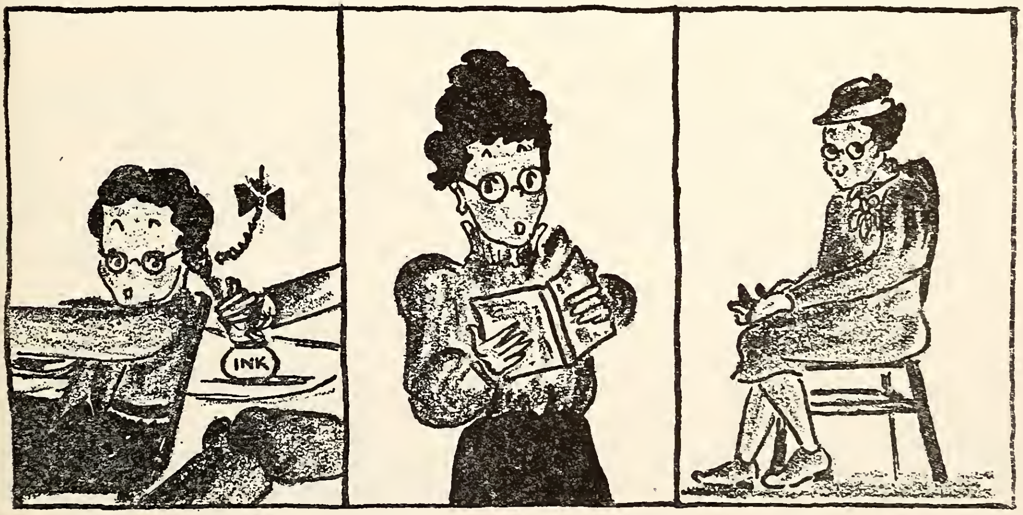
Miss Jessie, sitting on the flower-banked stage, tucked her feet under her straight chair and kept her eyes on the wadded white handkerchief in her hands. The little old lady's heart was going lickety-split, her knees were trembling, drops of perspiration made pathways through the streaks of powder on her forehead. Miss Jessie, for the first time in her life, was afraid. Mr. Hawkins, state superintendent of schools, had been speaking of Miss Harris' "wonderful service to her town, state, and nation. Her unforgettable work and faithful teaching will long be remembered. She has instructed over 2,500 students, has taught with fifty-six of her former pupils . . ."

Other men made speeches too—Harry

Hoffmiester, whom she taught thirty years ago, and who was now president of the school board; Vinny Kies (who always left his books in the rain and his coat on the playground), now head of a clothing factory; and Irene Wilson (who claimed that Miss Jessie had eyes in the back of her head), now teaching in high school. Jim Knox, principal of the grade school, was speaking. "Miss Jessie, your former pupils want to thank you for being our fifth grade teacher. From China to Missouri men and women have sent their contributions for this small gift, representative of the help you gave us. We hope it can, in some way, bring you the happiness you deserve." Jim was handing her a book—a lovely leather-covered book with her name engraved in gold. But the inside was cut out and lined with velvet. There, inside the book, was a check, too large for Miss Jessie to comprehend.

The audience was applauding loudly, but Miss Jessie's heart could be heard pounding above the deafening noise. She must say something, yet how could she ever express the feelings she had? A tear trickled down the wrinkled face, her soft voice carried into the hearts of everyone present.

"Thank you for being so kind. But it is you who should be honored, not I. I have tried to teach you the simple things in life—reading, spelling, adding. I have extracted your teeth, bound your wounds, spanked you for being naughty, and fussed at you for not studying. But I shall always love you as my own children. It is you, however, who have discovered the greater things in life—the giving to others through your life work. I am proud of the three generations I have taught—some I see every day, a few I write to, others I read about, several I've never heard of. I have learned from you, as I hope you have learned from me. Once I tried to retire, but the morning I heard the school bell ring and I wasn't with my children, I knew I must return. As long as I am physically able and can hold my job, I shall be in my classroom where I belong. No one has been more blessed with a wonderful life than I. Thank you again. I shall remember you always! God bless you!"



Nebulous Thoughts

By Sue C. Coker

It's lonely in the swamp land, lonely and hauntingly beautiful. I had often found refuge there in the sereness and gaunt mysticism of its ugliness.

I was beyond comprehension today. My mind was muddled. I can't remember exactly what they said, but they tried to tell me clearly. Of course heredity doesn't always prove itself. They must be wrong! I feel the same, nothing eccentric about me. Why did they try to watch me at the house, why do they keep asking me how I am? I won't let them send me away from here. How can I stop them? If I can just get where it's quiet, oh God, help me some way. Tell me I'm alright, tell me I'm not insane, I'm helplessly lost; and I know that deep down inside, please help me.

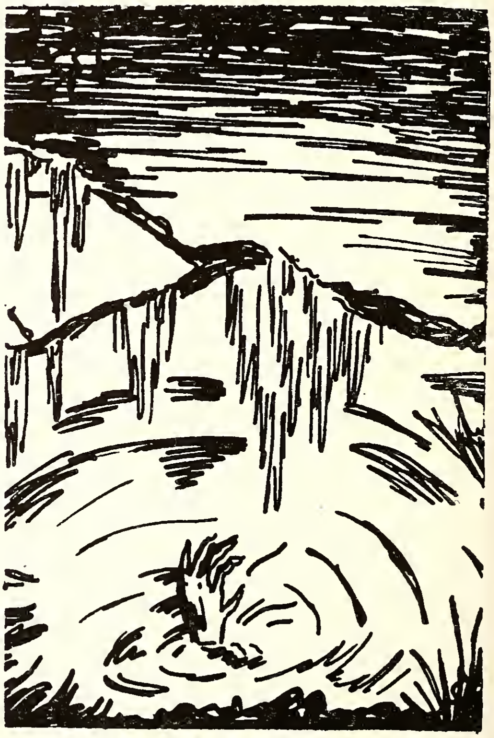
The gnarled roots about my ankles made no answer to my plea. I walked faster to find the deep heart and core of this majestic, infested wilderness. In a way you are like me. No one cared for you, you don't belong to the other world. A misfit, that's what we are, we're out of place.

I'm tired, tired of running, tired of wishing for a wish that will never come true. Why was I born into this hopelessness? You'll never know, no one has the answer.

How can you remain so calm and cool in this sticky humidity? Why does your back gleam with temptation?

Here I'll sit on this log and put my feet in the water. Let me be cool and think. The water is slippery and I can almost feel it folding around my ankles and then my knees. It is such a pleasant cool feeling. If I stand in it I can feel the sand under my feet and the firmness will support me. How good it feels to be alone and at peace with myself for these few moments. The sand gives in to my weight like a nice comfortable cushion. Oh, no, I'm in the sand to my ankles. I can slowly feel it creeping up my legs like a giant monster completely infolding me. Oh God, it's quicksand! Help me, don't let me be lost in this too. It's like an angry god devouring me. Oh, help me God. Don't let death come this way. I can feel a compassion for this ugliness but please don't make me a part of it.

My legs, I can't feel my legs. It's like trying to kick in an iron cast. Listen to me. Don't let these bending cypress mock me. Do something. Don't you hear me, do



something! I can't stand it. God, why do you have to leave me, why don't you help me? I can't strugggle any more. I' tired, tired, do you hear? Damn you, damn you, who ever thought you could save me? I'm lost, I'm gone and you don't care. If I could only raise my head. I hate to think of this monster in my face. I hate to feel this sand in my mouth. Are you going to try? Are you going to even make an effort? It's crawling on my throat now. Oh God, it's too late and I don't care!

Pit of Serpents

By Jane Ellen Tye

Stand before the mirror of today, Youth.
Stand before the mirror long, and drink your beauty
Deeply, for it promises no tomorrow.
Youth, like a burning match, glows brightly and then is gone . . .
Gray dusty cobwebs will mingle with your shiny hair until
They have strangled out its softness.
The rush of muddy waters will drown the stars of your eyes,
And terrible winds will kiss your mouth until it is hard and cold.
Bitter weeping will choke out your laughter, and wailing
Violins will drum upon your brain death's dreary dirge.

Yes, stand long before the mirror of today, Youth,
And gloat in mad egoism, for your day will pass.
Move your soft finger down the gentle line of your chin . . .
Look far back into your eyes and find those starlit nights
Of yesteryear . . . they are spinning glory there . . .
Toss back your honey scented hair, and make your scarlet mouth
A crescent.
There is nothing when beauty has gone . . .
Nothing but a futureless living death
That has as its ultimate end, a bottomless pit of serpents
Without mercy.

Rhyme and Time

Grey Days

By Carolyn Mansfield

I belong to days like this:
Grey days.
The medium between content and sorrow.
In my nature there is not
The black of hopelessness,
Nor is there, yet, the pure, soft white
Of joy.
But only a vaporous grey
That is moving, clinging, silent.
I belong to days like this—
Days that wait for light or dark.

* * *

A Dream's Realization

By Sue C. Coker

I had so many dreams to fulfill—
Like walking with Kings and feeling
The ocean spray in my face.
And hearing my voice roll over the seas.
I wanted to see all there was to behold,
And learn to be wise in the ways of men.
Oh, I had so many wild and foolish dreams,
Things that could never be realized.
I wanted to know the way of the wise,
The proud, the passionate and dumb.
I knew I never could accomplish my hopes,
But I felt the joy of supreme contentment
When I looked into your eyes
And I saw myself reflected there.

Give Us Your Poem

By Jane Ellen Tye

What poem
Does the girl with the lonely eyes
Hold back from her fingers . . . ?
I'm sure its there . . .
Somewhere . . . put back in a deep dark corner
Of her secret heart.
Oh, let it fly loose, girl.

Let it spread itself like wildfire
Until it full would burst from
The silkened bag
To become a moth.

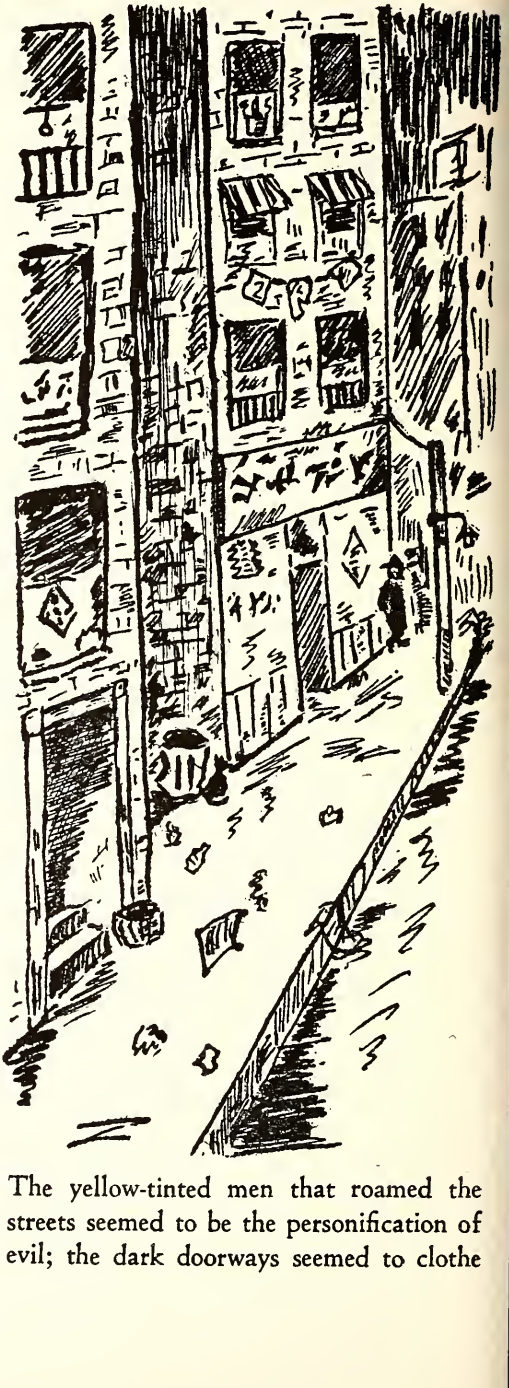
Girl, strange girl . . .
Girl with eyes as haunting
As gypsy souls,
Paint your picture now, while it is vivid . . .
Give to earth your beauty while it lives . . .
Give us your poem, girl, and perhaps
Then the loneliness will leave your eyes.

The Legend of the Little Yellow Men

By Janice Lebenstein

The narrow streets of Chinatown wend their tired way through the downtown section of New York, as if they themselves had no knowledge of where they were headed. The dirty brown tenements that lean precariously over the crooked, pathlike, sidewalks blot out the few brave rays of sun that fight their way through the smog produced by noisy factories, near-by. Chinatown is clouded not only by the black cape of legend, but the dismal, filthy appearance that is its outstanding characteristic adds credence to the weird tales that are a part of the history of the "Little China of New York." The harmless little yellow men that stride busily along in their dark blue single-breasted suits and conservative ties were once thought to be arch-criminals of the lowest form. Their innocently slanted eyes construed evil to the unfamiliar outsiders to the Eastern world.

When New York was just beginning to feel her growing pains and was exalted as the Mecca of new civilization, the poverty-stricken immigrants from China crowded bewilderingly into a slum district on the South-East side of Manhattan Island. Soon tales of the degenerate practices and habits of the unfortunate peoples from Chinatown spread to the wealthier, better established parts of the city. When groups of pleasure-seekers toured the section, their eyes met mysterious, unfamiliar sights that sent their imaginations soaring—strange, peculiar signs, flowering, brightly printed gowns—new foods, Leechee nuts, bamboo shoots—and odd, different people—the Chinese.



The yellow-tinted men that roamed the streets seemed to be the personification of evil; the dark doorways seemed to clothe smokey dens of degeneracy; the strange smells boded ill adventure. Stories of opium smugglers, white slave racketeers and Tong war-fare brought fear and pleasure to the curiosity-seekers that nervously treaded the winding streets. What sights they stared upon! What sights they imagined! What tortures their minds conceived!

The filthy alleys that stunk of meagre garbage became entrance to a honeycomb of rooms known only to the lowly criminal Chinese. The innocent door that gave a small measure of privacy to a sleeping couple struggling for survival in a strange world, connoted indescribable orgy. The soft faltering voice of a young child learning his parents' native tongue boded eminent danger. Oh, how the immagination of the visitors soared!

In some instances, opium dens did exist, houses of prostitution did flourish, but in no greater numbers than in other parts of the city. Tong war-fare was an ever-present feature, but at the same time crime and murder flourished in other sections, under different names.

The legend grew and the tales grew and Chinatown prospered. Restaurants were built and special dishes were invented to please the western palate. The Chinese raised their soft, sing-song voices in louder tones to send further chills down the spines of the onlookers. Tours were organized, lectures planned, and special exhibits opened. The little yellow men were hired by white entrepreneurs to smoke pipes supposedly filled with opium; the little yellow men stood evilly from without closed doors and were paid by the hour for their services. Chinatown profited and the people were pleased.

Today while the sun tries to shine on the crooked streets, Chinatown has an almost benign air. Anglo-Saxon epithets flow unconsciously from the mouths of the little yellow children as they play baseball in the streets; their elders crowd the streets and rush hurriedly about their business and read English newspapers on their way to work. But at night, when the dim street-lights cast ugly shadows along the narrow path-like streets, the legends seem almost plausible, and once more fear and pleasure enter into the hearts of the curious onlookers, from the western world, as they nervously tread the streets of Chinatown.

Double Shot

By Mary Merritt Simms

And now you are here, walking into the inner sanctum which is the waiting room, where the patients who have appointments wait. The nurse smilingly promises that it won't be long, and leaves you alone to be seated in one of the brash, new chrome and white leather chairs. You have a wild desire to turn and run from this cool, impersonal, horrid, terrifying room, but where—or to whom do you run? Your mind traces for you the intricate pattern followed to arrive here, and you force yourself to stay seated, and you grip the chrome arms of the chair until the perspiration from your hands dulls their shine. You assume the attitude of the room and gaze impersonally at your surroundings. Your glance takes in the pastel walls, with their several framed fruit bowls and the magazine table, piled high with medical journals, interspersed with "Life", "Time", and "True Confessions". You see also the receptionist's desk and the few other patients, thumbing listlessly through their choices of the available literature, but your glance finally comes to rest on yourself, and remains there fascinated. You—and all your praying to God, and all your harsh night sobbings, will not make it anyone else—you are glad you do not have to decide whether the days or the nights were the worse.

Days of waiting, fearing, praying—days of hope and days of despair, days when you are forced to rise and impersonate a human being for fourteen of the twenty-four hours, and every minute is an individual hell of wondering—wondering as you face family, friends, and business associates. Have they guessed, and are they laughing, or worse, are they pitying? The family—the family over grapefruit in the morning—complacent, happy, and most of that happiness lies in their pride in their only daughter, who is you. It would be easier to scream you are a fake than to sit there eating grapefruit, being one. But easier for whom? You can apprehend the look on your mother's face, and the tears you've rarely seen streaming down your father's cheeks. You can feel their warm sympathy enveloping you, and it is so welcome that you put down your spoon and open your lips, but your words vanish as your vision continues, and you see them rise and put down their faith and their hopes with their napkins, and hold to you their naked love. So you ask if they will pass the sugar and excuse yourself as soon as possible to go to the office and wonder. They must be able to tell, and yet they go on treating you as they have since you first came there to work after college. Can't they see that you've changed—changed from an attractive, intelligent, decent human being to a common little tramp? Occasionally you are sure that one of them knows. You feel the bright eyes of the proofreader fixed on your back and you jerk around suddenly, and she averts her eyes and smiles, and from then on you must watch her for she is dangerous.

Those were the days, forty-one in all, but there were also forty-one nights. Nights of reliving "the night"—night spent crucifying yourself and feeling the full weight of the cross—nights of waiting for Charles to call; at first alternately hoping and fearing that he would, then praying that he would, and knowing he would not. But if he doesn't? He must—how else are you to find out? You must put an end to this doubting, this not knowing! Not knowing whether to laugh at ungrounded fears, or lament over too real tragedy; nights of lying awake, dry-eyed, planning and rejecting plans; nights of sobbing and gasping for sufficient breath to sob again; nights of frustration and despair— utter despair, when the words you knew were not of adequate venom to curse yourself—lonely nights, filled with panic too dreadful to recall—waking in a cold sweat to find the sheets binding you in a sodden mass—waking to toss and turn and pray. "Oh, God, if thy mercy is infinite, help me now in my time of need?"

Yes, you are glad you do not have to decide whether the days or nights were worse.

Last night had been one such night, and somewhere in your fight with yourself you had reached a decision. This morning you had phoned the office to say you would not be there, and then, ascertaining that no one was within earshot, you had found the name of an unknown doctor and dialed the number. This was hard and required concentration because your fingers shook, and your mind rushed ahead of you trying to think of what you must say. Then you were telling an efficient voice that you were Mrs. Jones and would like an appointment for this afternoon, if possible. But it was a lie! You were not Mrs. Jones. You were not Mrs. Anybody and you were so acutely conscious of the lie that you feared the pleasant voice on the other end of the wire would also know it was a lie, and would laugh. But she only informed you that the doctor would see you at three, and left you holding the dead telephone in numb fingers.

The hours dragged and your anxiety increased with the passing of each minute. Then you were leaving, and as you pushed the door back into its frame, the sound echoed in your ears like the click of the latch of a coffn. You felt as you did when you left for college the first time, but this time there were no tears. There was no capacity for them. The bus ride was a flashback of scenes and emotions, some half forgotten until now. Things dear to you that you must of necessity part with. They were young and too pure to exist in a part of your mind. You discarded them with the cellophane from your cigarette pack, but not before you had kissed each a lingering farewell.

And now you are here and the waiting is intolerable, because each second holds a piece of your future in its hands, and you are as yet unable to see if it is laughing at it. You try to pray but cannot remember the words to any prayers, and if you could you probably would not say them for fear of profaning their holiness. Your mind is at last clearing, and your emotions jell into numbness, and you are free to think without feeling. Now is the time, you tell yourself. Now bring it out and look at it. Bring it out and remember! Remembering is a painful process, but it may also be revealing, and on this chance your mind will bear the torture. You brace yourself and concentrate on Charles. Your memory of him is at best vague and has been contorted by fear, but your final effort is successful, and you see Charles as you once saw him gay, laughing, considerate, mature. You were flattered by his invitations, more particularly this invitation for he had invited you to a party at which you would meet his friends, those glamorous "Bohemians" who revolved in a totally different and infinitely more sophisticated world. Their party was exciting, and you would have considered it brassy, had it not been for the excitement. Your lungs were filled with the smoke of many cigarettes, and your eyes smarted with it, and your nostrils were clogged with it, and their pounding rhumbas vibrated in your eardrums, diffused with loud laughter. Everyone was having a fascinatiing time which became more eccelerated as the evening wore on, and the liquor became more profuse. You were told crude, unhumorous jokes that you felt were unhumorous because of your headache and your aversion to alcohol. This aversion sprang from pure repugnance for its taste rather than morals, but you were in definite need of stimulants, and the offers were pelted at you from all sides. You did not feel that you were making the desired impression on Charles' friends, and your sense of failure was added to your headache. In desperation, you instructed Charles to fix you a weak highball, to which he protested that a straight shot went down faster, took effect quicker, and would be on the whole less painful. The logic of his statement penetrated and you requested a double shot to the hearty applause of those in the group still capable of applauding. The drink went down in a burning gulp that brought tears to your eyes and you were thankful for its brevity. After that the picture went out of focus and the dance hall lurched drunkenly, or was it you leaving the table? Someone screamed that it was only one o'clock, and you fervently agreed that it was only one o'clock, and the party was a good party which had really just begun. However, Charles' hand was firm on your arm and you were propelled toward the door, but it was a long way off and was swaying rhythmically, and you wondered idly if you should ever reach it, and if you should be able to catch the rhythm for the space of time necessary to walk through it.

Then it was four o'clock, for the chimes of the hall clock were taunting it at you, and you were groping your way up the stairs and falling across your bed in a wave of nausea. Next morning your head cleared with the third cup of coffee, and you thought by the pounding of your temples and the feeling in the pit of your stomach that you must have been on what you had heard called a bender. You were embarrassed at the thought of facing Charles and his friends unitl you realized that the majority of them shared your inebriation as they were probably sharing your headache. The irony of your casual dismissal of the subject comes to you now, but you are not amused by it. Your casual attitude, however, was not one of long standing. Charles was conspicuously absent, and as the days grew into weeks, the seeds of suspicion became deep-grounded roots.

The physical symptoms had come more slowly, and when they presented themselves, were hardly recognized as such. You had no intimate knowledge of early pregnancy or its symptoms but the nausea in the early morning and the unaccustomed fainting were too obvious evidence to be ignored. The day that you fainted in the washroom was the first day that you admitted the possibility to yourself. That night was the first in a series of nights that you lay awake trying desperately to summon up some part of those three hours of blackness. Blackness as terrifying and dangerous as any you could conceive. It became a bottomless pit, and in your restless dreams you heard wild meaningless laughter coming from within its depths. Oh, God, how hard you tried to recapture those minutes, but they eluded you like so many fairy dancers; and just as you seemed to have them in your grasp they twirled on their toes and merrily ran away, leaving you to lie there with a feeling of helpless frustration, that makes you clench your fists and pound them against your temples and emit a sound which was foreign to your own ears, like the cry of a cornered animal who is enraged at the circumstances in which he finds himself, and totally powerless to remedy it. It was also then that you began to plan—childish, senseless, pitiful little plans, impossible little plans. There were only two things of which you were certain. If there was a baby, you would give birth to it and keep it. You had fought many battles with yourself over that. Was it fair to you to bring an illegitimate child into the world? On the other hand, was it not less fair to deny any creature birth? The other problem that added to the torment of your hell was that of your parents. They must not be the innocent victims of your shame. They must not witness your scarlet letter and your Pearl.

The nurse calmly taps your shoulder and informs you that Mrs. Jones is next, and insinuates with her pointing finger that you are Mrs. Jones, and you are brought back to reality, but fear also flourishes on reality and accompanies you. This fear has become your most intimate associate and once again it embraces you and leaves you weak and trembling with the fervor of its passion. It is strange about fear. It is the one acquaintance in this changing society which is constant, and regardless of when, or where, you meet it, it recognizes you and greets you as an old and welcome friend. And now that you are once more in its embrace all things else fade into nonentity. You wonder why your body cannot die in the doctor's office with your hope. Oh, God, when hope is gone, only emptiness remains. Aloneness covers you like a clock, and the realization that all of this closely packed humanity shares your aloneness does not penetrate, and you feel that it is an individual possession. Then there nowhere to turn, and nowhere is not a place on the map.

The possibility of an escape alley has presented itself before and been passionately rejected, but now that time has ceased to exist, it forces itself into the room and the room is filled with its presence and everywhere you look you meet the stark hungry of death. You cannot force your glance to meet its encountering glance or your hand to touch the outstretched fingers. Suicide has a melodamatic note and you have always hated soap operas. Yet it is the only alley you have entered that has not been blind, and you are weary of one way streets. The extent of your exhaustion closes over you, and helps you reach your decision. You do not feel cowardlly, but neither do you feel like a martyr. You have just concluded your bargain and are shaking icy fingers when a crisp voice directs you to the last circle!

You are extremely grateful for the numbness that enables your mind to accept a detached point of view, and you feel a cool pride in the convincing way you are handling the physician. Yes, this is your first child. You've been married three months. Yes, you've had the usual symptoms. Brace yourself . . . this is it! If you know any helpful prayers now is the time to recall them and let them roll from your lips in a wordless appeal to a merciful God. "Our Father, who art in Heaven . . ." And it is all over and you are rising from the examination table, and the hand that you raised to push back the hair from your forehead returns to you wet and your legs are trembling so that you are forced to sit on the side of the table and wait there for the decision. Your trembling will not be controlled and your mind forms a wavering question mark. You cannot force your eyes to raise themselves and focus on the doctor standing beside you. It is then that he takes your chin in his hand, and raises your gaze to meet his puzzled stare. After minutes or hours you realize that he is speaking and your mind pieces together the words and forms a sentence: "Child, there has never been but one immaculate conception, what makes you think you are going to have one? You're tired, nervous, home now . . . rest." The words run together and your next sensation is flavored with spirits of ammonia. Then you're in a cab relaxing against it and exercising the privilege of not having to think. Back home—back to security, and safety, and freedom, and if a large portion of your youth has been left at the doctor's office, you are not sure it is worth cab-fare to go back for it.

When the cab stops in front of your house, a portion of your normality greets you, and you manage to leave some of your tension in the cab. You are relieved that the house is empty, and you open the door to your room and collapse across your bed. You must remember how lucky you've been and thank God for His favor, right now you are drained! Then the telephone is insisting that you wake and answer it. You look drowsily at your watch and see that you have slept for two hours, and it has grown dark outside. Your voice whispers a sleepy, and nearly inaudible, hello into the mouthpiece, and then your fingers are griping on the receiver, and your heart is racing for it is Charles on the other end of the wire. But then your mind becomes a functioning organism, and you are pleasantly aware that there is no longer any reason to either fear or hate him. You hope that he hasn't noticed the pause as you talk normally about his unexpected trip and make the usual light chatter. You realize that he is about to ask to take you out, but you can think of no way to avoid it, and your sense of guilt at your ungrounded suspicions of him forecs you to agree that it would be delightful and that eight o'clock would suit beautifully, and then you are putting down the phone and wondering from what source you may borrow the strength to fulfill your engagement. You are completely exhausted with the day's emotional tenure, and your head is beginning to ache. A hot bath, two aspirins, and coffee are beneficial and by the time Charles arrives you feel better able to cope with the coming evening.

This is Charles' first night back in town, and his spirits are high, and he is glad to see you. He gaily announces that a few of the gang are having a get-together at his club, and he thinks you might drop in for a drink. You are sure that by the gang he does not mean your gang, but there is little you can say, so you mentally slip on a "What the hell" frame of mind and lift your chin as if by so doing you might also lift your spirits. The crowd is all assembled and they greet you as their oldest friend and address you by every known name, excluding your own. You are seated by a morose blond who insists that you are flirting with Al, and will not be dissuaded from her theory. Charles brings you a drink and grins when you refuse it not realizing the true irony of his gesture, but then he leaves you to go welcome a friend and is lost somewhere in the haze. You do not mind being left alone except that it gives you leisure to realize that the effects of the aspirin have worn off and your head is pounding again and you are tired, so very tired. Then Charles is back, slightly tight and having a wonderful time, which he assures you is all because of you. This renders you incapable of asking him to take you home, so instead you ask for a drink, a small one, but remembering the vile taste and the needed effects, you change your request to a Double Shot.

While the Wind Blew

By Imogene Spoerri, Jr.

Summer was over.

The bellboy's alert, greedy expressions said so, as they stood by the many bulging bags stacked up beside the driveway of Birchwood Lodge, and waited for their final tips of the season; so did the clothes that the guests were wearing—gloves and handbags, tailored hats, and suits with starched collars. In a few more hours, the lodge would be emptied of its guests until another season.

The Atwater's long roadster slid quietly down the curving drive into the space under the porte-cochere. The younger Hollaway girl, dressed in a soft aqua suit, white blouse with perky bow in preparation for her trip home, slipped out of the side entrance and sat down with careful nonchalance on the cool leather cushion of a deep sun chair, letting the warm September wind blow through her long wavy hair. Although her eyes were half closed, she could see the black outline of the early first quarter moon, as it took shape in the cloudless sky above. She watched the hands of the Atwater's chauffeur as he tied black oil cloth over the bags on the running board.

"Are they leaving soon?" she asked at last.

"Right away, Miss——," he said.

She had just opened her large handbag and taken out a small compact to see if her gold-looped earrings were on right, when she heard a sudden rapid clatter of steps on the veranda. A young man moved with quick strides over to the chauffeur, handed him some tennis rackets, said a few words, and turned away.

"Oh, hi, Janie," he said, coming over to her, "I was just wonderin' where I could find you to say goodbye."

"Do we have to say goodbye? I—I'm not sure I want to."

He glanced down uncomfortably at his freshly pressed clothes and polished shoes. "I don't think much o' saying goodbye myself, so let's don't!" Looking up with a grin, he examined her slowly, from head to toe.

"Gee, I hardly know ya, Janie—all dolled up and everything. Say, where'd ya get the earrings? Off your sister, I bet!"

She blushed.

"I don't like 'em—at least on you I don't," he said bossingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know—anyone with long brown hair, sunburned, with freckles and shiny nose like you, looks better in—well, shorts and bathing suits. Gosh, you sure do look silly—bet your sister will give you heck when she finds you're wearing her earrings."

Her face showed disappointment. "Have you forgotten that I'm sixteen—pretty near seventen?"

He frowned and looked at the ground. She laughed, embarrassed.

"Well, if you really want to know the truth, you look much better in dirty flannels and sweat shirts than in all those things," she lied softly, pointing to the pressed blue shirt and matching tie. He really looked wonderful—even as good as a movie star. And he had on a new hat with a band that meant he belonged to something important at college.

He moved forward. "Say, I have to go over to the golf house for some clubs. Come along."

She fell into step with his long, quick strides, and waited for him to speak.

"Well, summer's over, isn't it?" he said. "This time next year I'll be out of college and working."

"I'll be going to college myself, in a couple of more weeks."

"Gee, honest?"

"I've been tellin' you all summer, but you wouldn't pay any attention."

"Oh, I heard ya, but I just forgot. What school are you going to?"

"Smith."

"Then you won't be far from me. I can come down to see you, and you can come up to the dances at school. That's swell."

But even as he said these words, she knew she would never see him again. It must be those darn ol' earrings. They were beginning to hurt, too.

"Next summer I'll be slaving in my father's mill," he said soberly. "Janie? When you're winning tennis cups and yacht races with some other guy, next summer, will you remember me slaving away in the mill?"

"I may not be here again, either. I don't want to come back here again—ever—."

And she almost said, "If you aren't going to be here." She swept the back of her hand across her eyes and thought about her older sister. Sherry would never let a boy see her cry when they said goodbye.

Janie swallowed hard, trying deperately to dislodge a big lump that was tightly wedged in her throat. She looked out across the lake and saw the strong puffs that would make it dangerous sailing today. She thought of the many times that she and Tom had gone sailing on such days. Soon, in less than ten minutes maybe, Tom and the bags would be gone. So many things besides the dirty flannels and bathing suits and worn tennis balls would be carried away with those bags! All his teasing and her giggling, all his bossing her and his praising her swift slams in tennis or her "marvelous" sailing, like—"Swell work, Janie," or "Take it easy—."

And bonfires.

It had grown dark outside beyond the bonfire and they had just been watching the stars when he had suddenly kissed her. Then, she had been mad—at least she had pretended to be.

Never before had saying goodbye made her feel like this. She wished she were back in boarding school and had never seen Tom—Tom with his deep tan acquired from sailing, swimming, and tennis. Tom with his brown wavy hair—not too wavy, just right—which always hung down over his forehead.

"Let's walk over by the rocks," he called from the club house. "That is, if you have time."

"Sure."

›, with his golf clubs strung over his
:, they started down the winding path
g the ledge of the cliff. The leaves
: beginning to fall and the tall grasses
: to the ground and her skirt was blowabove her knees, as the wind drove
ss the lake.

It'd be tough out in a boat today,
ldn't it, Janie? Do you think you
l hold the tiller in this wind?"

Sure. After all you've taught me, I
ld."

You could. You sure are a good sailor
. I never would've believed you could
handle the boat like you do now."

ut Janie wasn't listening. She was
ndering what her sister would do to
e a boy kiss her goodbye.

Do you think we'd have time to sit
n a while, Tom?"

Sure, why not? Here on this rock. Be
eful so you don't slip and fall."

he sat down and he swung his golf
down off his shoulders and laid it on
ground. She looked at him again.

I've never seen your hair so neat," she
l jokingly.

Well, a fellow has to start gettin' cived when summer's over."

The way you say it, it—it sounds as if
rything has ended, as if—."

There's something I wanted to tell you,
ie," he interrupted, looking out across
lake.

What is it, Tom?" she asked. The
ll lake even had white caps now, and
hair was blowing across her face, slapg her eyes till they stung. Maybe he's
ng to kiss me. This time I won't be
y and I won't be mad.

You sure were great this summer—I mean, sailing and all. We had a good time, didn't we?"

Janie nodded and clutched at her blowing dress. Her knuckles were white and cold.

"That's why I want you to know, before we say goodbye. Don't ya know?" he blurted.

Her heart skipped a beat. Stifled, she looked up at his gleaming, shy face.

"It's a girl. I've been crazy about her for months now. Don't tell anyone. It—it's just between us. I'm engaged to her She's super. I just had to tell you. You've been so swell to me—a great pal and buddy."

Janie just sat there staring at him.

"Well, kid—aren't ya going to congratulate me?"

She just sat there. Her sister's earrings hurt more and more.

"Gosh, these things hurt," she said, pulling them off. What would her sister say? Oh, hang her sister!

"Congratulations!"

"Gee, thanks, Janie. You're swell—tops, in fact. Remember not to tell anyone, "cuz it's a deep, dark secret. Gee, thanks."

"No, I won't tell." There was a pause, which prolonged itself, until suddenly, she broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

"I sure don't see any joke. What's so funny, anyhow?"

"You thought I was just a little kid all along, Gee, that's a riot!"

The wind was blowing her hair blindly as she said in a thin, choked voice, "Cuz I've been wondering if I ought to tell you, too, before we said goodbye. I'm engaged, too—to a boy back home."

The Fabulous Bum

By Jane Ellen Tye

He had come a long, long way, the old man with the keen, twinkling blue eyes, and he was tired. His beard had a nice two weeks' growth, and his dingy old coat and trousers had nothing on the shoes with the large hole where his big toe peeped through. Despite the fact that he had ridden in cattle cars and freight cars from Los Angeles to Chicago, beside hitchhiking between stops, the old man's face shone with a light of something that cannot be described. . . . Happiness, perhaps, freedom . . . or was it only peace?

How out of place he looked as he causually walked down the wide boulevard where the brightly lit shop windows displayed the most expensive furs and jewelry! The cold wind guzzled and blew newspapers scattering along the sidewalk so that he could hardly light his old corncob pipe. Flipping the match aside into the gutter, he merrily puffed as he walked on his way. A traffic cop eyed him suspiciously as he passed the corner where the big neon sign flickered on and off. The old man waved his big dirty hand to him, but the cop did not wave back.

His pace quickened as the wind blew hard and cruel against his thin topcoat, but his bright eyes danced as he watched taxis and buses whiz by. He watched, for a long time, a little girl walking ahead of him with her tiny hand in her mother's gloved one. He paused in front of a sporting goods store and looked long at the shining fishing tackle displayed there. Then he shuffled along his way.

He slipped his hand into his pocket, hesitating as he did so. There it was, down at the very bottom. He felt the tobacco grains, two matches, a torn piece of paper, a button, a safety pin, and the half-dollar piece. He went into the little do-nut shop on the sidewalk and had it changed. He wanted to hear the pennies and nickles and dimes jingle as he walked. The warm, sweet odor of the cakes and hot steaming coffee brought a wide smile to his face that did not linger, for the fifty cents must be saved. After all, he tried to tell himself, hadn't he had breakfast that morning. His traveling companion, a boy about thirteen who was running away from home, hopped off the train and returned with some sandwiches. It was now about ten-thirty at night, and it seemed days to him since he had talked the boy into going back home. Come to think of it, he could hardly remember the boy's face. He only remembered his sunny bright hair and the new, clean suit he had worn. "Guess he kind of resented my buttin' in on his busines," he thought, but he was glad that he had talked to the boy, telling him that home was a pretty wonderful thing to have. Hadn't he had a home, himself, once upon a time? A home with a father and a mother and even a big collie dog. . . . That seemed like a dream now, though. So much had happened since those gay, carefree years to change things. His father had had an accident in a mine which crippled him for life. His mother had worked so hard to support them all that she died the next winter of pneumonia. He had a sister, too, somewhere, but he figured that she was so pretty she probably grew up and married some rich man, and would never want to know she had a tramp for a brother. Yes, it had been a long, long time since he hopped the northbound freight to run away from a home that had very little to offer him. "Just look at me now," he said, with a jolly laugh, as he patted his round stomach. He hadn't ever regretted leaving home, not much anyway. His life, which was about fifty years old now, had been spent walking many roads, seeing many sights, and doing many things. He had met people from all walks of life. He had ridden trains with other bums, he had thummed rides from millionaires who trusted him because of his gentle face, and he had eaten breakfatst on the doorsteps of the middle class of people. Women with kind hearts had made him coffee, men in evening clothes had given him cigarettes, and everyone from a preacher to a gambling hall manager had supplied him with a night's lodging or else had flipped him a dollar to stay at the Y.M.C.A. He had even played Cupid to some lovers in a park once. "What a life" he exclaimed aloud, as he walked, and in his voice there was pride and happiness.

He came to a row of new modern apartment houses which held him in fascination. Music rang from the windows and he could hear the loud noise of laughter amid the clinking of glasses. He found himself humming the music in a terrible monotone as he passed them. Then, suddenly there was a scream, and a sort of heavy thud. He swung, and turned, to see a crowd rushing to the sidewalk. His feet moved swiftly to the scene, and there, upon the sidewalk he saw a sight that made him cringe and shudder. The messy form of a man lay in a puddle of blood, and above, the curtains waved back and forth in the open window. "Who was he?" Some woman cried. "Wonder what he went and did that for," someone else said. The police cars came and the night air was filled with the shrill sirens. Newspaper men with their flash bulbs snapped scene after scene of the suicide.

"Move back," "Get out of the way, you," . . . they cried to the old man, so he left them. When he got to the corner he was still shuddering. The face of the dead man would not leave his mind. He did not even feel the cold, for the thought had paralyzed him and made him numb to physical feeling. When he reached the corner, he turned, and there to his right was a tall Cathedral, and on the door was a sign which said, "Enter and Pray." The poor old tramp stood there, and then walked to the door and pulled it open. There was no one inside, so he sat down, for the room was warm. He sat there a minute, looking about him from right to left at the marble statues of the Saints, the gold Cross on the altar, and the oil painting of Christ behind the choir loft. Somehow, the tears just came from the tired blue eyes, and he grew ashamed, so he wiped them with his rough coat sleeve, then he took out a soiled handkerchief and blew his nose. He moved, and his knees touched the warm, soft, deep carpet. His head bowed, and his hands went over his eyes, and down in his heart he was saying these words, "Oh Lord, just let me always be content with the simple things."

When the old clock in the steeple chimed twelve, he arose and walked to the door and pulled it back opened. When his eyes took in the sight outside, the widest grin you can imagine spread across his face. His eyes were brighter than ever before, and he ran down the steps into the white snow. For while he had been inside the church, the snow had fallen quickly, quietly, and had now blanketed the whole world like a wonderful fairyland. "To heck with the cold," he thought. . . . He loved the snow . . . so he walked into the street, catching the large flakes and putting them into his mouth. With his head raised he watched the millions of them falling from above, and like a small child, he danced about the street, whistling and laughing.

Then the old man walked away, leaving behind him a deep path of footprints, as the jingling of his few coins faded into the silent night.

* * *

Night Rain

By Carolyn Mansfield

Faranadole* Street in the rain
Gleams diamond-wet and onyx-dry.
The cuts and cavities of a day-time avenue
By night, and the rain and the street light
Are made little lakes of silent silver;
    In the white circle of a street lamp
        A mongrel pup
    Drinks from a silver puddle—
And the light above him
Makes sequins of raindrops on his wretched back.
(Faranadole Street in the rain
Is kind to the mongrel pup.)

(*A faranadole is a "Quick Dance in which a number join hands and go through various figures" and is used in this poem to symbolize life.)

Diversion for Delight

Reviewed by Joyce Callaway

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. Gretchen Damrosch Finletter. Boston; Little, Brown and Company. 1947

First printed as an ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK, Gretchen Finletter's humorous chronicle of family life in the Damrosch household, where *music* was the main course morning, noon, and night and where celebrated artists felt free to give way to temperamental impulses, as viewed FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, won the approval of thousands of readers for both "Pleasure and profit." As the daughter of the famous symphonic conductor, Walter Damrosch, Gretchen gives us the "Inside story" concerning the life of her family in the funniest and most sacred situations.

Growing up, the Damrosch girls were subject not only to the complexities of the theater and opera, but also to impromptu performances at home. They gave luncheons and dinners for such renowned figures as Paderewski, Melchoir, and Ethel Barrymore, and Mrs. Finletter sets forth detailed incidents of these illustrious occasions. "Backing up" father at the metropolitan in New York or cheering their revered mother on as she marked down 5th Street in a Suffragette parade, they are a clever, high-spirited, and violently loyal crew.

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS is no dangerous competition for a creations of dramatic genius, but this simple account of the doings of a remarkable and hilariously funny family will provide delightful diversion in moments of relaxation. The author has produced some enchanting and very realistic pictures of the goings-on in New York during the first twenty years of this century in a refreshingly unaffected style.

Her simile's and comparisons are priceless; her interpretations are human and vital. Mrs. Finletter's satire is typlified in this excerpt from her book: "There was a thing called 'Professional rates' and two ominous creatures named the 'union' and 'overtime.' These ferocious animals seemed always looking about, trying to destroy our rehearsals. Their lair was a placed called 'Local 802' and the older they got, the stronger they became."

Her descriptions are endearingly human and, in some cases, almost "little-girlish" in their innocence. In the last chapter, she pours out her soul in her reverie over "Indian Summer," and the emotions stirred in her reader produce a vivid melancholy. The mood of the book is set to a lively tune of merriment, accompanied by countless, capricious bars of mirth sure to soothe and charm a troubled spirit.

* * *

Prince of Foxes

Reviewed by Joyce Callaway

PRINCE OF FOXES by Samuel Shellabarger. Little, Brown and Company. 1947

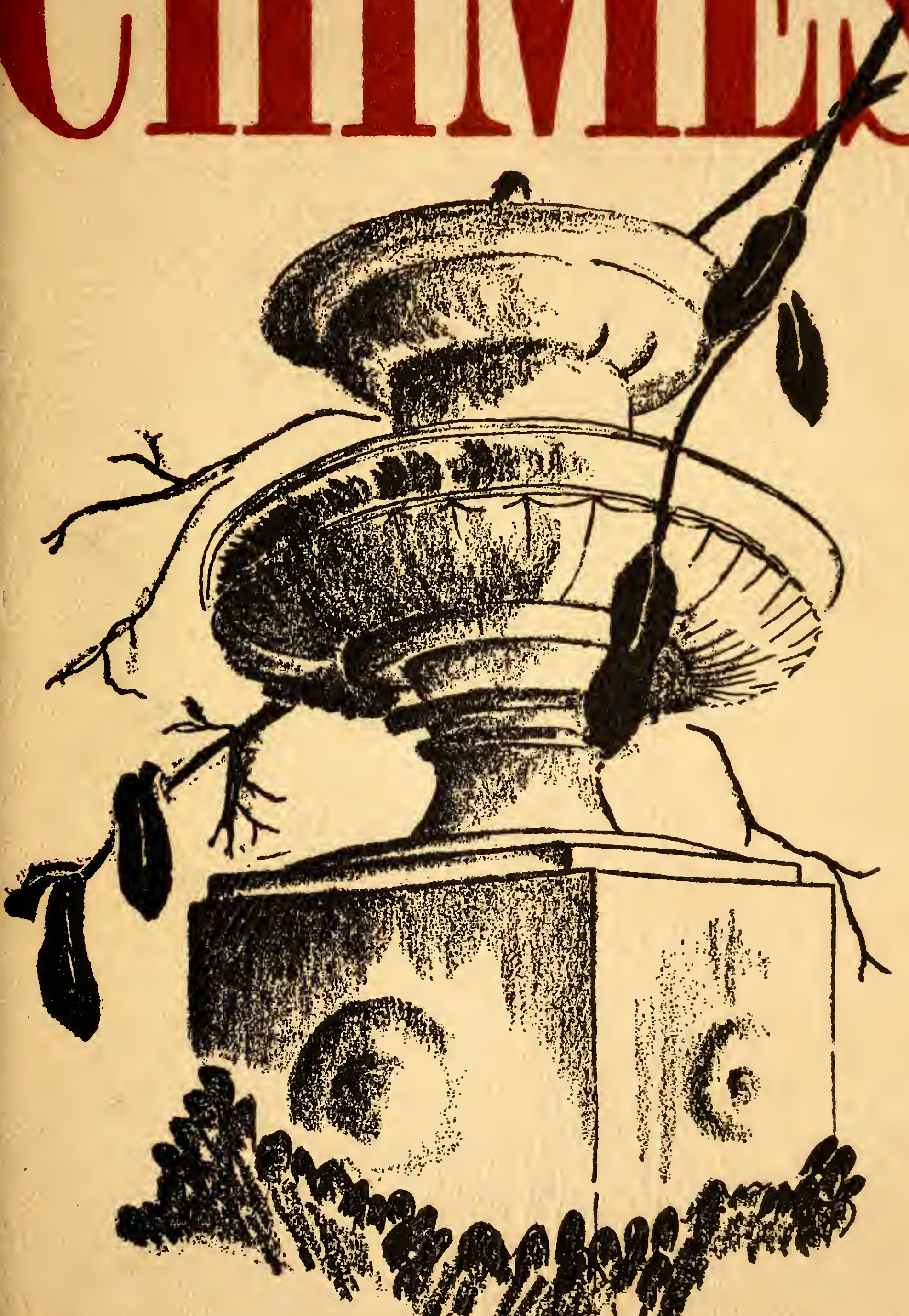
With PRINCE OF FOXES, Samuel Shellabarger has produced a great epic romance containing both the enchanting qualities of the story-teller and the authentic knowledge of a true historian. Dr. Shellabarger was formerly a member of the faculty of Princeton University, as he was also president of a private school in Columbus, Ohio. Having taken his A.B. degree at Princeton and his Ph.D. at Harvard, plus passing many years of residence and study in Europe, he is more than well-qualified to present a tale well-documented with the intimate details of customs and backgrounds, in almost any period of European history.

In PRINCE OF FOXES, he has chosen Italy as his locale, but he has preserved his favorite period—the turbulent, fierce, and creative age, known to us as the Renaissance. This story begins under the most trite circumstances, if one escapes from the compelling narrative power of the author long enough to realize it. The mysterious Lord Andrea Oraine, who is cast as the hero, is of course, a young man of unusual accomplishments. He is an officer and diplomat, about to undertake a dangerous mission at the court of Ferrara, in the service of the illustrious Cesare Borgier. His talents are not limited merly to intrigue, and diplomacy, and war, but rather he proves himself a master in the art of lovemaking, and because of his too-zealous interest in the Lady Camilla, wife of the aged Lord Mare' Antonio Varano, he is drawn into a dramatic political plot, which even the cunning Borgia could not prevent.

The variety of characters and setting, and the animation and the vividness of each portrayal equals, if not surpasses, that of Dr. Shellabarger's best-seller, Literary Guild Selection of 1945, CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE. The author's complete freedom from conventionality, in his treatment of the historical setting, acquaints the reader, first hand, with the artistic element which is so characteristic of Dr. Shellabarger's literary construction and style. It is this unique elegance that has so deservingly won for him the place of "ideal Chronicler of historical fiction."

* * *

CHIMES



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NUMBER 3

THE CHIMES

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Editor's Note

The clock hands have turned, the pages have closed, and the old wooden desk is cleared of its usual cluttered rabble, scattered papers, typewriter ribbons and such . . . and the time is here. It's seemed so far away to us before; we thought it would never come, but it has. The little black "x's" have blotted away the calendar year, and the last issue of CHIMES is complete

We're going to miss those Monday nights . . . the giggles and the long deep discussions . . . the frank criticisms and the placid remarks . . . the encouragements and the discouragements . . . the interrupted sessions that have been held to select the material you read in CHIMES. We'll remember Imp and Sue and their clever, original ideas for the cover and for the little illustrations . . . . paint brushes stuck behind two identical right ears, and phrases that sent us into howls of hysterics . . . Bessie in her long green flannels begging, "But I just have to get to Captivators . . ." And she races off with her violin case tucked under her arm, leaving us in peace. We'll remember Janice—her brilliant suggestions, her short stories that brought us chills and "ewws", and "ahhh's" of satisfaction . . . Janice, saying either "It stinks", or "It's a masterpiece." We'll remember little Coker dashing into the Pub office at exactly seven-thirty . . . with those delicious poems . . . those mouth watering verses that made us all sentimental . . . Sue . . . big shy eyes asking, "Could I please call Tom now? We'll remember Joyce and Carolyn crawling in late with all sorts of excuses . . . Joyce cackling and acting up like a live wire, and Carolyn's awed expressions at her roommate's antics . . . Callaway, looking like a page from Harper's Bazaar, putting our soiled blue jeans to shame . . . Her beautiful hands turning the pages of her latest book review, her eyes all bright with our newest ideas . . . And we couldn't ever forget Gordy . . . the squirt with the water pistol at our chapel skit . . . her bursts into the Pub. offce in the red satin tommy coat saying, "Can't stay tonight . . . I'm still on the Study Hall list . . . " We'll remember Neilyn, sitting quietly, listening to our chatter, and laughing at our silliness . . . Neilyn, bringing platters of poetry in at one time saying, "Maybe you can use something . . . as we breathlessly read them . . . And Kren. Kren, with her sunny smile and her low, soft voice, thanking us, mind you, for letting her do the cover . . . (and we've done handsprings over them, too.) Kren, being around, and making you glad she's there . . . And Nelson, slaving over the typewriter the night before "Press day", griping about Callaway's handwriting or my typing . . . Our newest member, Mary Simms; sophisticated Mary with her haunting eyes and her divine short stories . . . Mary, who possesses every characteristic of a future professional writer . . . Her low voice, her arguments with Janice, and especially her interest in the staff and her work, we will remember . . .

We'll remember it all . . . always . . . This is the story behind the stories of this last issue of CHIMES . . . And it's all yours now.

JET

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ART STAFF

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Pat Negley

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Zippers—Yipe!

By Wilma Lee Henry

I hate zippers—nasty things! They are ive monsters lying in wait to foul you up at your most important moments.

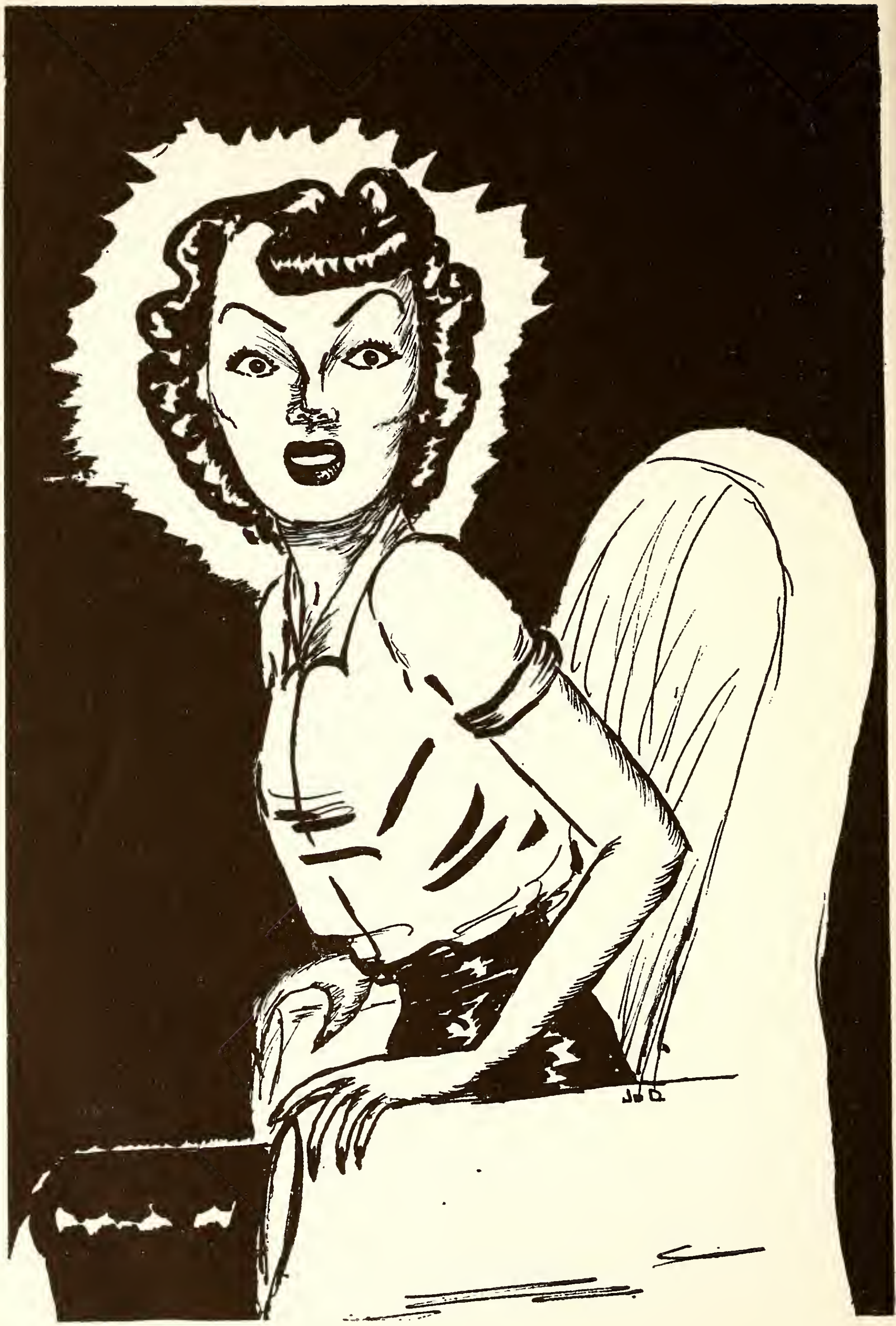
Take the time the gang went on a spur-of-the-moment picnic. Everyone was ready except me. I had been uptown shopping. While the rest waited downstairs, I dashed upstairs to put on slacks. My shopping dress buttoned down the back and the buttons seemed to pop out of of the holes at my request. I pulled on my shirt and again the buttons flew into place. Then I stepped into my slacks . . . All in all I was twenty minutes dressing! What had happened? The zipper had caught some material of my under garments and wouldn't go up or down. I struggled and pushed and pulled all to no avail. The zipper wouldn't budge. I was trapped. The horrid thing was just far enough up to prevent my slipping out of my slacks and just far enough down so hat I couldn't let it just stay there and still be decently covered! "Mama, I need you!"

Then there is that horribly cold-then-hot feeling I always get when walking down main street and find everyone either staring shocked stares at me or pointedly ooking in the other direction. I have come to the point where I don't even have to guess what the matter is. I already know, My zipper (although guaranteed on the label not to break, tear, slip, slide, or catch material) has done it again! Somehow the evil monster has worked its way loose at the top and has slipped way down, giving me a sad case of what zipper salesmen call gaposis. With my left arm held stiffly over the hole I dash into the nearest ladies room, hoping I've not been seen by everyone in town, but fearing for the worst.

The incidents related above happen *after* the zipper is in the skirt. Have you ever tried to put a zipper in a skirt? That is the very place it does *not* want to go. First I try pinning the zipper in, but the machine won't gove over pin heads for some strange reason. I pull the pins out and baste instead. (The hallway where the machine is is drafty and is now getting dark. The sun is going down. I hurry a little faster.) At last the basteing is done. (I always have hated basteing, anyway.) I put the cloth on the machine to sew it up. But, alas! either the cloth is too heavy or the zipper is, because at the bottom the zipper has pulled away from the cloth! Finally after much more hurry and struggling the zipper is in—a bit crooked perhaps, but in. I take my finished product in to my mother. "But, darling, isn't *this* the front? Why, your zipper's on the *right* side instead of the left. Angel! What's the matter? Your face is so white! Come and lie down. I'll go call a doctor!"

Yes, I need a doctor, but now I think I'll just lie still. At least this white jacket I'm wearing now ties behind my back and doesn't zip—no, no, I musn't let *that* word pass my lips. I must control myself. Back to my nice white jacket. My doctor calls it "straight", but it holds my arms back behind me so funny I wonder if he's "all right". Oh, well.

P. S. The skirt I made finally got hooks and eyes.


J.D.

The Hypnotic Orb

By Betty Kelley

When I entered the house, gay and carefree, little did I know that what might be deemed stark tragedy would soon be staring me in the face. I was contented, and it might even be said, slightly intoxicated with exuberance, for it was Friday and I had a happy, carefree week-end to look forward to. Entering the back door, I went cheerfully toward the front room where I could flop into a chair and take a good, deep breath of relaxation. I did not realize that the following moments would contain the greatest fear and terror of my lifetime. Then I saw it!!! My first impulse was to scream, to run, anything to abolish this appalling "thing" from my sight. But I could not move! Terror welled within me like the fog that sweeps swiftly in over the gulf. All I could do was stare at this hideous thing confronting me.

There it was, perched on the back of the chair like some huge, loathsome insect with its beady, purple eye glaring, fairly radiating hate and death toward me, and its dingy murky legs folded underneath that unporportional body of sickening green, ready to spring at my throat with my slightest move. I was hypnotized by the dull gleam of that wicked orb, by the hardly preceptible, rythmical movements of those two dusty green plumes, but the fearful panic held me rooted to the spot. I knew that I was taring death in the face, for surely only from the realms of Hades could come such a creature.

Slowly I began to gain a flimsy, unsubstantial control over myself. Yet I dared not move. The fear of that sudden spring through space was like a rope binding me tightly to the spot. "Surely there must be some explanation,"' I thought. "What type of creature can this gruesome spectacle be? It possesses the body of some giant insect, the plumage of a bird, and an eye . . . Oh, what hideous repulsive, unblinking hypnotic organ of deadly cobra. Short fragmentary thoughts rushed through my benumbed brain . . . deadly poison . . . Amazon basin . . . tarantula . . . germ hormone . . death eye! The torture my body went through during those moments of agony will never be known. Then I thought of that picture in the encyclopedia. I wracked my tortured brain and the words formed before me slowly; "Now extinct . . . carried deadly germs in venom . . . South America . . . brown." Brown? Did it say brown? I could not be sure. That glaring eye seemed to draw my very thoughts from me. It was impossible to concentrate with that gleaming globe penetrating to my very brain.

Through my numbed senses, I heard the click of a car door and the familiar steps of my aunt. I wanted to call out, to tell her to stay away, but my voice was smothered by terror. She came slowly up the walk, up the steps, and onto the porch. It sat there by the door, and I saw its buring eyes slowly move toward that opening. It seemed to grow tense and the green plumes spread as if in preparedness for the spring. Her hand was still on the door and she was standing just inside when, out of the corner of her eye, she saw what I knew to be sudden death. Then from her startled countenance came this awful sound. "You know, I must have been half asleep this morning. I don't believe I like that new HAT after all."

Bronze City

By Janice Lebenstein

Eight million people call it home and there are five boroughs that make up the dot on the map labeled New York, but it's the island of Manhattan that's the heart of the city. It's a funny town made up of different kinds of worlds, and mine's the ugliest—the lower East Side, where all the poor people live. That's what they call us, the rest of the city—the poor people who have to live in the slums.

I've always lived here, that is until last year. There were always Bill and me. We were born on the same block, went to the same school; we played together, lived together, and I suppose we'll die together . . . here, in the same city, on the same block. I can remember when we first became friends. At least, you might call it friends. It was on a Saturday, the day the Jews went to church and the day we kids could spend our time having fun out in the open. There's no school on Saturdays. I was about nine, and small for my age. "Candy" Laranvino and I were sitting on the curb in front of my house; we called him "Candy" because he was the best candy snitcher on the street. Why, he could go into old man Levine's store and steal penny stuff right from under the old boy's nose without ever being found out; he was really good at it. This Saturday "Candy" had come out with some of those long sticky tapers of real black licorice, and he was sharing them with me like he always did, when Bill decided to walk over to us, moving his legs like a cocky rooster. He was bigger than us and he knew it. He jambed his thumbs into the tops of his trousers and stood over us, looking down, a slow grin twitching in the corners of his mouth. My throat went dry, and when he opened his mouth to speak, I could feel a tight binding across my chest ending in my stomach.

"Little boys shouldn't eat candy. It isn't good for them. Give it here to me," he said taking one of his hands from around his waist and holding it out in front of him. I dropped my half-eaten stick in his dirty palm, but "Candy" jumped off the curb and shouted that he wasn't going to give anything but a sock on the jaw to a guy like him. Then Bill hit "Candy" right on the mouth and knocked him down. Before Candy could do anything, Bill kicked him and laughed while "Candy" doubled up and writhed on the side-walk, his eyes staring at Bill's grinning face with hat. I hated him too, but I was afraid, and when he beckoned me with a shake of his head, I followed Bill down the street, away from "Candy" sprawled across the walk.

I became his best friend then, following him, holding his coat when he fought to show his superiority, protected by his impressive standing in the neighborhood. It became a habit for me to do my homework in the afternoon, getting Pop, who was home all the time, to help me if he was sober. There was the time when my old man was smart, before all his brains floated away in alcohol. I'd take my work over to Bill's and he'd copy it, slapping me on the back and telling me what a good kid I was. Things were all right then. Sometimes we would play baseball over on the vacant lot next to the big apartment house, but someone complained about the noise and they sent a big red-headed cop to make sure our wealthy neighbors recovered from their day-after-the-night-before hangovers in peace. Bill thumbed his nose at the guy and he chased us, but we scaled a fence and lost him down an alley behind the greasy hamburger joint. We stopped playing baseball then and started to go to the billiard place where all the older guys went. I was glad because I'd always been afraid the ball would break my glasses and then the old man would have given me hell. He used to call me four eyes because I wasn't athletic like the rest of the kids. He always said if I didn't have a mind I should have had a body.

I must have been about fourteen when Bill stopped going to school. He said it was only four dopes and fools that didn't have better to do with their time. He started playing cards and pool for money and he made enough to keep from going hungry. I was still going to school because Mom made me. She tried to stop me from seeing Bill because she said he was a bad influence, as if anything where we came from could be a good influence. I think it must be the dirtiest spot in the whole world. The air smells like the brown outsides of the buildings; but they are brown inside, too. It's as if the outer covering had diffused so far inside that there was nothing left but a solid brown mass of stone with a dirty layer of filthy wall-paper to masquerade under. The rooms are small and smell of cabbage. Stale brown cooked cabbage because it's cheap. I used to pass the big apartment houses on my way home from high school and wonder what it was like to have money and be waited upon and not have to go to bed hungry. It was too much for me to imagine.

I didn't see much of Bill during the years I was going to high school. I was busy trying to pass, and I even got a job pushing a broom around a store in the afternoons. Bill was learning about girls and how to make a quick dishonest dollar. He was a runner for a bookie. Then, in my senior year in high school, he got himself a job as a bartender in a clip-joint of a place where a lot of the Park Avenue millionaries went slumming. He was a natural behind the bar because he'd grown up looking like he'd never missed a meal. His black hair was curly and it shone, and he had big blue innocent eyes that the women went for. I got a job in a grocery store after graduation. They didn't care if you were a skinny little runt who wore thick glasses as long as you could add up the tab.

I used to meet Bill after work every once and a while and we'd have a few beers together. One night Bill told me to drop around his place sometime before it closed at three and we'd have a few on the house. His boss was out of town. I walked over there just after two and went into the bar. I never could afford even a place like this, so it was all new to me . . . the satin hangings, the imitation leather seats and the old-time vaudeville singer that bellowed over the mike on the stage. I sat down one one of the stools at the back of the bar and waited until Bill came over with a drink, saying, "on the house, kid." I drank it and all the other drinks Bill placed before me during the next half hour. I was beginning to feel good, and I had to laugh to myself at all the different kinds of people packed into the tiny saloon. There were mink-coated cats from Park Avenue trying to have themselves a laugh, at the poor people, and the bums trying to mooch a drink off the rich guys, and then just plain average, poor folks trying to have themselves a big night, and laughing even harder at the way the rich ones were being taken over. That place sure was a bunch of different worlds all mixed up to gether, and the mess gave off a funny smell.

The lights were beginning to waver in front of my eyes, and as I looked at my face in the mirror across the bar from me, I thought of how cheap they were because of the distortions of my image in them. Cheap mirrors in a cheap place. Bill started moving the people out, shouting: Closing time . . . everybody out . . . pay your checks here and out . . . come on. He winked at me as he insistantly pushed the people out, overwhelmed, himself, with his importance. He locked up the cash register and I was surprised that his boss trusted him. Funny, I always thought Bill was going to end up in prison for robbery or something. He must have read my thoughts because he turned to me and said, "Stealing's too damn foolish, Jim. There are smarter ways to make a quick buck."

"Look," he said with that funny grin of his, "the boss trusts me . . . he'll let me buy into this place cheap, one day, and you know what" his brin breaking into laughter, "then, before you know, this place will be all mine. I'll let you work for me then, Jim. You're smart and I like smart people as long as I can handle them. We sat in one of the corner booths talking, but his voice sounded as if it were coming through a tunnel or the wrong end of a megaphone. We must have been there for over an hour, drinking, when my head began to feel very strange . . . as if there were pins along my scalp instead of hair. I interrupted Bill and started to tell him; we hadn't been really close friends for a long time, but he was the only one I had.

"Bill, I want to tell you something . . . I want to talk to you. Bill . . . it must be great working here with all these different people. All I ever see are the same housewives in run-down heels, searching for bargains. It's boring, Bill, real boring. That's why I started, I mean . . . that's what I want to tell you. You see, about five years ago I ran across some tubes of paint that my father had. He used to paint when he could stay sober enough to hold the brush. Anyway, I started fooling around with all those different colors. It's . . it's fascinating what you can do with them . . . red and blue . . . I started to really paint with them, Bill, me . . . and well . . . "

I knew I was being inarticulate and incoherant because my tongue felt like a thick slab of wood covered with an angora sweater, but it was all so clear in my mind that I wanted to tell him, tell somebody so very badly; I think that was the only time it was ever clear to me, just what painting did mean. It had started out of a lack of some kind . . a . . a, I don't know . . a terrific need, and somehow, something was satisfied when I did it. I used to hurry home from school and hide myself in the basement; I'd use whatever I could find in the bottom drawer of Dad's chest and then I'd take the paint and slash it across the paper . . . pure color, always pure color. I didn't like to mix them. Somehow it took away from the power of the color itself . . . pure red and yellow . . . bold blue. I'd sit for hour in that damp basement playing with them, learning how to use them, and soon what I did began to satisfy me. Saturdays I'd go down to the East River and paint the water, or the snub-nosed little tugboats pushing the big steamers out to the ocean and the New York skyline. There never was anything as pretty as the skyline with the sun shining on it just right. It looks like a bronze city. That's what I called it—Bronze City—and I painted it all in yellow and orange and red. I knew it was right when I'd finished it, and to me it was beautiful and I loved it. Funny that an ugly little guy like me could make something pretty. I began to paint as much as I could. At night, when people had

(Continued on Page 33)

Epilogue

By Neilyn Griggs

You were the morning star of my dawning life
And you ruled it as the moon reigns
Over a cloudless mist of midnight
That forever will surround me.
At the sight of you the songs of centuries,
Unwritten and unrecorded, echoed through my soul.
My world was one filled with scent of a
Thousand vari-hued petals throwing their
Breath in small gusts to perfume
My thoughts and dull my senses to
Your disregard of my adoration,
But as it is with mighty monarchs,
So the stars must wax and wain.
And as the shimmer of your day obscured
The sliver of a moon
Did then my robe of darkness
Shut you ever from my sight.
When the days that are to make
The years to come
Bright rays may chance to penetrate
My ever darkened span and
Come to rest upon some deathless rose;
May its fragrance lie upon my melencholy
and stint the pain of loneliness with the
Sweetness of what might have been.

The Little Mood

By Jane Ellen Tye

Lasting so little time,
Each evening, as the sun dips low beyond
Blue hills, leaving the sky quickly,
I grow strangely melancholy, and the mind
Is left sober and naked to the thoughts of the day.
Bare and helpless I live that little time,
Weak, trembling slightly, unsure, until
The sharp, piercing pain dies away into the
Rush of evening stars that promise
Adventure!

No Government Can Be Called—Perfect

By Mary Martin

Government has always been an enigma, perhaps never to be solved. Its perfection has been the dream of all ages; but a dream that has never been accomplished. Its essence has existed as a will-o-the-wisp, always eluding searching man. Peoples have studied and practiced many ideas, unearthed their strong and weak points, only in the end to begin anew.

During the English Renaissance, Dir Thomas More compiled his magnificent UTOPIA. Truly it was one of the most original essays of all time. His dream was of a governmental philosophy in which the political power might be vested not in a single haul but in a group of rulers. He upheld the toleration of religion, believing that the well being of the body politic depended entirely upon the ethical and religious fiitness of its members. More's essay discussed on imaginary colony in which no money was used, where gold was considered a plaything for children and was to be put away when a boy attained manhood. These people thought that nature had hidden the vain and useless. They possessed no private property and exchanged their homes every ten years; their doors held no locks but always stood open to all. The "Utopian" populas loved music greatly; they lived in perfect concord. The old mingled with and counseled the young; life was merry; in his heart every man loved the sun and stars for more than a piece of earthly gold. Such was Utopia. But could such a government be successfully accomplished? And, of more importance, is it perfect?

The evolution of nations has brought us many types of government, until today we possess many distinctly different issues". Before discussing their various forms more fully, here follows the "American Viewpoint of the Political Setup".

Socialism . . . You have two cows. You give one to your neighbor.

Communism . . . You have two cows. You give both to the government which in turn gives you milk.

Fascism . . . You have two cows. The government takes the milk and sells part back to you.

Nazism . . . You have two cows. The government shoots you and takes both cows.

Captalism . . . You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

There exist in the world today four types of government, the first Nazism or Fascism; rule of the state by one. It does possess some attributes, however, these are sadly offset by its all too numerous disadvantages. There is a centralized control and possibly a too efficient system of law enforcement. The education and health programs of Nazism have been successful and have proved to build a strong nationalistic feeling. The arts have been encouraged but religion is outlawed and the people are powerless. It is an out and out dictatorship, with a none too pleasing goal. Following are a number of quotations from MEIN KAMPF, the textbook of Fascism. "The party must not become the masses slave but its master." "The argument that a government must derive its power from the consent of the governed is the very antithesis of the realistic ideal of progress". "Indeed, the pacifist—humane idea is perhaps quite good whenever the man of highest standard has previously conquered and subjected the world to a degree that makes him the only master of the globe." These quotations serve to illustrate the principles of a governmental philosophy which supresses the very imaginative and intelligence of its people.

Communism, totalitarianism, is the proposed control by the masses, usually by one! In a true communistic government the workers of laboring classes are in control. All possessions, industrial and agrarian are state controlled, nothing is privately owned; all constituents receive all equal dole. In its usual form a communistic government has a centralized rule, usually by a few top members of the party. Again the arts are encouraged, but religion is in time destroyed and likewise man's initiative. The common people for all the high aims—and talk, are, in reality treated like slaves.

Socialism, proposed security for all, has as its main promise the equalization of opportunity. In its best form, socialism is supposed to provide for the uplifting of all people. There is no private property but a common ownership of enterpessriction on profits, and an equalization of return; however usually distributed according to the laborer's worth. There is the usual encouragement of arts, but for the most part the distruction of indivdiual initiative.

The democratic and capitolistic society has as its main ideal a representative government, duly elected in free elections. All people are equal in the eyes of the law, and there is a supposed equalization of opportunity. Ownership is private, wholly private, and a mecca for individual initiative. Also the people possess freedom of speech, press, and religion. England, although a limited monarchy, has a form of democracy more responsible to the will of the people than that of the United States. Even though they have no constitution, except the Magna Charta which is not essentially the same, their leaders are elected and kept by popular ballot more in accordance with the will of the people. True democracy is undeniably the closest to perfect but it too has some easily noted disadvantages, which are too numerous to be enumerated here. These disadvantages rest for the most part upon the "rottenness' of party politics.

As may be seen each type of present day government has its over powering weakness. Perhaps the difficulty lies in the fact that people themselves are not perfect. Could it be possible that from these various types, taking their advantages, a super government might be moulded? Such a government should possess: an encouragement of the arts, and education and health program, a representative centarlized control, a nationalistic feeling, freedom of religion, speech, and press, government in the hands of the people and a protector of them, private ownership, but land for all (very important), equalization of opportunity, a good system of return, perhaps better distribution of income, and the stimulatio nand direction of the individual and his initiative.

The working of the world involved many twists and turns but any form of government if in the hands of the right people is a good form of government. Who, one may as, are the *right people*? The right people are those who, ruling by the grace of God, will be most in harmony with their constituents.

There are certain undeniable principles which every good government must have. Whether all such principles could be combined successfully remains for future generations to solve. In time some *panacea* msut be discovered or otherwise there will be no world over which to put a governing body. The evolution of civilization should more suggest the way to perfection. Now humanity can only flounder in a sea of ignorance trying first one idea then another. Man has grasped a few of the ideals that will lead to perfection, his task is to *find* them all, for then and only then can he find his desired goal. One of the tenets he has found is the necessity of freedom for all. Perhaps for this foundation he can build world government. Government, effective and successful, is the first problem of this age; and through it alone can *help* be found.

Perfection in government is an enigma, men can only keep on looking—for its component parts. Perhaps one would be better off in Shangri-La, in the high atmosphere of the Himilayas, where the llneas devote themselves to music and other esoteric studies, where men live forever in perfect concord. There they have food for the zourmet, scenery for the traveler, beauty for the artist, friendship for the religious, happiness for the lovere, there the initiates are attune with the infinite, there—in the Valley of the Blue Moon.

* * *

Ode to the Moon

By Neilyn Griggs

To western mews Apollo drives his pair,
Then cooling night prevails o'er firey air.
Diana raises as her sib departs,
Her carriage brings strange thoughts into men's hearts.
Oh Moon, who are the phantom soul of man
Control his ardor with you sober ban.
His hopes and sorrows lie within your light,
His silent dreams would fain attain you hight.
Luna, around whose visage pink mist shines
The best and worst of man your light defines.
A blessing to humanity your ray
When poets' voices rise their hymn to say;
And yet, curse to man your beam provides,
When fraudlence, discovered flees and hides.
Ah, shimmering crescent, monarch of the night
Can my poor reason rightly judge your night
For as your glow streams down upon my face,
I realize that death will end my pace;
But moon, your home shall always be above
To symbolize man's hate, desires———his love.

Campana

By Barbara Benson

It would not have mattered so much had it not been for the bell . . . that incessant bell. I first heard it tolling a monotone through the darkness as I was riding alone on the pampas. I heard it and I was lost; I had been riding most of the day and somehow I had lost my way. For hours I wandered through the waist-high grass which grows in that desolate section, grass which seemed to clutch at my ankels as my horse brushed past it.

There were few roads, and those were hardly more than tracks; I knew that if darkness overtook me I would never be able to find my way back to civilization. I cursed myself for my failure to notice where I had been going; I cursed my weary mount for stumbling.

My hopes sank with the sun behind the waving prairie grass, and my worst fears were justified when the night enveloped everything in a stifling black velvet curtain. Not a star appeared in the heavens, and I wished violently for a light in the distance or some sign of life. I rode in circles for what seemed hours; then I stopped out of sheer exhaustion and tried to collect my thoughts enough to decide what to do next. Since I had not the vaguest idea as to the direction of the estancia I could not possibly expect to be able to get that night; I could only hope to reach a nearby ranch and spend the night there, getting directions for my return the next morning.

It was then that I began hearing the bell. The sound of the bell floated clearly acros the still night and beckoned me onward. A bell meant a house; a house, people.

I listened carefully for a few minutes; sure enough, there it was again—the faint clang of an iron bell. It seemed to be coming from behind me; I turned my horse and retraced my steps. After a short time the bell rang again; it was louder this time. My spirits rose; I was approaching shelter, and now I needed it, for the rising wind brought with it a sudden torrent of cold rain which soaked me to the skin and made the horses's reins clamy to my hands.

I rode on, shivering with intense cold, straining my eyes for a glimpse of light on the horizon. Yet all remained black; I couldn't distinguish my hands from the smothering blackness, even when I held them in front of my face. The grass rustled and sighed as the wind went through it; my horse snorted and breathed heavily as he made his way through the storm. Otherwise I heard no sound; the silence was oppressing. I rode on and waited for the bell to guide me to some habitation. But I didn't hear the bell again. It rang no more, and as before I was lost in the opaque nothingness which can only be experienced on the lonely pampas at night.

The storm increased its volume, and the thunder rolled somewhere off to my right. I turned up my collar to keep the deluge which had been turned loose over me from running down my neck; my saddle screaked as my horse breathed in and out, in and out.

A streak of lightning rent the night and silvered the tops of a million blades of grass, making it look like a rolling sea of sword-tips. I shut my eyes and prayed for the bell . . . la campana. The drums around me beat louder; the ground shook with the ensuing claps of thunder, and I felt my horse stiffen as if frightened suddenly by something. I listened; it was not the bell I heard this time, but the sound of distant hoof-beats. They were the hoof-beats, but the bell again sounded and I turned in its direction. The other rider was perhaps a lost wanderer as was I, and he, too, was following the bell to seek refuge from the storm. I urged my horse on through the rain; I was consoled with the thought of a cheerful hearth at which to dry my damp self, and of the good wine which my host at the house of the bell would undoubtedly provide.

soon they were so close behind me that I imagined the other rider's horse was breathing on my back and stepping on my steed's flanks. But still I could see nothing either behind or in front of me. Never before had I known such darkness; my body ached from hours of riding, my throat was dry, and I was afraid of the loneliness. And still the inkyness of the pampa sky surrounded me and the dismal rain poured down.

The anxiety in me subsided as I heard again and again the ringing of the bell, come," it seemed to say. It was my only link with life, and I hurried towards it, followed always be the other horseman.

Now I was getting very near the bell—its pealing became louder and louder until I was almost deafened by it; the thunder rumbled, joining the bell in a disonant duet. Again and again I looked behind me; and thought I could not see the other rider I could hear his horse's jerky breathing and the sound of its hooves as they sank into the soggy grass.

Now the bell rang out right above me; I pulled my horse to a halt and tried to peer through the darkness. A flash of lightning lit up the sky and cast my shadow on the undulating grass. Not twenty paces in front of me I saw an ash white wall tinted blue by the flash of light; I saw the wall of a ranch house, an old Spanish style mansion with grill work over the windows with the usual balcony and a bell-tower jutting out of the flat roof. Yet there was not a single light to be seen within the house; and except for the bell, all was silent.

However, I did stop to wonder where my host might be; I was too tired and too cold to ponder on such matters. Straight into the arched gateway I rode; the hoof-beats behind me followed still. I entered the courtyard and dismounted stiffly; my horse shook himself and stood quietly in the downpour, too exhausted to move. I turned to see if the other rider intended to go in, and to my surprise, the patio was empty except for myself and my horse. The other horseman was not there . . . perhaps it was my imagination, I reasoned; but then I realized that it could not have been trick of my mind, for as another lightning flash filled the courtyard with an eerie light I saw the tracks of two horses in the mud. Bewildered, I hurried to the entrance to the old estancia and pushed the massive wooden door open. It gave unwillingly, its hinges creaking as if protesting against my intrusion. Obviously the door had not been opened for a long time.

Inside I found myself in a room which was as still and musty as the interior of a pyramid. From a blur of lightning which appeared at a casement window high up above the flagstone floor on which I stood, I saw the immense hall I had entered. It was so dark and large that the other end of it seemed to be miles away from me, and the furniture the room contained was covered with dank-smelling canvases. On the cold gray stone walls hung ancient faded tapestries. A broad marble staircase extending from the ceiling at the other end of the hall to the center of the chamber filled most f the room, and I was astonished to find ch luxury in that isolated place.

The lightning's glare vanished, leaving e in total darkness. I fumbled in my ockets for a match; and, finding one, endeavored to strike it. However, it as too damp to ignite, and I had no way f making light for myself. After feeling y way in the dark to the foot of the aircase, I paused to wait another burst f lightning before progressing up the airs. Since the house was evidently deerted, I had decided to look around. If could only find a candle or a lamp, I ight be able to dry out my matches and rocure enough illumination tosee by. I as grateful for any sort of shelter, with r without lights, and I was sure that the ext morning I would be able to return to y destination if the storm abated. The ld place had been closed up for so great time that the air inside was very warm y clothes began to dry and my spirits rise.

I got a second and better glimpse of e huge hall by means of another flash hich was succeded by a terrible clap of under. The tapesteries on the walls hook from the vibration; and as if from owhere, there suddenly appeared at the ead of the stairs a faint light which eemed to be coming towards me. I stood s if petrified and watched the pinprick f light slowly descend the steps. It beame larger as it approached me, and I aw at once that it was the glow from a mall candle. Half-frightened, I stared t the light until I could discern behind the outline of the lower features of a an's face—a horrible face whose palid kin was made even whiter by the flickerg flame, and whose beady eyes held in hem the glassy stare of a madman. At rst only the lower side of his chin and ose could be seen by the weak light; hen as the man advanced down the staircase a bright flare from the forked lightning which tried to dart in the window high up to my left silhoutted the figure of the man against the shadowy staircase.

His unsmiling, white face appeared to be flaring at me; I retreated unconciously a step or two as he came straight for me. I spoke to the man, asking him if I might remain in the house for the night, or at least until the raging storm subsided; but I received no answer. Instead, the man with the candle proceeded to walk towards me, his eyes burning with a fierce hatred.

Again I spoke to the man, this time with a note of fear in my voice; why did the man not answer? I was by this time standing with my back against the heavy door; the man yet came closer and closer until he was near enough to touch me. I half-turned to to open the door behind me in order to flee out into the darkness, but the sinister figure was too near for me to get the door open without touching the man, for his eyes told me that he wished to kill me.

He stood, his expression unchanging, holding the dancing candle in front of him, staring intently at me as if trying to memorize my features. I asked him what he wanted of me, but still he did not answer; then, being unable to get away from him by means of the door, I felt myself filled with a panic which I cannot describe; I sought desperately some way of avoiding the man, who was slowly moving even nearer to me. I stood face to face with the man, trying to think of a method of escape; and as he approached me in that silent, deliberate manner, I realized that I must do something. There was death in his eyes. I leaped as far as I could to my right and rushed blindly towards the opposite side of the dark hall. With a shriek the man followed me, his candle going out as he ran. The cry echoed throughout the house, building up and dying down, and then returning to pierce my ears as I stumbled over the scattered pieces of furniture which stood here and there in the unlit chamber.

A merciful glow from the little window silvered the room and within the brief moment that the light remained in the room, I chanced to see a tiny door behind the wide staircase; it was open and meant an escape to me. I headed for it, but the blackness again dropped to envelope everything before I reached the opening, and I struck the wall with considerable force and began to grope along the damp stones in the direction I thought the door to be in. Luck was with me, for I at last felt the edge of the stone wall with my left hand and knew that I had reached the door; I plunged into the opening and groped my way along the narrow passage way. I soon was forced to stoop to keep from bumping my head on the low ceiling of the tunnel into which I had entered, and as I continued winding along the pitch-black mouse-hole I discovered that the passage was becoming smaller and smaller. An unearthly chill overcame me as I was made aware of the fact that soon the passage would lead me to a dead-end—it was getting more narrow with each step. I rested for a moment to gather the fragment of wits that I had left to me; and a curious feeling possessed me. I was trapped. I turned frantically to look over my shoulder to see if the man was pursuing me even here. The smallness of the tunnel made it difficult to turn my head; I listened carefully. but I could hear nothing but my own breathing; perhaps he had not seen me disappear through the door! Hope arose in me, but when I glanced behind me, they died, for I saw the man was ver there far in the distance along the passage I had just traversed. I saw the gleam of a candle—the white face—the yellow glow.

I knew that I must not stop; somehow I must find a way to get out of the tunnel. I crawled further until I had to stretch out and wiggle my way along on my stomach. My hands were bruised from the rough stones on the floor of the passage, but my frenzy was too great for me to take notice of my bleeding nails. I could think of but one thing—escape! Suddenly my numbed hands felt wood, not stone now, but my brain seemed not to be connected with my body at all. My sense of touch told me that I was now on a wooden surface, but the fact did not register in my confused brain. Escape! Escape! I could see the rays of light that his candle gave off; they lighted the passage and cast the shadow of my head on the floor in front of me.

I came to the end of the passage; there was a hole about two feet wide. The tunnel had opened up on a huge cavern which had curious drawings on the walls. I could see a part of the cavern by the light of the candle behind me; now I was through the hole which terminated the tunnel and was standing up in the cavern, my head whirling and my knees trembling from the fear which now ran through every fiber of my body. I did not stop to wonder how I had managed to squeeze through the tiny hole as I turned in a daze to look at it; I was forthe moment safe. That was all that mattered; I was safe! Then through the opening there protruded a hand—a hand grasping a candle. The candle burned brighter for a few seconds, then it went out.

The blackness terrified me; then it gave me a sense of security until I heard the man groan as he, too, crawled through the opening. The panic returned; I was still trapped, and this time there was no escape. I dragged my laden feet across the floor; it was wooden and there was a space beneath it, for my footsteps re ounded hollowly I moved to the other ide of the cavern to get as far away as ossible from the man. Then I heard he screech which had so frightened ne before; the man was through the hole nd was after me. I heard him running cross the floor towards me, and I dodged im and ran as far as I could past him o the other side.

The chase continued for some minutes ntil I felt that I could not move another tep; my breath grew short, and I became dizzy. The man uttered one horrible ry after the other until at last the noise fused with all the silence and after I know not how long, my senses left me; I felt myself sinking; I heard the splintering of oards, and all was silent.

When I awoke I had a pain in my head Perhaps it came from the clashing of the ell I now heard and the screams of the nad man. I could not distinguish one sound from the other, and the doleful clang of the bell became so unbearable that I felt I must die. It dulled every nerve and I could not move. At last, however, I began to stir, for the last thing I could remember was the white face of the man with the wickedly burining candle and the look of death in the man's eyes.

I forced my aching frame up off the floor, and presently I recovered enough to wonder where I was. The bell tolled on and on—its peals came slowly and regularly, louder each time until I felt my head must break. I was jarred out of my coma by the sight of the candle glow which appeared out of nowhere. This time it was above my head. As my eyes became used to the light, I could tell that the white-faced man was holding the candle down, looking for me—he was leaning over a hole in the ceiling above me, peering down at me. There was a leer on his face. Stunned, I starred at him. Then I realized that I must have fallen through the wooden flooring of the cavern; the question of whether or not the man would be able to follow me here haunted me. I moved back against the wall which I encountered behind me so as to get out of the light and hide from the man's glassy stare. But his penetrating eyes and the fingers of candle-light seemed to follow me every where, and I knew once more that I must run. I stumbled along the wall; some instinct of self-preservation forced me to run for the man. Vainly hoping for a door or some outlet, I pounded the dirt walls and dug into them, tears of frustration streaming down my face.

Just as I was about to give up and sink to the floor in despair, I felt a gust of air. By the gleam from the candle up above me I saw a huge, gaping hole in the wall about a foot above my head; if only I could make it, I might again have a chance to escape. Yet with the man and his evil eyes watching me like a vulture watching for a rabbit, I knew that this was but a part of a terrible game of his; his screams would at last overpower me and I would die—his victim. Yet I could not give up so readily with an avenue to freedom yawning so near me; I grasped the slimy edge of the hole and tried weakly to pull myself up. After several futile attempts, I had to drop to the floor of my little cage and rest. I was in a sort of cave which had been dug out of the earth; it smelled damp like a freshly made grave. I longed for release from the sound of the bell and from the torture of being hunted by this man with a candle; I fervently prayed for quiet and darkness and sleep. I had to get away from the constant din made by the bell. More than to escape the man and his infernal candle, I wanted to crawl into some place where the deafening roar would cease and leave me in peace. It was the bell which finally made me exert the last ounce of strength left in me to pull my body up onto the ledge in the side of the wall.

With a final heave I dragged my legs up and collasped in a state of total exhaustion. I looked back again to see if I might be at last safe, but I was not. The dreadful eyes and candle were now in the cave I had just left, ever in pursuit of me. Why should this monster want to kill me: I had not time to think about it; I had to flee, flee into the unknown darkness again. Terror knawed at me, and cautiously I crept on my hands and knees further into the tunnel I found beyond the ledge. I stood up, took a step, then stumbled and fell. I was conscious of no pain now; only the sound of the bell, the blinding beams from the candle which was eternally behind me. Flee! Run! Escape! Hurry! were the only signals which my brain sent out to my unmb limbs. I felt around me and found the cause for my fall; I had ran upon some stairs. Every second's delay was vital now; I mustn't let him get me. I wanted to live, to gain the freedom of the night, to be out in the storm once more—no time to stop now—escape—he was after me, striving to furder me—I must outwit him, I mustn't die—faster, faster—climb, climb—up the steps—hurry! He's coming! "Move", screamed my brain; I moved. I went up the series of stone steps which were carved out of natural rock; they were damp and mossy to my touch. I tried to stand up, but my head stuck the rock top of the passageway, and I dropped quickly to my hands and knees again began to climb as fast as I could, heedless of the cuts and bruises the sharp edges of the steps gave me. I turned for yet another look behind me—yes, It was still there— that Thing that wished to exterinate me—the pale face and the yellow flame jumping here and there, and the bell, the incessant bell. I was going mad; I could stand the noise no longer. If only the bell would stop for just a minute—but it did not. bell screamed out, "Clang, Kill! Clang! Kill! Cam-cam-cam—campana! Pan-Pan Pan-Ya!" until it seemed that I had never know silence—it was just a memory, a word. I moved slower and slower; my limbs would not function correctly—I could go no further; but I had to! I had to free myself from the bell, la campana —the bell which tormented me. If only the man would kill me and free me from the bell! Campana. Yet I could not stop, though every muscle cried out for rest. Somehow I had to keep going; the steps wound around and around in a steep, dizzy flight; I crawled up and and up until it seemed that I had been climbing in a spiral forver . . . then my head hit something hard. I could go no further. The cold terror clutched at my heart as I saw the light fall on the wall in front of me. "No, No!" I cried, and I put my hands up to the ceiling my head had touched and pushed with all my might—I must get out of there!

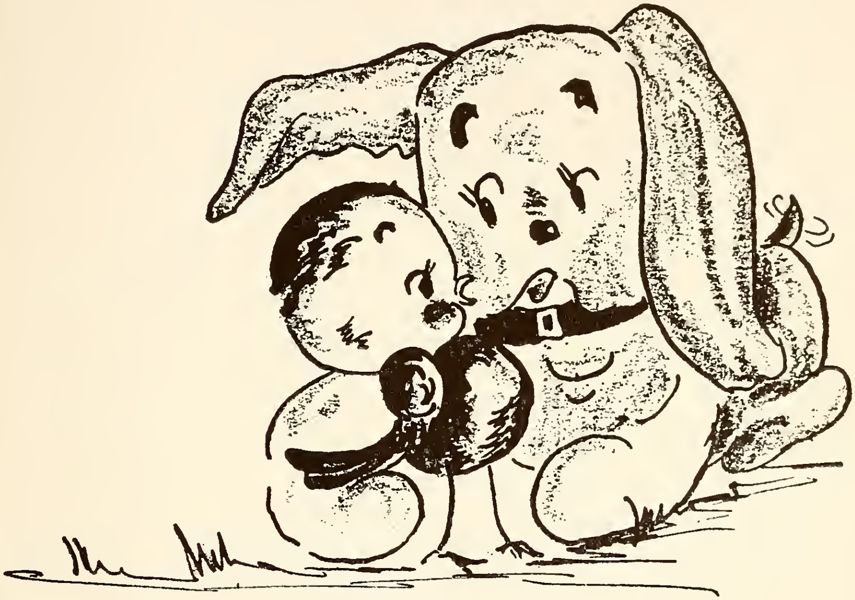
I had come to a trap door—it moved, slowly at first, then it swung back easily, and I breathed fresh air for the first time in years, it seemed.

Limply I climbed out of the passage into the bell tower. The bell was ringing —ringing louder than before; I could not think for the clash of the bell; it paralysed me and tore my senses from me. "Campana! Free! Free!" The rain struck me in the face. It was cool, refreshing. I was free. The thunder rolled above the sound of the bell—it made the whole tower quiver. I could hear the bell's clapper strike the side of the large bell, but I could see nothing in the black rain.

A brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the tower; the bleak roof of the house flashed silver before me; its glare blinded me—another flash followed and I looked at the bell. There it hung—with a body hanging beneath it, the rope around its neck tied to the clapper of the bell. Campana. Campana. It rang on and on, the body swaying back and forth each time the clapper struck the bell.

Hysterically I laughed with joy. The body was the body of that man—the man with the white face. He was dead. It was a ghost that had been following me —a ghost with death in its eyes. My persurer was dead—he couldn't harm me. I laughed again as I stood in the rain.

Then the lightning flared up again and I saw the body's face and realized with horror that it was familiar—I was staring at myself!



"Rusty"

Raking one's back yard doesn't usually offer a chance of finding something unusual. But one sunny day last September proved to be an exception. I was raking industriously around the low, bushy evergreen trees, when suddenly I saw a fuzzy ear that looked strangly like a part of my dog, "Rusty". I wondered immediately what in the world my rambuncious puppy could be doing sitting stone still under an evergreen bush. Cautiously I lifted up the branches to find out. There peeping and chirping was a tiny little sparrow standing between Rusty's paws and looking into his eyes as if he were singing to him. If Rusty had had any hungry thoughts they had apparently all left him, because there he was, head turned sideways, ears cocked and eyes glued to the little bird, obviously entranced.

By Anne Watters

Rhyme 'n Time

A Light Sifts Through My Window

By Neilyn Griggs

A light sifts through my window
And scatters itself in varied shapes
Upon my darkened floor.
There was a time when right and wrong
Were as these grotesque forms,
Black and white.

But now I know that with the dawn these
Two dissolve each other
And become but
One dull gray.

Close your eyes.
Forget all of the hard faces
Hidden by the vivid color of paint.
Go beyond the blue smoke haze,
And the swirling skirted figures.
Forget the slur of savage music
And shallow laughter.
Close your eyes.
While the soft sobs of a violin
Play a prelude to your dreams.

By Sue C. Coker

The Sleeping Artist

By Jane Ellen Tye

He had fallen asleep on the day couch,
His touseled hair on the pillow, his lashes
Lying gently on his cheek, his bold, strong hands
Curved, limply resting as he slept.
I was touched, touched deeply as if someone had taken
A harp string from my heart and sent it quivvering,
I was touched to see the hands, the brown, powerful
Hands of the sleeping artist so lifeless, so gentle,
So uncontrolled.

A Refuge

By Sue C. Coker

The night is very kind to the ugly.
Behind drawn shades and enclosed doors,
They pour their dreams
Into the absorbing black pitcher of night.
The bashful scholar
Is a brillant eloquant statesman.
The crippled girl
Dances in a pale blue filmy dress.
The night is very kind to the ugly.
It enfolds them and reflects beauty.

AMBITION IS A PIED PIPER THAT LURES US INTO FASCINATION AND SHACKLES US FROM FREEDOM WITH GOLDEN CHAINS

By Sue Coker

Black Utopia

By Mary Simms

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

* * *

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul: And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

But the man sinned, and he with his wife was driven out from the garden and made to become a tiller of the soil. And they begat children who in turn begat children and from amongst those begot God selected his chosen people, Israel. But Israel also sinned greatly and was driven away from the promised land to become a race of wanderers in Egypt. And the sins of man were so grievous unto the Lord God that he sent to earth his only begotten Son to redeem man of his sins. But the Son of God left man mortal and with free will to sin again.

Then from across the Mediterranean there grew up another empire, but this empire, being also composed of mortals, became corrupt and was over-run by barbarians, and a great deal were destroyed. And other empires sprang up and covered the earth with what was called civilization. But the men whom God had made continued to sin and waged a great war—empire against empire—but still the Lord did not banish them from the face of the earth, for He was a merciful God and the great war served as a warning for the children of God. But this war was not sufficient warning to God's children, and in the space of two decades the empires saw fit to war again in a fiercer and more bloody war and created a grotesque weapon of death. The Lord God is a merciful God, but He is also just, and his justful wrath came down and fell on the empires of civilization, and the world that the Lord had created shook with the thunder of the wrath of the Lord, and the oceans heaved up from their basins and covered the face of the earth with a deep green brown crust shutting out light and the face of the Lord; and man was once again punished and again allowed to exist.

But let those who question the justness of God look for a time at the great civilization that man spent two thousand years in creating, and God took but seconds to destroy. Let them look at the cities of that civilization and let them look at its rural sections and let them look at its royalty and its slaves.

New York enveloped in a new-born mist through which the sun like a teasing coquette projects her lace fan, ripples it gently and tauntingly snatches it away. New York reaching her tall buildings for the sky, bespeaking her proud destiny—a great beautiful city with its magnificient parke, lavish, well-kept homes, numerous and costly churches, and above all some eight million persons each en-God-like potentialities. New York, the largest city on earth, situated in a democracy which is the greatest nation on earth. A comparatively new and Christian nation. A nation blessed with multitudinous natural resources. A nation whose principal doctorine is stated in the opening paragraph of its foremost governmental document which reads: "All men are created free and equal and are endowed with certain unalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

And now if you would say: "why, what a just and noble city. For what reason must it be destroyed? "Let us lift up the golden mist and examine it with the aid of a sensitive telescope. Let us first perceive the homes of this noble city and from there continue our observation.

Yes, there are lavish and well-kept houses with formal gardens and gracious drawing rooms, but it is not from these that New York finds its eight millions. If we would look for these, we must come nearer the heart of the city. We must look in impersonal apartments and unpleasant walkups. We must visit the tenement area and smell the sickening stench of closely packed bodies and the food that rarely comes in sufficient quantaties to fill the aching bellies. We must be repulsed by the fifth that starts outside the body and eats into the soul. We must watch the dirty, crying children with their ever running noses as they fight with one another and fling violent oaths they do not understand. We must see these children cower as we pass and bow their heads and look up at us with dissillusioned and untrusting eyes. These are the backguard and the majority . . .

It is here in the tenements and in the one-room flats that the sweaters live. The free and equal people who clean the sewers of other free and equal people, and accept their pittance and their hate. It is here that the wash-women live, and the hash waitresses, and the prostitutes, and the broken down vaudeville actors and all those without hope of faith or the ability to care. Here live the possessors of certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

We say there must be something wrong with the administration of a city that will allow such conditions to exist. Let us examine the government of this city. So we look at the political machine that executes government in our democracy, which is the most perfect and idealistic form of government to be found in all of civilization. We study it for a while, and we watch little incapable men put in big positions requiring capability because they are little and incapable and thus more easily managed. We see the buying and selling of votes, and we watch the power of the dollar in motion and feel the hardness of the metal. We watch the men in power sit back and rule the little men with the case of good chess players. We watch their taxing systems, their principal method of acquiring the hard metal which buys their official positions and holds them, and we note that under these systems the poor grow poorer and the rich are not hurt. And we turn away and say, let us go to the churches and hear the holy music and watch the city worship. Here surely there will be goodness and charity.

The church is a structure of massive beauty and fine architecture. The organ plays strains of ethereal loveliness and piety, and there are thousands here to pray. This surely is the house of God and brotherly love. And the women whose liveried chauffers wait to carry them to the manicurists, enter and, upon finding a negro in their pew, leave with an air of self-righteous indignation. A sleeping child awakes to cry and be slapped and told to sleep again. A drunk, finding himself sufficiently sober, gropes his way out accompanied by a loud hic-cough. A woman wearing sable gives nobly one bill from a long roll of bills—a ragged child, a dime which is her all. The woman cringes on her way out and looks as if she's smelled a nasty smell when the child passes. She will start a movement soon to confine those vagabond children to churches of their own. Behind the church there is a thriving whore-house.

"America, America, God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea."

But yet there must be that worth saving. We have not yet seen the rural communities. The salt of the earth. The man who lives in communion with nature and God. Surely he . . .

Continental Europe. The older part of our civilized world, and France the center of its culture. France where the main goal of man is self-expression and the liberty to exercise it freely. The village is a number of hamlets on a charming, impractical road running through acres of farmland. Europe has always kept society in a caste system, and France was too long a country of peasants to be easily changed . . . We find those who would have been peasants had there been no Revolution owning small plots of land from which through simple ignorance they are unable to eke out more than a bare existence. They would have been better fed and doctored had they remained serfs, but they have their precious and dearly bought freedom with which to smoothe their hunger pangs and cure their sickness. These loose-limbed men and high-breasted women who form the backbone of the French or any other nation rise in the morning, eat to satisfy their hunger, draw on coarse clothes to hide their nakedness, and go to the fields to work and sweat with their antiquated farming methods until the pangs return to tell them that it is time to eat again. Year following year, there are the crops to be planted and harvested, the droughts and the foods to contend with, the fear of not supplying the family needs and the wolf never safely distant from the door. There are the basic desires to be fullfilled and the basic needs to be supplied. The men become bent in a grotesque facsimile of their plows and their minds are obsessed by their needs. They look at the sky to determine the weather and in the midst of nature lack the sensitivity to perceive it. The women marry as soon as they are capable of giving birth, and their lives are a fullfilling of this end. They bear sons and raise them up to be able to take from the soil the same living that their fathers did before them. They bear daughters that they may marry other women's sons and bear sons in their turn. And always there is the fear and the weariness, and the weariness becomes an integral part of the man and is also in his brain and his emotions and is handed down from generation to generation.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

But in case there are those still who would question God's justness in destroying the world as He created it, let them look for a time at the war which was the final cause of the great wrath of God.

War with all its death and destruction. Death on a runaway horse runs rampant over the countryside and has no rider to pull at the reins and alter its progress. Death in a million different forms each equalling its neighbor in horror. It may be found on the faces of those who have not yet lived because there has not been time, and on the faces of those who have known life most intimately and found it good. Everywhere there is the smell of death and the feel of death and the fear of death. There is death in the sticky red liquid forming a valentine around a sleeping soldier's head, and there is death and more than death in the face of a pilot who cannot pull out of a dive, and there is death on a raft ten days afloat without water, and everywhere there is death. A war constitutes the death of a great number of individuals and each individual is a being whose immortal soul is submerged in a piece of flesh capable of halting the rapid progress of a bullet. There are many bullets to be stopped. War is also composed of hate. Everyone is fighting for the cause, or so they are told and all who are fighting for a different cause must be hated and annihilated, but only an unfortunate few are ever able to discover what the cause is. The others fight and die happily for it and are noble.

It is not only the soldiers that war affects. War is a time for raised prices and profiteering and greed and mass hysteria. It is a time when prostitution takes on the nom de plume of patriotism and runs rampant. It is a time of waiting and day-to-day living and broken homes. It is a time when whole men go forth and return half-men. It is a time of weapons of destruction screaming in the night as a sleeping town is demolished, and a time of hunger, but most of all it is a time of desolation and fear. Fear on the faces of pock-marked women as they fight for a morsel of bread, and fear for the safety of those long since dead. Fear of being a coward and the nightmare fear of dying. War is a time of mass slaughter and the survival of the fittest caused by a few men's unjust lust for power passed off as a desire to avenge an injustice.

"Great is the battlegod, great is his kingdom?
A field where a thousand corpses lie."

These were the causes for the righteous wrath of the just God, and as the crimes were great, great was the punishment and great the degradation of the man whom God created to rule and have dominion over the earth and the beasts of the fields.

2.

When the wrath of God shook the earth and the oceans rushed up from their basins, the great cities of man were destroyed and the crust which formed over the earth from the oceans revealed not light to man, and the crust was from the ground only sufficient distance to allow man to crawl on his belly as did the reptile that tempted Eve in the garden. And with the crust all light was obliterated and without light there was no longer present hope and without hope there was no God, and upon waking, the people had no remembrance of God or the universe as it had existed before. They had left to them little more than instinct, and they knew not how to live nor did they remember the laws of civilization, and there were no courts or churches to direct them and no fear of something unknown to restrain them. And man reverted to the beastial state, and life became fundamental.

On waking Olan found himself unable to rise from the ground, and for a long time this puzzled him, and the desire to rise became an obsession with him, and he did not understand why he wished to rise from the ground, for all around him he heard the sounds of other human beings whom he supposed to be like himself, being unable to see them and having no knowledge of any other form of being than himself, and these beings seemed content not to rise and had no inclinations or knowledge of rising or motion in another position than upon their bellies. And he wondered at himself and was disturbed at being different, but the feeling of hunger soon came and overpowered all other feelings, and he forced himself to crawl along the ground and search for something with which to fill himself. After much crawling he found some form of palatable substance and ate of it and found it not good or to his taste, but it satisfied his hunger and he rolled over on his back and slept. The squirming along the ground had tired him, and his hands hurt from the clods and gravel and the skin on his stomach was torn and his clothes were in pieces and stuck to the cuts on his body.

On waking again Olan was afraid, and his body hurt from his cuts, and he was in misery and he gathered up as much of the food as he could carry and prepared to return to the place where he had first waked, for it was familiar to him. Once more he crawled along the ground in search for it, and he had difficulty finding it, for it was dark and he had been there but once, and he had slept. He did finally reach it, and he was exultant, for he had been sore afraid. He lay there clutching the spot to him, and huge sobs racked his body and took away some of the soreness and the pain. It was then that he realized that he was not alone—that in his absense someone else had come and taken over his place and was lying in it. A sense of rage took possession of him and blinded him and made the blood rush to his head and fought with him like a mad animal, and when he had killed him he rolled over and slept from his exhaustion.

Food was the first and principal need to be supplied and man learned to make the queer plants on which his very existence depended grow around the holes that he groveled in the dirt and would have called home had he remembered the word. By the time the first plant matured into food substance, Olan had felt the skin on his hands and stomach grow tough and calloused and he no longer had the desire to rise. After food and water became available to man, he sought a way to communicate with his fellow beings, and the first means of communication was touch. Olan learned to distinguish one neighbor from another by smell, and he knew the strong from the weak, and the strong were respected and the weak overrun and only the strong survived. And Olan formed a sort of clan with those whose holes were nearest his own, but he did not trust them for they tried to steal his food and he trusted only his own strength. And in the first days when he lay in his hole a woman came near him and he knew it was a woman by the whimpering sound she made and he lay very still and wondered if she wanted his food and how she was different from himself and when she was very near to him and he could feel her warm breath on his shoulder he feared she would take of his food or water, and he knew he must kill her, but he lay still in his hole and waited. And then she made the whimpering sound again and he was filled with a strange feeling, but it was not the feeling he had felt toward the man whom he had killed, and he wondered how she was different from that man and from all men and he reached over and laid his hand on her and she whimpered again and the feeling welled up in him and choked him and he felt as if he must burst, and then she was part of him and he no longer thought or wondered, but knew, and it was over and he slept.

He wondered when he woke if she were still there and he lay there until it became urgent for him to find out. Then he groped for her in the darkness and found her lying where he had left her and once again he possessed her body which was not like his own and for all of that day he did not leave his hole or the woman who had come to him. The next time he woke after having slept for a long time he found that he no longer desired the woman and he pushed her from him and struck her and forced her away from the hole where he lay and was filled with wonder that he longer wanted that which had so lately seemed desirable. And for a long time the man was satiated and allowed no woman near him. And when the people became able to communicate that which they thought through sounds they restricted the women to a separate part of the ground where no man could enter and from which the women could only come periodically so that which they had once found desirable might become desirable again.

But after a time from the camp of the women came the sounds of the children which they had borne, and the men heard the sounds of the children and they were good and the men went to the camp of the women and demanded to see the children and Olan held one which a woman had brought to him and he wondered if the child was his own and he liked the feel of the child in his arms and the feeling which he had for the child was not like any other feeling he had ever experienced and he did not want to give the child back to the woman who had given it birth, but he knew that the child was fed from the body of the woman and he could not take it with him. Then he conceived in his mind a plan whereby he could take them both back to his hole and dig another hole by its side in which to put the woman and the child until the child should grow big enough to eat of the food that he ate and he could send back the woman to her camp. But the woman feared that the others should find out and kill her and the child; so Olan told the men, for he was proud in the strength of his body and knew that none would openly defy him. So he took back with him the child and the woman who had given to it birth and dug with his hands another hole large enough for the woman and the child. And the woman fed the child and took care of it and Olan did not lay hold of her, for that was part of the plan, and soon all the men had dug fresh holes and brought to them the children which they desired, and the mother who nursed them. And the men found the plan good, and when the children no longer nursed the women they were not sent back but stayed on and each man had his own woman and child.

In this way Olan lived for a time in peace. Then from another land beneath the crust came other men, and when they had come and been received by the men in Olan's region they were unable to understand the means of communication and disagreements sprang up and the men would not leave and Olan knew that they must be driven away. So the men of Olan's clan fought with the men from the distant region, for they were not able to understand them, and many were killed in the battle, but the men were driven away. And among those killed was the child Olan had taken to raise, and Olan felt the loss of the child and his heart was heavy and the woman could not comfort him and he was powerless and did not understand his grief. And he wondered why it should have been his child that was killed, and he wondered at the power of death and his own inability to cope with it or defeat it by his strength. But after a time there were other children and Olan forgot the child that had been killed, but he could not forget the death which had defeated him.

In sleep he sometimes dreamt of the thing that was greater than strength, and he woke to wonder, and for a moment he would catch a glimpse of something that was better than that which he knew or had ever known and it puzzled him and it seemed almost like a memory, but he knew not what he had to remember. Then one day or over a period of time it came to him that there was perhaps something different and better above the crust which compelled him to grovel in the dust on his belly, and the crust became after a time an obsession, and he was filled with rebellion and the desire to know. It was then that he began the hammering over the hole in which he slept, and he hammered in the time when others slept with his hands or his feet or his head, and he found that his head worked best. He would hammer with his head at the crust which had become an obsession, and for long periods of time it would have no effect, but before he had reached the stopping point he would hear a sound and know that it must be breaking. And after a long time his strength of which he had been so proud began to ebb, for he had little rest, but it no longer seemed important, and the only thing that was important was the crust and the breaking of it.

And Olan's woman became puzzled that he no longer wanted her, and she left him and took the children with her and sought refuge elsewhere, but Olan no longer cared for anything but breaking through the horrible crust that bound him and kept him imprisoned from what? He did not know, but he knew he must find out—not only for himself but for his children and all the others who might never bother to wonder. But Olan's weariness increased with time and the crust remained impregnable. Near the end he wanted to tell someone so that he might carry on the work Olan had begun, but he had an instinctive feeling that no one would understand and an instinctive fear of being thought different. So he worked on in the hope that he might yet have strength to complete the break, but still the wall held, and it suddenly entered his mind that it might never break, and the thought took root and grew, and he was almost convinced that it would never break and that if it did he would find nothing. Then he wondered for what he had been searching, and if when he found it might not be worse that than which he knew, and then he knew that better or worse, it would not have been familiar, and he loved his hole in the ground which he had made and in which he had lived, and giving a final thrust at the crust against which he had so long rebelled and which had robbed him of his strength, he fell in his hole and died. And the crack in the earth's crust emitted a tiny ray of light and closed back up leaving darkness.

Interlude

By Neilyn Griggs

The earth takes a cool, satisfying breath
While shadows expell the last ray of sun.
Late blooming flowers drink of early dew,
And soon the last workman will
Come from the fields for a short moment
By the low burning fire simple food,
A bit of talk;
Then silence.
A mare and her foal stand close
By the herd charged with a stallion
Who shaked his name and neighs
From a ride of soil in defience
Of nightfall.

The sun is down,
The earth is still
And sleep creeps into living things.

On Enjoyment of Music

By Betty Coad

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
There earth is but an echo of the spheres."

—Byron

A music lover does not necessarily would be incapable of analyzing a symphony or of defining the meaning of the possess musical erudition. The majority word "canon" except as an instrument of war. All share one characteristic. They possess a "listening acquaintance" with the music they enjoy. This listening acquaintance means that they have heard a composition a sufficient number of times to have become familiar with its principal melodies and subdivisions. They can anticipate the music as it unfolds. They are prepared to enjoy it when it comes. When deeply moved they follow it tensely, almost breathlessly.

It is in this respect that music differs from, say, the movies. A movie is enjoyed fully when it is witnessed for the first time. Indeed, a few movies contribute more—and the majority contribute less enjoyment when viewed a second or a third time. Exactly the reverse is true with music. A musical composition, especially a complex composition such as a symphony, may not really be "heard" when one listens to it for the first time. Only through repeated hearings does the mass of sound gradually take shape, sort itself out, and assume a definite meaning.

The listener, then, is in a sense, a participant in the music he hears. He cannot enjoy music by being merely a bystander, and he does not obtain his enjoyment for nothing. What he contributes is familiarity; and, through familiarity, he brings to the performance of a composition the attention required to follow it as it develops.

To the enjoyment of music the listener brings something else as well. He brings his likes and dislikes; also, he brings his mood of the moment which predisposes him to hear this or that music, or perhaps not to hear music at all. He may, for example, be familiar with both Beethoven and Mozart, but may find neither of these composers—to him—as meaningful as Brahms. He may be in the mood for Stravinsky's blatant and colorful "Petrouchka" or crave the poetic eloquence of Smetana's "The oldau" or feel that nothing else will do but Debussy's elusive, sensitive "Nocturnes".

Actually, there is no "must" in musical tastes and musical noods, no obligation to like music because it is Beethoven's or Wagner's, or Cesar Franck's, or because it is performed by some world famous musician. There is every reason, in fact, for liking some things and disliking others. In music as in love one is subject to passing enthusiasms, to unaccountable fleeting passions. In music too, enduring attachments do develop overnight. It is the smallest thing which immediately affords the greatest pleasure, while the more solid type of musical fare does not yield itself completely on first acquaintance. Not that it is forbidding. It is merely unknown, and the unknown is seldom pleasurable. To be enjoyed, music must first be "contacted".

This matter of contacting music—of having a composition suddenly mean something beside a mass of bewildering sound—is dependent not only on the listener but also upon the performer. To be heard, music must necessarily be performed, and a good performance is as essential to the listener's enjoyment as is the familiarity with the music and the receptive mood which he himself contributes. Unfortunately, the inspired performance is rare. One may listen to a composition many times over, yet never find it more than mildly interesting until one day its meaning is revealed through a superlative performance. The listener then wonders whether this music is the same as that which he has heard so many times before.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."
—Shakespeare

The Ugly Child

By Jane Ellen Tye

Don't be afraid, child, to gaze into your mirror,
Or look downward to you reflection in the blue pool.
You tangled locks of hair, your misty eyes, your
Cold, grim little mouth will show, yes, but
Your heart, child,
The beauty, the magic, enchanting beauty of your heart
Outspeaks a thousand fold the face you have seen
In your mirror, that has brought you many tears.

The Alligator

By Neilyn Griggs

In dark gray swamps I find my home
Among the swaying, clinging vines.
From mire to mire I quietly roam
While up above some culture whines.

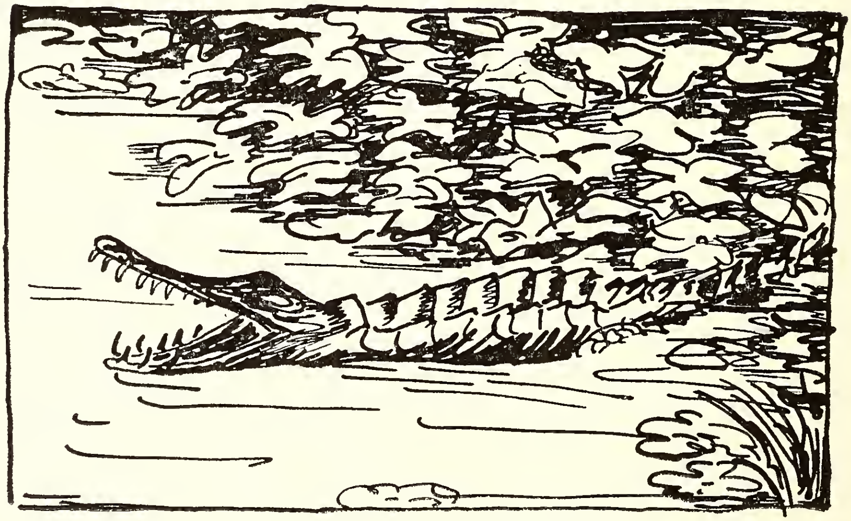
Through dark waters I gently glide
To find that place where life abounds
And finding it, I slowly slide
In to its midst that murd surrounds

I trace the swamp fox to his lair,
There hoping I may satisfy
A search that is my daily care.
As still the odd bird hovers high.

And yet my quest is not fulfilled
For Renyard does my jaws evade
By means such a man has willed
To vail some sin that he has made.

For me life is a current quest,
Of nurture and protection
But unlike man perhaps I'm blessed,
I fear not my thoughts' detection.

Yet wooled I am by grotesque shape
That lingers for my feast's remains.
But other swamp life does not gape
While thoughts are presses to black domains.



BRONZE CITY

(*Continued from Page 8*)

gone to bed, I'd sit and try to put on the scraps that I found all the things that I'd noticed that day. The ugliness of the world I lived in became something else then. Something deeper, something much bigger, something beautiful. The fat squat women sitting on the steps in the hot evenings, the confused drunks weaving their wobbly way home through the dusk, and the city. I painted the city over and over again, different places, different views, but always the Bronze City.

Bill listened to me. I don't know how he understood, but he seemed to have because he asked me what I did with them after I had finished.

"I always save them, every one. I've got them all stacked in my room, but, you know, I never touch them . . . not a line nor a color, not a shape or form;
they are right the first time. When I look at them the next day, I can hardly remember working on them at all; it is as I was drunk . . . like I am now.' I giggled in an odd voice but got up when Bill pulled be, saying he wanted to see them. I had never showed them to anyone, but I wanted to show them to someone tonight, to Bill . . . to anyone. I wanted to show him that a skinny little runt of a grocery clerk couldn't do more than add up the tab.

Bill and I climbed up the stairs that squeaked dismally on every step. It was a long climb—six flights. I turned my key in the lock and we stumbled through the dark to my room. While he sat on the bed, I pulled open the closet door and took the large stacks from the back. The only light shone from the dim bulb swaying overhead. He looked at each one, individually and I waited to hear what he would say.

"Cheez, Jim, these is crazier than hell. I thought we could use a couple of your things. The boss was talking about dressing up the place and giving it class, so when you started talking about painting, I thought maybe I could buy yours cheap . . . give you some dough and save us plenty, but now . . . well, I don't know. I don't know a damn thing about art, but they sure are crazy. Hit ya' funny. But I tell you what . . . these are probably damn good. The more I look at them the more I like them. In fact I like them fine right now." He was only trying to make me feel good. Funny Bill worrying about someone's feelings. "Tell you what . . . I'm sure the boss could use these. I'll give you fifty bucks for the lot; he can look through them and pick out what he likes and I'll give the rest back to you. I'll sell them to him for sixty bucks and then we'll all be happy. What do you say?"

I didn't know what to do. I'd never thought of selling them; I never thought I could. I never did look at them after the first time, and fifty dollars was more money than I'd ever seen at one time. I thought of all that fifty dollars would buy, and I sold.

I didn't see Bill for quite some time after that because I was pretty busy. The grocery store decided to have some condence in me, and I was promoted to the manager of the dairy department and a five-dollar raise. I was feeling pretty good and the future looked to me for the first time as if it had something in store for me. I even thought of moving. I hadn't had time to paint anything at all since I'd last seen Bill, but I was still interested. I liked to walk down fifty-seventh street and look in the windows of the art galleries that line both sides of the street. It was Saturday that I saw it, on my way home from work. It was sitting in the window of the swankies gallery on the street, all by itself, except for a little painted card down front that read: Bronze City, by William Brant. I pushed my way into the store, and a little fellow with a waxed mustache met me in the front.

Ah, he said in a castway voice, "I see you were attracted by the painting in the window. Let me show you other examples of the fine artist's work. He's a new contributor to our galleries, and we have his entire collection to date." The guy's voice thundered in my ears as I recognized all the things I'd sold Bill. " . . . evolved a new technique, that is . . . accepted as a true genius . . . never a lesson . . . hailed by critics and fellow artist alike . . . really remarkable fellow." Yeah, according to that guy I was really something. I knew I had to find Bill. I didn't know what I was going to do with him, but I was going to find out why there was the cramped signature "Brant" in the lower right-hand corner of every one of my pictures.

I turned toward the clip-joint on third avenue and walked swiftly down there trying to figure out how it had happened. I pushed into the place and although it was too early for any serious customers, there were a few drinkers in the front. There was ruggedly pretty man behind the bar that looked a little like Bill.

"Do you know where I could find Bill Brant?" I asked him.

"He don't work here any more. He's famous now . . . an artist. Imagine that dope an artist? Ask the boss, back there. He can tell you."

I thanked him and walked to the office in the back of the bar. When I knocked, a muffled voice answered and told me to come in. I was very calm as I asked where I could find Bill. I made it sound as if I were a good friend inquiring about someone's health. He looked me over and finally threw a card at me, with an address upon it. It said Park Avenue . . . Park Avenue. It wasn't far to walk. You just go a few blocks off Third Avenue, and there you find Park, with its big apartment houses and gold-braided doormen. I found the house; it wasn't hard; I'd passed it a million times on my way home from work. Nice of Bill to stay within walking distance. The doorman looked me up and down as if I should use the servant's entrance. I told him I was looking for Mr. Brant. He said he'd have to call and see if Mr. Brant was in. Mr. Brant was in, but who was calling? Jim? Just Jim? I was told to use the elevator on the left. Not steps to climb; this place had an elevator. It was on the twentieth floor. Way up so you could have a good view of the city.

There was a party going on inside. It was a bunch of the people Bill used to have to wait on; now they were his guests. You could tell their brackets by the custom-made suits and hand-painted ties. There were a lot of pretty women about who looked like they carried their silver spoon around for identification. I saw Bill in the middle of a small group of them, sighing over his big six-foot frame. "Oh, Mr. Brant. How did you ever manage to capture the heart of the city and get that infinite quality usually lacking in . . ." "And the degrading parts of the city . . . you've given such a profound beauty . . . imbue such sensitivity to a debauched . . . no artistic instruction?"

He had an answer. First, he used his eyes and then he murmured in a sick voice, "Feeling." "One must have feeling." Then he saw me. He couldn't have missed because I was standing just inside the doorway and I was the only guy in the room who had paid less than fifty bucks for the suit I was wearing. He didn't look so happy around the eyes. Kind of scared. Bill scared of me. We made some light conversation and then he invited me to come to his library where we could talk more privately. It was a nice room, all filled with books; just right for an artist, with feeling, who couldn't read. I figured I had him just where I wanted him when I looked in his eyes again . . . then I realized it wasn't fear I saw, but rage and hatred. I was scared.

"What do you expect to do about this, Jim?" said Bill.

I hadn't expected him to put me on the defensive, and I didn't know what to do or say now that he held the upper-hand again.

"Well, I'm not sure, Bill. I'm not quite sure, but . . .

"Let me tell you what you're going to do, kid. This is unfortunate that this has arisen. I did take your work down to the store with every intention of selling it to the boss. He hung up that Bronze City . . . right over the bar." Bill's voice had that unconcerned air of explanation and boredom that showed his extreme disinterest in the whole story. "Then this woman asked about it. She liked it and she brought her husband in and he looked over the other junk. The fool took them all and hung them in his gallery and then all this started. *She* thought they were mine and she made the old guy hang them up. Understand? It was because she went for me, just like those other characters out there. You saw them . . . can you imagine them making a fuss over you? And, Jim, it takes people like them to be a success in a racket like this. Now this is the way you're going to get around it. First of all, you keep your mouth shut. As for the money, I'll split even with you. You bring me fresh stuff and I'll sell it and before you know it, you'll be a rich man. Hell, you can come and live with me if you like. I'll tell people you're my valet, and that way they'll never find out. You'll be rich, Jim. Think it over, kid . . . There's no other way. I looked in his eyes and I knew what he meant.

That's the way it was. I laid out his clothes, and answered the telephone and people called "James," if they wanted a drink. I became real good at it. Bill, I mean Mr. Brant, told me I'd missed my calling. We went on like that for about six months. I didn't mind it at all, after a while. The pay was good and I had a lot of money in the bank and the food was wonderful.

He gave lots of parties, and he studied books about painting so he could talk like he knew what it was all about. The women liked him and they liked his stuff and I became a damn good valet, with a little experience in butlering on the side. The parties were always a collection of phonies with a few really smart ones thrown in to break up the montony. The smart ones were beginning to wonder why Bill hadn't done anything new for quite a time. One night, as I was passing the drinks around, one of those 25,000-a-year boys popped up and asked exactly what Bill was doing. He said he'd started an epic description of the social degradation of man as expressed through the vision of a debauched alchoholic. Some squeaky-voiced dame asked if she could watch him paint, but Bill only shook his head and said he couldn't work with people watching him, but he would show it to her after it had progressed a little further. They let it go at that.

I knew what was coming after all the people had left and I'd finished cleaning up the mess in the living room. Bill told me to follow him and ushered me into the large unused room he called his studio. It was quite a sight. One whole wall was almost completely glass, and there was every kind of paint that had ever been invented enclosed in the long cabinets that lined another. There were fresh, clean, brushes and expensive white canvasses, and a million shiny tubes of paint, unopened.

"All right, kid, go to town. Paint something", said Bill as he lit a cigarette and sat on one of the tall stools in the place. I looked all the stuff over and finally I set up a canvass. I'd never seen so much equipment before and it fascinated me. I puttered around for about a half an hour, squeezing out the colors unto the palette, but somehow it was different than before. Everything felt unfamiliar, not just because the equipment was new, but something different. Maybe it was because Bill was in the room; I'd never worked in front of anyone before. He asked me why I wasn't working and I told him what I thought it was. He shrugged his shoulders, and left me alone, his custom made shoes clicking with finality across the hard surface of the floor. I sat for a while and then tried to paint. I slashed red across and then I tried a little blue, but it looked funny. Then I figured I'd better sketch it in first. I took a fresh canvass and started on that. Everything was going wrong. How do you express the social degradation of man as seen through a debauched alchoholic? I thought it was hot in the room, so I went to open a few of the windows. It was late and you could see the almost completely black skyscrapers outlined against the lighter black of the sky. There were no stars but here and there you could see a single light, or a row like a string of pearls showing that someone else too was up. I wondered what my light looked like to them and then I thought I had best get back to the canvass. I had some vague shapes and lines on the white surface; they didn't look very good, but I figured I could straighten them out when I added the colors . . . bright color; flashes or red and yellow, big bold blue. I tried again. It was no good . . . something was missing. Maybe it was because I hadn't painted in a long time. That was it; I was rusty, at all. I had never learned anything I couldn't forget with time. It had been instinct, all instinct, and now that was gone. I tried and the room was no longer hot, but the perspiration dribbled down my back as I stood shivering with cold in the middle of the immense room. "Try some more blue, Jim", I pleaded with myself." Or yellow . . . try anything. By God you can do it . . . you did it before . . . You're a genius, Jim. They said that about Bill and that means you. You can do it. Try. Try!"

But I couldn't. I worked all night and when the sun forced its way into the room I knew it was no good and Jim would never believe me. There's only one way, he'd said, but he was wrong. Or was he?

Falling Star

By Neilyn Griggs

Did you see the star that fled last night
From stalls kept by the vidgelent moon,
Like the carriage of some phantom sprite
Bearing away love that died too soon.

Prescription for Peace

By Joyce Callaway

Review of **BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER.** Lin Yutang, New York. John Day Company. 1943.

Americans are beginning to realize that they must have unpleasant situations in international affairs to maintain internal peace at home. We are learning to accept facts, and trying to deal with them. *Between Tears and Laughter* is a record of facts: facts portraying weaknesses and strength; facts portraying cowardice, and facts portraying dauntless courage; facts portraying poverty, and others, wealth. It is Lin Yutang's story of China to the Chinaman—the author, himself, is a combination of the modern philosopher and the ancient Chinese sage. He is capable of applying common sense to the most insensible situations of moder life.

Lin Yutang had a purpose when he wrote this book—and he states it plainly as "something that must be said and said with simplicity". The primary problem he sees before modern civilization is the problem of moral decay and regeneration, and his account and suggested solutions are as vital and compelling as his recognition of "the shadow of another war" looming before us.

In analyzing the character of the modern age, Lin Yutang challenges right of economic security to overlap the much-fought-for idea of freedom. He points out the inconsistency in becoming "hard-boiled realists" in the midst of a war for idealistic Democracy and ideals, which were and are simply things that men strongly believed or believe in, and "like God and the soul could never be proved." It happens that both "human rights" and the modern "economic rights" are myths, from the philosophical standpoint. One of the author's basic arguments is that the concept of human freedom has changed, and that Freedom of the Will has disappeared. His accusation that the mechanistic mind of man is undermining former high standards and is taking the meaning from life is food for thought that is not easily digested. Is he correct in assuming that man may have the four freedoms—the freedom to talk and think as he pleases and to be fed and sheltered—and yet be a slave?

Between Tears and Laughter exposes the dangers of "armed friendships" and "hostile cordality", and contributes new ideas for the bringing about the new era of good will and co-operation. That the roots of all wars—"balance of power, domination by power, trade, and racial discrimination"—are all there is indisputable, and Lin Yutang has fearlessly and emphatically dared America to acknowledge it. This is a topic about which Americans should know the facts. This is a book America needs to read!

The Philosopher

By Sue C. Coker

He was satisfied that life must be that way————
A small spark that was enlarged into a flame, only to burn
Itself out.

Down Pembroke's Halls

Lovingly Dedicated to every graduating Senior at Ward-Belmont

At twilight-time, if you listen well,
You can see the shadows on the wall,
You can even hear footsteps there . . .
For they linger everywhere
Down Pembroke's halls.

Forgotten Seniors of years gone by,
Have walked, and carried victory's torch,
Have held the white and yellow high
On Heron's lawn, on Acklen's porch,
Down Pembroke's halls.

Who knows their names or their faces?
Time is a trickster . . . a thief . . .
But they put the Senior banner high
Although their time was brief
Down Pembroke's halls.

Yes, the years have hidden their names from sight
But they do come back to see
If the yellow and white still wave on high
In success . . . in victory
Down Pembroke's halls.

This year they have walked along with us
To the Tea Room, to Club village, too . . .
To the O.H., to the Bic Ac door
And along with me, and you
Down Pembroke's halls.

And they're proud. They must be proud to see
White jackets blazing in the sun . . .
White caps on Senior's heads whene're
A Sr.Sr-Mid Day is won,
Down Pembroke's halls.

And we hear them whisper, in the dark
When all is sleeping, and the moon
Goes shining over Senior Hall.
And they stop by every single room
Down Pembroke's halls.

For Spirit is real . . . it does not die.
Defeat it knows not ever . . .
And the glorious spirit of Seniors before
Will linger forever and ever
Down Pembroke's halls.

Next year, in the autumn, when leaves of red
and yellow, and brown, and rust
Fall on the campus . . . you will return . . .
You will come back to us
Down Pembroke's halls.

And we'll wait for you, and we'll welcome you
In our memories of '48.
And the spirit that we will hold in our hearts
Will bring victories twice as great
Down Pembroke's halls.

We will hold your banners and colors high . . .
We will sing your song. And we'll talk
Of you, and we'll miss you much,
But we know that you, too, will walk
Down Pembroke's halls . . .
with us.

by JET

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